

The Bookman

"Read not books alone, but men."

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Notes at Random

Literary Detachment—The Duty of the B.B.C.—Chesterton as Poet— Some New and Forthcoming Books

by HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON

The suggestion, made in these columns last month, that it is impossible in our day to divorce literature from politics (in its widest sense), is illustrated on the next page by Thomas Derrick in a cartoon which almost makes further remarks on the subject superfluous. Yet it is worth noting the confirmation of it by the decision of the scientists at the British Association, last month, to endeavour to do something about the world situation. When even science renounces her splendid isolation, art must surely abandon its game of Robinson Crusoe. For the artist manifestly can be of immediate practical use in pointing a way out of the difficulties, whereas the scientist, in spite of his good-will, can only provide the transport. He is the servant of the artist, as the economist is the servant of the statesman, and the onus of the matter rests with the masters. If the scientist has given us the aeroplane, and the artist has infused so little imagination into the men of his generation that they consider it primarily as an instrument for dropping bombs, it is hardly the scientist's fault. More to the point is the unfortunate circumstance that, with the best will in the world, the scientist can do nothing whatever about it. Good-will is the first note of the British Association resolution; but futility is the second.

As J. W. N. Sullivan says in his new book, "Limitations of Science" (7s. 6d.; Chatto & Windus), science has become self-conscious and comparatively humble. It is indeed almost over-anxious to point out its limitations. Paradoxically, as art is being brought back into its true relation to sociology, so science is approximating to the position of "pure" art. "The great value of science," writes Mr. Sullivan, "is that it has introduced us to new ways of thinking." Non-Euclidean geometry, for instance, demands "imaginative efforts which are altogether outside what is called common sense." And "the great merit of Einstein's theory, from this point of view, is that it has enriched our consciousness by making us acquainted with a new and valuable way of thinking."

Thus the better path for science to follow is that of enlarging the imagination, as poets occasionally enlarge it, and leaving art free to return to the arena of humanity "where the immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat."

The literary aspect is dealt with brilliantly by R. D. Charques in "Contemporary Literature and Social Revolution" (6s.; Martin Secker). The book is an elaboration of the thesis which I stated tentatively last month. As Mr. Charques puts it: "Great literature, we say, is incompatible with political or any other propaganda. But is it? . . . Is there no propaganda of the rights and liberties of the English subject in 'Piers Plowman' and its passion of discontent? Is there none in 'The Pilgrim's Progress' and its exaltation of the common man? What is the 'Areopagitica' but a defence of propaganda in literature? Was 'Absalom and Achitophel' divorced from Dryden's politics? Had Tory sentiment, and a somewhat rabid contempt for Radicalism no place in the Waverley novels? Was Southey's 'Life of Nelson,' not to speak of his work on the *Quarterly*, free from the time-serving politics which demanded that Hazlitt be deported to a penal settlement, and Byron delivered to the whip and the branding-iron? Was there no political message in the poetry of Blake? Was there no propaganda of social reform in 'The Cloister and the Hearth'? Was there none in the novels of Dickens?"

And as he looks round on contemporary literature, and sees it becoming more and more divorced from the realities of social and political life, the author affirms that as "the dominant and characteristic passions of our time are social passions, and the impulse to remake society is the most creative of our impulses," so "the obligation of the contemporary writer, if England is to achieve social democracy, is to clear new grounds," for "social revolution, if it is denied its literature, will be so much the less cultured and disciplined, so much the more uncontrollable."

"Contemporary Literature and Social Revolution" is emphatically one of the very few books of criticism which deserve to be read. It is vital and it has vision. In spite of disagreeing with more than half of its literary judgments, I have read it twice.

Justice on Trial

The complaint of the President of the Court which is trying the men accused of setting fire to the Reichstag, about "the unprecedented manner in which the issue

has been judged abroad," goes to the heart of a very curious matter. The London "trial," in which eminent international jurists sifted the matter and found the accused innocent, does establish a precedent. It is a definite move in the direction of internationalism, and proclaims that a flagrant miscarriage of justice in any country cannot in our time be entirely ignored by its neighbours. It also resulted in the abandonment at Leipzig of the charges of incendiarism against four of the accused. That the burning of the Reichstag, which made possible the Nazi seizure of power, was engineered by the Nazis themselves, there can be little doubt. From the point of view of motive, only the Nazis had anything to gain; from the point of view of opportunity, it necessitated Goering's connivance.

The facts of the matter are set out in "The Brown Book of the Hitler Terror" (5s.; Gollancz), which is already, I believe, as it deserves to be, a best-seller. In addition to the matter of the fire, it contains much valuable information on the Nazi movement, including details of two hundred and fifty authenticated murders by the Nazis between March and July of this year, and a photograph of the medical certificate declaring Captain Goering to be a morphia addict.

The Duty of the B.B.C.

The new policy of the B.B.C. in permitting political broadcasts by representatives of all parties, without let or hindrance in the matter of censorship, has created some initial disturbance, owing to the protest, originally signed by Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Austen Chamberlain, and later supported by Lord Snowden, against exclusion of their names from the list of speakers. Without disrespect to the other leaders,

it might be said that those four are precisely the people whom listeners most want to hear. And the fact that they are excluded because they are not closely connected with the great party machines has raised a certain

resentment. Why abolish the censorship of the B.B.C., it is said, and retain the censorship of the caucus?

It would be unfortunate if, in a protest against the incidental drawbacks, the benefits of the new policy were overlooked. The abolition of the B.B.C.'s interference, even in this limited series, is important enough to outweigh any other consideration. For it means that the B.B.C. is at last on the way to fulfilling its duty to the public as a reliable organ of fact and opinion. It means that the "war" between the Corporation and the Press, which has been smouldering for some years, cannot be long delayed, and when it comes the B.B.C. will be in a position to enlist the sympathy of most men.

The main charge against the Press is that it distorts news, gives inaccurate news and suppresses news, and that it allows the expression of only such opinions as the proprietors, from motives of private rather than public interest, permit. As regards the selection of news, the B.B.C. is growing steadily better, though as regards opinions it is still worse than the Press. The Press censorship is at least intelligible. One does not expect to find in the *Morning Post* the same news or opinions as in the *Daily Herald*, or to discover a similarity of outlook between the *Manchester Guardian* and the

Daily Express. Knowing this, one makes the necessary allowances. But the B.B.C., speaking with a vast impersonal (and as it sometimes deludes itself in to believing, impartial) authority, exercises at the same time a censorship based neither on self-interest nor on expediency, but on nothing but an amiable (and often ignorant) timidity.

THE EDITOR ALSO RECOMMENDS

A NOVEL

"Ashe of Rings." By Mary Butts. 7s. 6d. (Wishart.)

Miss Butts's first novel, written fourteen years ago, is now published in England for the first time. "One sees now what it is," she writes—"a fairy story, a War-fairy-tale, occasioned by the way life was presented to the imaginative children of my generation."

POETRY

"The Winding Stair." By W. B. Yeats. 6s. (Macmillan.)

The new volume of poetry by the greatest living English-speaking poet.

ART

"Henri Gaudier-Brzeska." By Horace Brodzky. 10s. 6d. (Faber.)

This book of personal reminiscence supplements Mr. Ede's "Savage Messiah" as a vivid account of one of the finest sculptors and strangest Bohemians of pre-War years. The great merit of the book is its sixty-nine illustrations.

DRAMA

"The Theatre in My Time." By St. John Ervine. 3s. 6d. (Rich & Cowan.)

A brilliant, biting and informed review of the modern theatre in England.

AFFAIRS

"The Political Madhouse in America and Nearer Home." By Bernard Shaw. 2s. (Constable.)

It needed the authority of G. B. S. to give point to what the younger generation has been for long trying to emphasise. As for instance: "As I write, a folly called the World Economic Conference is collapsing in London, in an ignominy and futility even greater than that of all the other conferences by which our Parliament men try to stave off imminent disasters by another bout of talking round them."

A PICTURE BOOK

"Modern Photography." 7s. 6d. ("The Studio.")

This year's collection of photographs does not fall below the *Studio's* high level in its annual productions. One of the photographs will be found on page 77 of this BOOKMAN.

A REFERENCE BOOK

"A Biographical Dictionary of Foreign Literature." Compiled by R. Farquharson Sharp. 2s. (Dent.)

This new addition to the famous Everyman Library has the supreme merit of making one wonder how one has hitherto managed without it. It contains over five hundred and fifty "European non-English" authors, past and present.

A "THRILLER"

"Three Blind Mice." By Victor Bridges. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. Bridges at his best.

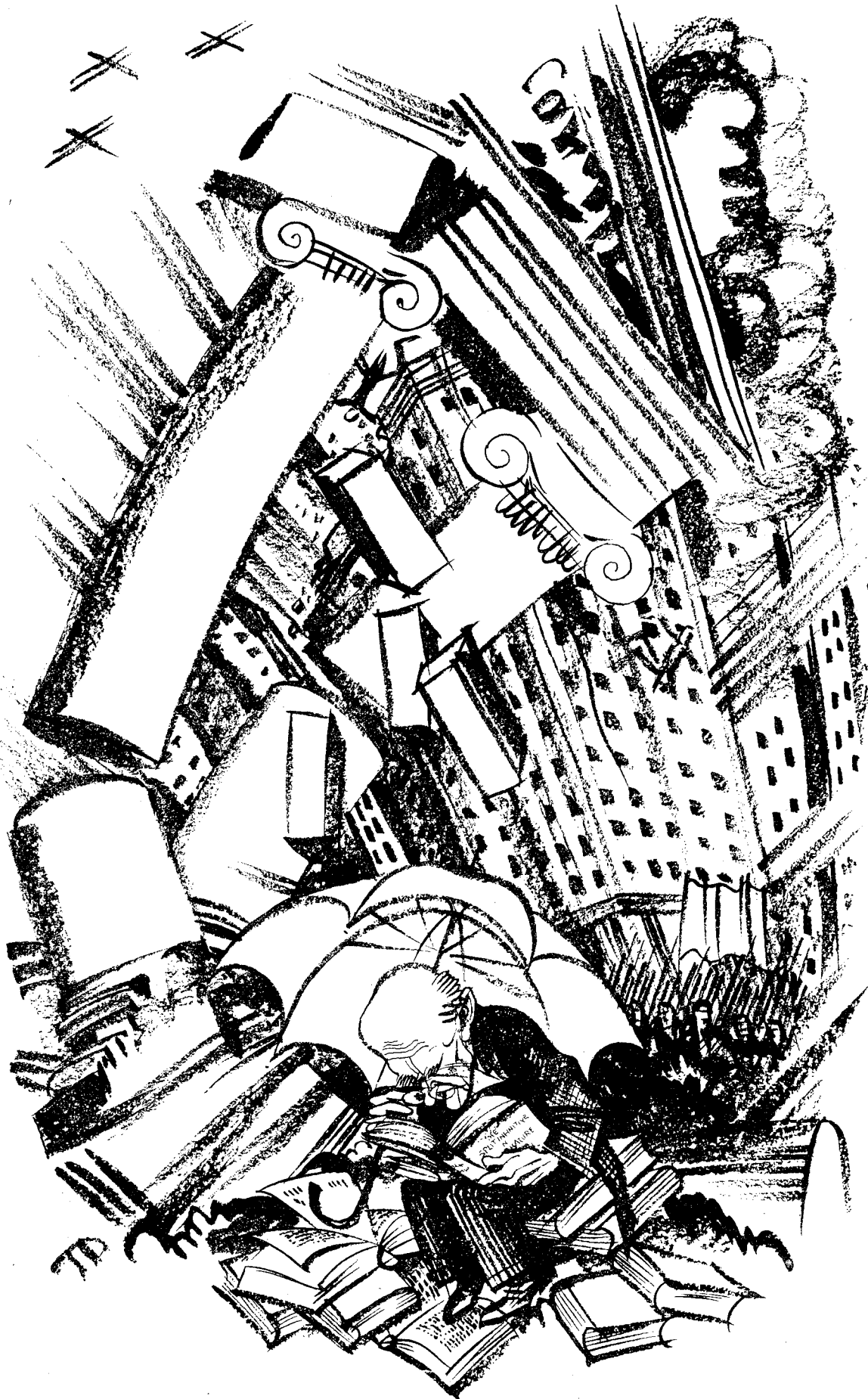
A NATURE BOOK

"The Jungle in Sunlight and Shadow." By F. W. Champion. 21s. (Chatto & Windus.)

"Nature Book" perhaps hardly describes this superb volume, which is very definitely one of the outstanding books of the autumn season. The author in the text gives what should prove to be a classic account of life in the jungle, and in the ninety-six photographs (which have taken him years to acquire) has provided an unrivalled collection of animal photographs—one of which is reproduced on page 85.

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN

By Thomas Derrick



A LITERARY GENT CULTIVATES DETACHMENT
IN A DISINTEGRATING WORLD



G. K. Chesterton.
Portrait by Howard Coster.

The permission now given to eminent politicians to say what they like, instead of what the B.B.C. thinks that listeners ought to hear, is thus the first step towards making the Corporation so vital a force in journalism that it will compel newspapers to conform to its standards or to perish as political organs. Which of course is exactly what newspaper proprietors are afraid of, when they inform their readers that the sole function of the B.B.C. is to provide entertainment. They know, as well as politicians know, that the B.B.C. has it in its power to make political democracy a working reality.

The Dominant Male

In "Lawrence and Brett," by the Hon. Dorothy Brett (10s. 6d.; Martin Secker), we are given a companion picture to Mabel Dodge Luhan's "Lorenzo in Taos." It is mainly the story of Lawrence's life in New Mexico, but the glimpses of the earlier years in England, before the famous Café-Royal scene when "the Brett" alone promised to accompany Lawrence and his wife into the unknown, are more revealing.

It is instructive to discover how the exponent of the "Dominant Male" theory actually behaved. The scene is a tea-party at Lawrence's house in Hampstead. Murry, Koteliensky and Gertler are there, as well as Miss Brett and Frieda, Lawrence's wife. "You seem to be talking for a moment," records Miss Brett (the book is throughout written *to* Lawrence), "on some favourite topic of yours, judging from the faces around. Suddenly Frieda begins attacking you, contradicting you, then denouncing you; finally accusing you of wanting to make a god of yourself, of being God. You expostulate wearily, you argue. From argument it

turns to battle. Your temper rises to meet the sledgehammer blows from Frieda's violent tongue. You break into the Midland vernacular. The rich Yorkshire [*sic*] dialect pours softly from your lips with an ever-increasing force, a steadily rising anger. In that language, strange to our ears, you fiercely denounce her. We sit and listen, spellbound, until you suddenly seize the poker, and in a white heat of rage you emphasise your words by breaking the cups and saucers. It becomes terrible to watch and to hear—the slow, deadly words and the steady smash of the poker—until, looking at Frieda, you say slowly, menacingly:

"Beware, Frieda! If ever you talk to me like that again, it will not be the tea-things I smash, but your head. Oh, yes, I'll kill you. So beware!" And down comes the poker on the tea-pot."

After reading this, I turned back to Mrs. Carswell's account of Lawrence, written just after his death, which is typical of the descriptions which we, who did not know Lawrence, were given by those who did: "Lawrence was as little morose as an open clematis flower, as little tortured or sinister or hysterical as a hummingbird. . . . He was at once the most harmonious and the most vital person I ever saw. . . . Without vices, with the most human virtues, the husband of one wife, scrupulously honest, this estimable citizen yet managed to keep free from the shackles of civilisation and the cant of literary cliques."

But probably Lawrence's disciples would retort that Miss Brett and Mrs. Carswell are merely saying the same thing in different ways. In any case "Lawrence and Brett" is, as the publisher remarks, "a book which no student of Lawrence can afford to miss."

An Introduction to Aquinas

In many ways, G. K. Chesterton's "St. Thomas Aquinas" (2s. 6d.; Hodder & Stoughton) is his most brilliant *tour de force*, for Aquinas is hardly a picturesque figure, and his philosophy for most of us is apt to appear abstruse. Yet Mr. Chesterton has written an introduction which will send most readers if not to St. Thomas himself, at least to a fuller book about him. The same author's "St. Francis of Assisi" came at the end of a fashion, and the subject was in itself so picturesque that even G. K. C. toned it down. But "St. Thomas" may well be the beginning of a fashion for, Mr. Chesterton says, "as the nineteenth century clutched at the Franciscan romance precisely because it had neglected romance, so the twentieth century is already clutching at the Thomist rational theology because it has neglected reason."

Chesterton as Poet

In the new (the third) edition of "The Collected Poems of G. K. Chesterton" (7s. 6d.; Methuen), the author reprints the 1905 preface to the reissue of his first volume of verses. "I leave these verses as they stand," he writes, "although they contain innumerable examples of what I now see to be errors of literature, and one or two examples of what I have come to think errors of opinion. But they never had any great merit beyond genuineness."

There are those (for whose critical judgment I have the greatest respect) who would say that the very

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From a drawing by COIA

D. H. LAWRENCE,

phrase, "Chesterton as Poet," is an error in terminology, and who would endorse the last sentence of the quotation as an adequate commentary on the whole body of his verse. They would say that G. K. C. pamphleteers as magnificently in verse as in prose, and would leave it at that. And yet, though it must be admitted that at his worst he is little better than a journalistic Wilde or a Fleet Street Swinburne, I think they are wrong. Chesterton is a poet, whose work will last as long as that of any poet now writing. His "Ballad of the White Horse" is already one of the great English ballads; the thunder of "Lepanto" will echo for years to come; some of the songs from "The Flying Inn" may well become traditional songs; the simplicity of the early love-poems—especially "The Hope of the Streets"—raises them above many of more applauded poets; and "The Secret People" has one image memorable in English verse:

"They have given us into the hand of new unhappy lords,
Lords without anger and honour, who dare not carry their swords.
They fight by shuffling papers; they have bright, dead, alien eyes;
They look at our labour and laughter as a tired man looks at flies."

Also—and this is no mean achievement—he has written in "O God of earth and altar" the only national hymn which an intelligent man can sing.

Nevertheless one wonders whether it is not, after all, the pamphleteering verses which will live the longest. At least one hopes so. Posterity should not have Kipling's "Recessional" without Chesterton's "Post-Recessional":

"God of your fathers, known of old,
For patience with man's swaggering line,
He did not answer when you told
About you and your palm and pine,
Though you deployed your far-flung host
And boasted that you did not boast."

And when our descendants inquire curiously what Empire Day meant, it would be well if Chesterton could answer them:

"The earth is a place on which England is found,
And you find it however you twirl the globe round;
For the spots are all red and the rest is all grey—
And that is the meaning of Empire Day."

Nor is it beyond the bounds of possibility that when the passage of years has brought a certain perspective, Lord Birkenhead will live chiefly in one of Chesterton's most biting outbursts:

"For your legal cause or civil
You fight well and get your fee;
For your God or dream or devil
You will answer, not to me.
Talk about the pews and steeples
And the cash that goes therewith!
But the souls of Christian peoples . . .
Chuck it, Smith."

as Lord Castlereagh still wriggles on the point of Byron's epigram.

There is too the vigour and vitality of the man, which is more strongly communicated (because more concentrated) in the poetry than in the prose. The retort to the maunderings of the Celtic Twilight school in "The

Mortal Answers"; the answer to the pessimist: "You that have snarled through the ages, take your answer and go"; the five "Ballades" and the dedication to "The Man who was Thursday," express an attitude which the historian of the future will find in no other poet. And in "Answers to the Poets" Chesterton shows himself in still another guise—that of an unrivalled parodist.

A New Anthology

"The Ballad of the White Horse" and "Lepanto" (which, I was once credibly informed, was dashed off in a hurry to catch the post in answer to an urgent editorial summons) are among the longer poems recommended for supplementary reading in Louis Untermeyer's anthology, "The Albatross Book of Living Verse," which Collins are publishing on October 23rd. The poems actually included are "The Praise of Dust" and "The Donkey." Of this anthology, which should be one of the publishing events of the month, more will be said in a review after its appearance. But it may be permissible to remark that, in one particular at least, it is extremely significant. It marks the end of an epoch—the end of the long Georgian night of bluff and nonsense. It contains a representative selection of English and American poets, from the early ballads to a poem of Miss Merrill Moore, but there will be found in it no specimen of the verse of many eminent Georgians.

Pioneer in Bookmaking

Another book to be published in October which is causing much speculation is "The World of Tomorrow"—described as "a junior book of forecasts." Its object is to supply young readers with an outline of the great advances already achieved by humanity, and to indicate the lines on which development may proceed. One of the illustrations, for instance, is Le Corbusier's plan of Paris in eighteen buildings.

But the main point about it is the book itself. It is an example of the "book of the future." Its illustrations are on diaphane, a transparent material, which gives them a stereoscopic effect. It is bound on the slot principle (the Neo-Nevett), which ensures a permanence impossible to the ordinary stitched binding. The type is set across the page in horizontal bands, with wide margins at the top and bottom, but hardly any margin at all at the sides—the idea being to ensure a sense of continuity. And the covers, made of transparent rhodoid, are up-edged to protect the pages.

Whether this will indeed be the "book of the future" is open to doubt, but it is certainly an entertaining experiment; and, I suppose, it is the first definite break with the essentials of a tradition which has lasted as long as books themselves.

Men of the Past

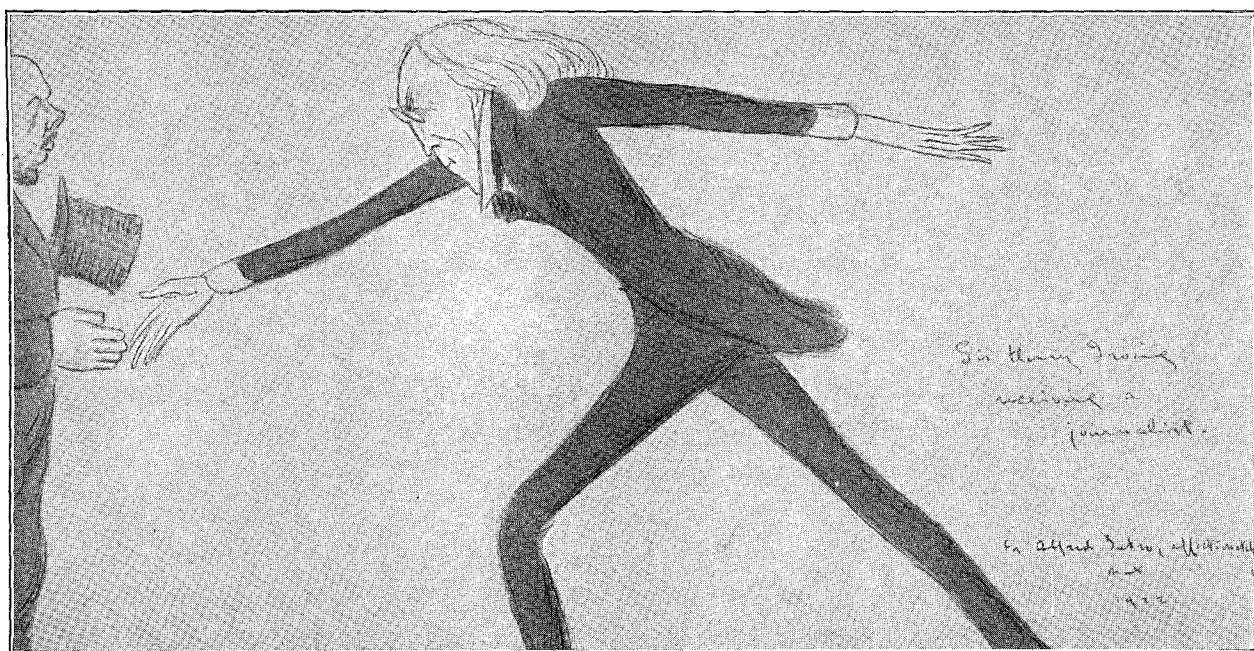
"The Post-Victorians" (10s. 6d.; Nicholson & Watson) as an anthology of biographies is hardly as successful as the same publishers' "The Great Victorians." In many cases the essays are eulogies and very little else. By far the best is Bonamy Dobrée's criticism of

Lytton Strachey which, with the exception of his introduction to Congreve in the "World's Classics," is the best thing that he has done.

Mr. Dobrée, whose wit and style and perception entitle him to a higher place than he holds in popular estimation, has also written a volume of imaginary conversations entitled, "As Their Friends Saw Them" (5s.; Jonathan Cape), in which such characters as Voltaire, Congreve and Chesterfield are reconstructed in a dialogue between two of their friends. This brave attempt to revive the conversation as an art-form is not altogether successful. Most of the chapters would have been better as essays.

might distort conclusions, and because that borough is essentially a working-man's community. Here he lived with a working-class family and shared, as far as was able, their life—joined in their activities, hunted for jobs, loafed on the streets, went to clubs and churches and "pubs" with them.

In academic language, he was taking as the subject of a thesis "the effect of Unemployment Insurance on the willingness and ability of British workpeople to support themselves." And he found that "the behaviour of the unemployed, in searching for new employment, gives no evidence that the possibility of drawing Unemployment Insurance benefit has retarded the



A Max Caricature of Sir Henry Irving.

From "Celebrities and Simple Souls," by Alfred Sutro (Duckworth).

This month has seen three good studies of the French Revolution and its characters—Stefan Zweig's "Marie Antoinette" (18s.; Cassell), which, in showing how a personal problem conditioned many public events, is by far the most important; "Camille Desmoulins," by Piers Compton (10s. 6d.; Scholartis Press), the most needed in face of the too common neglect of Camille; and "French Revolution," by J. Mills Whitham (15s.; Routledge), with its selection of biographical studies, the most "popular."

"The Unemployed Man"

But the most important book of history this month is a study of a contemporary problem—"The Unemployed Man," by E. Wight Bakke (10s. 6d.; Nisbet). No book quite like it has appeared on this most topical of all topics. It is authoritative, unsentimental, readable. In one aspect it is a study of British character; in another, a sociological survey; in another, an invaluable reference book.

Dr. Bakke determined to discover by first-hand investigation what view of unemployment the unemployed themselves hold. He chose Greenwich as his observation point, because the problem there was an average one, not complicated by special factors which

efforts of the unemployed to get back to work. It has removed the cutting edge of the desperation which otherwise might attend that search."

The book itself is however more important than the conclusions to which it comes—for these were in a sense foregone. Very few people like idleness, even idleness subsidised by the state in the form of large pensions or of small doles. But there is one peculiar danger to the unskilled worker which, with the increasing dominance of machinery and the loss of craftsmanship, must not be overlooked. The boy who, usually for financial reasons, cannot be apprenticed to a skilled trade, but must be content to run a specialised machine, has lost for life the chance of any joy in his work. His "only satisfaction in work is the wages received for it. From wages to 'dole' is not such a long journey for these men."

There is no political bias in the book, and for this reason the chapter on "Politics and Public Affairs" is one of the best. Dr. Bakke was in Greenwich all through the 1931 election campaign, and he recounts what he saw with admirable impartiality. The most heartening thing is his considered opinion that a genuine interest is taken in the political issues. "The picture of the voter sitting down in the cold light of reason, assessing the issues and then casting his vote is a myth.

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BONAMY DOBRÉE

Drawn by JOHN PEMBERTON.

BONAMY DOBRÉE.

Nevertheless there is a sincerity and an earnestness about the way in which the English worker goes about the making-up of his mind that commands respect. Workers, employed or unemployed, are not the only ones who do not thoroughly understand the connection of their vote with the laws passed by their representatives. Neither are they the only ones who fall back on the use of formulas to express what their thought cannot grapple with."

Alfred Sutro

The name of Alfred Sutro, who died last month at the age of seventy, may possibly survive as that of the translator of Maeterlinck's "Life of the Bee"—a great translation of a great book. It is hardly surprising to learn that he rewrote it seven times before he was satisfied with it, so easy and apparently effortless is the result. In Mr. Sutro's book of reminiscences, "Celebrities and Simple Souls" (12s. 6d.; Duckworth), published a few days after his death, there is a pen-picture of Maeterlinck: "At the first glance one might have taken him for a farmer, with his sturdy, stocky build, his big square face and heavy features; but as one looked closer one saw fine, delicate lines in the face, round the mouth, round the eyes; and the eyes, heavy-lidded, that rarely rested on the person he was addressing, were the eyes of a poet and a dreamer. He had been brought up in a Jesuit college, with the fear of Hell always dangled before him; the Fathers had done all they could to cause him to join their body. Something of the repression of his childhood has clung to him through all his life."

But Sutro's early days of enthusiasm in Paris, and his championship of Maeterlinck (then suspect and unpopular in England) soon gave place to the triumph of Sutro as a popular dramatist. Though "The Walls of



"The Stormy Eighties."

From "The Life of Annie Besant," by Geoffrey West (Howe).

Jericho" had a great success, his plays are uniformly worthless. The reason for his failure (though he did not put it like that) he gave in one sentence in one of his lectures: "The dramatist should keep one eye raised to heaven and the other on the box-office." This is an infallible recipe for bad work. The dramatist (or any other artist) should keep both eyes fixed either on heaven or on the box-office—which only means writing either for a future audience or for a present one. Genuine work will result in each case. The result of Sutro's method was to produce, merely from the box-office standpoint, more failures than successes, and to write nothing that survived even his lifetime.

Some "Bookman" Contributors

Mr. Geoffrey West's *Life of Mrs. Annie Besant*, who died last month, has been reissued by Gerald Howe at 4s. 6d. This biography, which was the first to be published in any language, is already a standard work.

Mr. Gerald Abraham has written a *Life of Nietzsche* for Messrs. Duckworth's series of "Great Lives."

Mr. Collin Brooks has been appointed City Editor of the *Sunday Dispatch*.

Mr. Philip Lindsay has written "The Knights at Bay," the first book in Basil Blackwell's new series, "Tales of Action" which, edited by L. A. G. Strong, provides books for boys written by men of letters.



Viscount Grey of Fallodon.

Portrait by E. O. Hoppé.

THE REBIRTH OF A NATIONAL CULTURE

By Karel Capek*

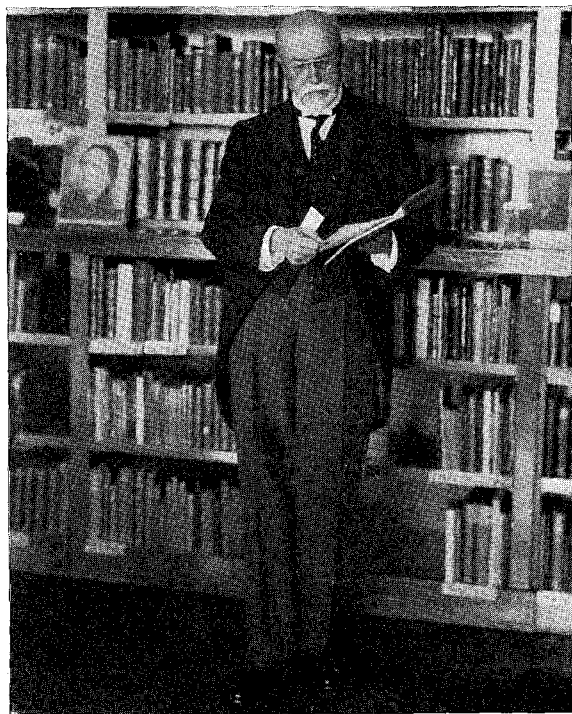
CAN a race survive the death of its culture? Can the roots of a fallen tree take on new life and put forth new leaves? Can it be reborn after lying inert for centuries?

The Czecho-Slovakian culture in its new virility is an example of such a possibility. One could not understand its sudden return to an all-embracing activity if one did not remember that once, centuries ago, the rich earth of Bohemia enjoyed the shade of a sturdy tree with stout branches and luxuriant foliage. The tree was felled, but its roots, in the fertile soil of the people's history . . .

But why not tell the story? It is a chapter in the world's development.

In Bohemia, among our Protestant people, the Thirty Years War found a culture fit for the whole world, burning with the pure fire of the Renaissance. The name of Comenius was its guiding star. But this long war brought the Czecho-Slovakian peoples beneath the yoke of the Catholic Habsburgs. The Protestant humanitarianism of its nobles, scholars and patriots was utterly destroyed, and with it perished a hitherto flourishing and splendid culture. It was a shattering end—the collapse of a mountain peak. Obscurity suddenly engulfed a culture that could rank with the greatest, a culture compounded of religion and humanity. A chasm yawned in the course of history. It was bridged artificially by a regime of royal bureaucrats, a new nobility, and the growing domination of city merchants. Only the humble country peasant, the poorest of the town-dwellers still spoke Czech. For a hundred years Bohemian culture was sunk, was buried without a trace, in the depths of the common people. And yet this apparent oblivion was the precursor of its rebirth in a new form, inspired with a sociological purpose.

* In an interview.



T. G. Masaryk.

For when in the eighteenth century enlightenment and revolution established the dominance of the Third Estate in France, Bohemia thought again of writing books and plays for the mass of people who still spoke Czech. At that time, two hundred years after the collapse of its culture, the nation had absolutely no written language, but the ideals of the great revolution hammered on its doors and urged it to speak, study and write. The second life of Czecho-Slovakian culture had begun. It linked the people with the movements of the period and later strengthened them with a new Romanticism through the awakened interest of Goethe, Herder, and others in their folk-lore.

It was vividly realised that a nation's spirit must not only *be* but must *create*. An apparent desert produced geniuses—a world-renowned historian: Polaczky; a spiritual genius: Dombrovsky; a genius of poetry, colour and emotion: Malchar. All these men emerged suddenly and unheralded from the darkness of centuries, from the fertile soil of a national spirit that seemed dead.

There arose a nation with a cultural history alone, but a background of culture is essential to political and economic existence. It was a state without frontiers, without established laws; a community without institutions, its spirit in the people. The present President of Czecho-Slovakia, Thomas Masaryk, is a philosopher.

Like a picture by Millet, Czecho-Slovakia's new culture is redolent of the soil. It had to derive everything from the people's daily life, from which it has grown and which is its essence. If it has involved us in all the great social problems of the West it is because we, too, are prey to the same troubles as England, France, Germany, the whole world. We suffer, too, from the cultural ills of the time, all the more so because the homes of our cultural life are built with poverty. The Czecho-Slovakian theatre, for example, has literally been built by the mites of the poor. No Government, no wealthy body lent its aid. The poor people of the villages have created it. We have a gentle lyricism of deep feeling, such as could only be found among simple people. Our cultural life is still in a state of transition. It has no traditions, and so the Czecho-Slovakian novel abounds with social problems. The same applies to the new drama. Plays dealing with the social problems of the common people are more popular than psychological ones. What names shall I quote? Scarcely any of our authors are at present known to the outside world, though the time will come when they and their works will both be familiar to everybody.

Our authors come from the people and are so much a part of the new culture that they have to serve it in order to live. Closeness to the soil has remained an essential characteristic of our culture, yet it takes cognisance, too, of the most modern social clashes.

A nation's spirit cannot die, it can only appear to be dead. Czecho-Slovakian literature and art are examples of that. Its life, its immortality, is bound up with that of the people. Artificial cultures might survive for a time, but they have no solid foundations in the depths of the past.

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THE PARADOX OF PROGRESS

By Paul Valéry

THE history of man during the age that is now passing away can only be compared with the impulsive actions of the child in the chaos of his first tentative gropings and experiments. All the habitable world has however by now been exploited and divided



Paul Valéry.

From "Paul Valéry," by Theodora Bosanquet (Hogarth Press).

among the nations. The era of unknown and undefined territories, of unexplored tracts and of free expansion is no more. There is not an empty space on the map, nor a rock that does not bear a flag; there is not an area free of custom duties, laws and jurisdictions. What then shall we find in the New Age? Men are making an inventory of the world to be; they are busy organising it scientifically and exploiting it. As the result of this evolution a new relationship is springing up between men and events. The habits and traditions, the ideals and beliefs contracted in the past have doubtless remained, but they have lost nearly all significance through being transplanted in entirely new surroundings; they have lost their meaning and have become the cause of many unfruitful efforts.

Slowly and gradually every part of the globe is joining up and becoming interdependent.

Before the War, political scientists often speculated on the isolation of events. History was made up of data that one could localise. Every perturbation produced on one spot of the world affected only its own surroundings, and its reaction on any place sufficiently far away was non-existent. Had I been asked in 1883 to forecast the future I should have attempted to do so, for it was then quite possible and rational to predict, to calculate and to undertake.

That period however has passed, and now even the smallest action produces immediately an enormous number of reactions most of which are unexpected. The results of occurrences which were hitherto negligible take place almost instantaneously, and even the most provident judge errs when he tries to read the present and so forecast the future. In a few weeks circumstances alter cases, the enemy becomes a friend, victory is turned to defeat. No economic reason holds good, experts are never right, the paradox is king.

There is no longer any continuity, any duration or causality that one can recognise in this universe. If I compare the politics of to-day with the politics of yesterday I see in the first much that reminds me of the nervous movements of speculation on the stock exchange; in short, all the wisest thoughts of Machiavelli or Richelieu would to-day have no more value than a broker's tip.

To try to imagine therefore what the world will be like in the future is to attempt the impossible. One has only to look back fifty years and compare what we then knew with what we now know. We can in this manner get a rough idea of the difficulties which arise when prophesying an enigmatical future.

Fifty years ago people were thinking of aviation, while motor-cars and even submarines could have been anticipated, since it was a Frenchman who, in 1776, built the first automobile and an American, Fulton, who designed the first submarine. Yet it would have been absolutely impossible for any man living then to foresee the invention of wireless telegraphy.

However, what would have staggered humanity most is not these inventions or discoveries, but the interdependence of life and nations. No man foresaw the natural influence which events now exercise on different parts of the world and how this interdependence would arise through (1) the occupation and general organisation of the globe, and (2) the extraordinary rapidity of the exchange of thought and news which transforms the world into a single unit with extreme nervous sensibility. Had I then been asked in 1883 to give a picture of the world of the future I could never have foreseen the enormous difficulties both political and economic that result from any given event nor the immediate confusion of these events and their instantaneous repercussion.

In the same way I could never have foreseen all the paradoxical consequences that are due to mechanism—mechanism which is misery produced through abundance and over production, with bankruptcy and general unemployment as resultants. Above all, I could never have foreseen that other remarkable consequence of evolution: that unanimous and instinctive protest which we hear around us to-day *against progress*. In 1883 we were all optimists. We looked forward to the time when every human ill would be cured through the progress of knowledge and mechanical equipment. Fifty years have sufficed to prick this bubble, and by an equally paradoxical circumstance we find that, whereas in 1883 the extreme political parties talked of nothing else but Liberty, the advanced parties of to-day

demand discipline and the most thorough limitation of individual initiative.

Consequently when thinking of 1983 we should look back a hundred years and remember all the things that have happened since that no man could have forecast. Thus is justified the formula which I recently advanced

when discussing this theme, namely that we enter the future by stepping backwards—"Nous entrons dans l'avenir en reculant"—and in distorting what has gone before!

(Stephen Spender's review of H. G. Wells's vision of the future appears on page 48.)

NAZI AUTHORS: A Letter from Berlin

By Bernard Causton

BERLIN is still the storm-front in the fight for German culture! So much is evident to the observer who tries to keep his head above the flood of propaganda. "Tendency"—that is the sort of criterion by which is approved not only the latest outpourings by young Nazis, but also those books belonging to that particular tradition which the New Germany looks back to with pride. Books which reflect what they call a national outlook and a positive attitude to aspects of life and conduct which, they consider, the generation of writers swept aside by the recent revolution regarded and depicted with apathy and hopeless cynicism.

It has been pointed out that Fascist revolutions in Italy and Hungary have been content to leave the sphere of moral and literary ideas the concern of the individual man, but German civilisation is far more introspective and self-conscious. The German is disturbed by his sense of national disunity and is inclined to relate all points of morality to this nationality-consciousness. I have called it "nationality-consciousness," for some new word seems necessary to characterise this uneasy sense of national personality as something that still needed to be built up. Instead of worrying, as many of us do, about ourselves as individuals and the effect we make on our personal neighbours, the type of German represented by the idealists of the Combatant Union for German Culture is concerned to think of himself as a German, and comparing himself with the more assured if insular Frenchman and the more reticent Englishman notes himself as less stable. Thus the curious state of affairs comes about that these new citizens of a land with one of the greatest cultural traditions, particularly in philosophy and music, come to rate themselves as "a young nation"; largely on the ground, perhaps, of the chequered political experiences through which their nation has passed while France and England have been enjoying comparatively settled government.

A word here as to the organisation which gives prime expression to this "nationality-consciousness" in Germany. Four years ago Hans Hinkel and Alfred Rosenberg founded the Combatant Union for German Culture. The Union was intended not as a limited party organisation, though its promoters had been leaders of the National Socialist movement from its earliest beginnings, but as an association for fostering what they consider to be German art and science. Its separate groups are concerned with the respective interests of music, painting, architecture, science, technology, theatres and films.

To-day while Alfred Rosenberg is editor of the chief Nazi newspaper (*Voelkischer Beobachter*) and head of

the foreign affairs department of the party, Hans Hinkel, leader of the Prussian section of the Union, is Commissar in the Prussian Education Ministry. In an interview accorded me in that capacity he explained that the Union set out not only to combat "cultural Bolshevism," but also the "star-system" in theatres and films, the growing mechanisation of entertainment as a factor in producing unemployment; and the mechanisation of spirit which they see involved in much modern architecture is viewed with disfavour. Indeed Commissar Hinkel, seconded by a Stuttgart professor, has delivered a lantern lecture extolling a revival of the Biedermeier style of painting and poking rather easy fun at "slides" of hardly representative specimens of modernist architecture. Yet it would be difficult even for these sworn enemies of anything "not rooted in the soil" (the favourite Nazi indictment of over-intellectualised modernity) to maintain the same objections against some of the remarkable examples of new German church architecture, both Catholic and Protestant, and each admirably suited to their own form and spirit of worship.

Detractors may well inquire: Are these ardent reformers, who find so much amiss with the outlook of their immediate predecessors, capable of producing a fine literature of their own? and of course it is rather early days for venturing upon a prediction of that kind. Fleeting visitors to Germany must not, at any rate, be misled by the station-bookstall display of "fan" brochures, written around the personalities of the new Government, into assuming that this is an adequate representation of National Socialist thought.

There is, in the first place, a literature of serious polemic documentation varying from Konrad Heiden's frankly critical history of National Socialism recently translated into English to the more accepted but unmistakably revolutionary thesis, "Der Arbeiter," by Ernst Jünger, who has been termed the Karl Marx of National Socialism (perhaps not altogether a happy analogy). Many of the ideas that abound in Germany to-day come, however, from an older work, "Das Dritte Reich," by "Moeller van den Bruck," who was never associated with National Socialism but lectured at the Political High School not long after the War. A tragic suicide cut short ten years ago what should have been a brilliant career for this sensitive and conscientious philosopher of politics.

It is hardly perhaps necessary to mention Hitler's own *magnum opus*, the two-volumed "Mein Kampf," in view of the fact that an English translation has already appeared. In "Der wahre Staat" Othmar Spann has made a survey of the philosophic implications of the new tendencies in politics, urging that Hegelian

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Drawn by KENNETH MARTIN.

E. ARNOT ROBERTSON

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idealism which Marx claimed to have reversed should be re-established in its own right. Other students of contemporary affairs have preferred, however, to find in Bergson and in Georges Sorel, whose "Reflections sur la Violence" caused such a schism in the Marxist ranks, the germs of ideas, which, fertilised in the mind of Mussolini, produced a more dynamic and less rationalistic type of socialism which is the particular interest of Germany to-day.

I have no space here to mention all the general literature of ideological documentation, but Gottfried Feder's book on the Slavery of Interest-payments makes interesting reading in view of the fact that the author is now Secretary of State in the Ministry of Economic Affairs. Also should not be forgotten, "Preussentum und Socialismus," by Oswald Spengler, better known as the author of the much debated book on the decadence of Western civilisation, "Der Untergang des Abendlandes," the tendencies of which however are somewhat suspect among National Socialists.

On the more definitely literary side the new movement looks up to such older writers as Paul Alverdes, author of "Reinhold und die Verwandelten" and "Die Pfeifestube," Guido Kolbenheyer, the historical novelist, Wilhelm Schaefer and Hermann Stehr, while numbering among its younger adherents Wulf Bley, Fritz Otto Busch and the poet Friedrich Bethge, who has been appointed to the State Theatre at Frankfurt (Main). Any account of "Nazi" literature would be incomplete without some mention of the flood of war books produced by their authors. Ernst Jünger is the author of a war diary, "In Stahl-Gewittern." The struggle between Bolsheviks and the Whites in Russia is the subject of "Zwischen Weiss und Rot," by Edwin Erich Dwinger, who has also written a story of Siberian war-time prisoners' experiences in "Die Armee hinter Stacheldraht." One of the most boomed war novels has been "Deutschland in Ketten," by Werner Beumelberg, but most outstanding of all in this category of war literature is a novel dealing at immense length with the South African War from the point of view of a German serving with the Boer Army—"Volk ohne Raum," a title that has its appeal for the aspirations of the author's (Hans Grimm) fellow-countrymen towards colonial expansion—literally, "People without room."

An anticipatory indication of the change in spirit that has come over Germany is suggested by the contribution of Hanns Johst, the Nazi playwright, to an

anthology on religious belief, "Dichters Glauben," published a year or so ago and containing, interestingly enough, opinions by Alfred Doeblin, Ernst Toller, and other subsequently discountenanced authors, side by side with the contributions by Gottfried Benn, Hanns Johst, Wilhelm Schaefer and Hermann Stehr among those who have associated themselves with the new regime.

While we may doubt whether the German genius has ever fulfilled itself so much in the highest flights of novel-creation as in the more organised intellectual spheres of philosophy and theology, there can be no doubt that novelists like Thomas Mann and Jakob Wassermann attained an artistry in their creations which was never vouchsafed to more "tendentious" writers like Erich Kaestner, Kurt Tucholsky, and Ernst Toller. Even the last three can hardly be classified within one category, but the mordant realism of Kaestner, the lively if not exactly constructive criticism of Tucholsky and the vaguely pacifist-humanitarian aspirations of Toller are all examples of attitudes which aroused Nazi propaganda to the pitch of fury.

A factor which has undoubtedly tended to bring about the present reaction from intellectualism in Germany, however we may regard it, was a certain lack of humanity underlying that indifference to human feelings which came to be classified as a characteristic symptom of "Die Neue Sachlichkeit." A literal translation of this latter catchword, as "The New Realism," gives little sense of the kind of outlook on life and literature in post-War times which the Nazis believe to have decisively liquidated. The salutary element of unsentimental realism perceptible in such tendencies was, regrettably, utilised by lesser spirits whose bland assumption of ironic ruthlessness more often than not concealed a queasy sentimentality where their own characters were concerned. The ruthless irony of recent events has probably brought home to them the exact human implications of some of their æsthetic theories.

As Dr. Gottfried Benn, modernist poet and an intellectual reactionary from intellectualism, remarked to me when we discussed the characteristic literature of the past fifteen years: "That period is finished." It is significant that the German word "fertig" (literally "ready") which he used, has, like "erledigt," this sense of "finished."

The writers of that period, it was implied, had had their day, and for their work, which suited its day and generation, another generation has little use.

THE BIBLE OF THE SUPERMAN

By Gerald Abraham

Nietzsche has suffered in this country almost equally from those who know nothing about him, from his devoted disciples and from his own insanity. And when one sees the attitude of the second of these difficulties to the third, it is not so difficult to forgive the first. On the jacket of the new pocket edition of "Thus Spake Zarathustra" is "some blurb," to use the language of that democracy which Nietzsche so detested. "This work stands alone," announces this inducement to buy. "Do not let us mention the poets in the same breath: nothing perhaps has ever been produced out of such a superabundance of strength. . . . The fact that a Goethe or a Shakespeare would not for an instant have known how to take breath in this

atmosphere of passion and of the heights; the fact that by the side of Zarathustra, Dante is no more than a believer, and not one who first *creates* the truth—all this is the least of things, and gives no idea of the distance, of the azure solitude, in which this work dwells. . . . If all the spirit and goodness of every great soul were collected together, the whole could not create a single one of Zarathustra's discourses." On which the only adequate comment would seem to be that "the guy has indeed spilled a bibfull."

We are accustomed to the publishers' habit of taking an over-optimistic view of their wares, but what is the potential reader likely to think of such a recommendation from the

author? And what can the cool, unbiased student of Nietzsche think of the mentality responsible for printing on the jacket of a really great, but terribly misunderstood book, such a passage as this from "Ecce Homo"—every page of which betrays the approach of the insanity which came to a crisis a few months later?

Those who know nothing (or worse than nothing) about Nietzsche usually betray themselves when they start talking about the Superman. The late James Huneker, the American musical critic, for instance, was extremely fond of dragging references to Nietzsche into his writings, but demonstrated his ignorance of him once and for all by holding up Chopin (of all people!) as "a true specimen of Nietzsche's *Übermensch*." Less pretentious sciolists have put forward as candidates for the post of typical Superman such curiously diverse characters as Goethe, Mussolini, the ex-Kaiser, Richard Strauss and one of the canned-pork magnates of Chicago (I forget which). And yet it would be very difficult to read any two lines by Nietzsche himself about the *Übermensch* without understanding that by this conception he indicated an ideal of the far distant future, a being physically and intellectually related to the man of the present day only as the man of the present day is to the ape! It was an ideal so lofty and remote that he could not clearly visualise it himself, though there is an attempt at definition in one of his notebooks—"Caesar with the soul of Christ."

But he did very clearly point the way to this goal, the evolution by controlled breeding and intensive education of a "new ruling caste," from which in turn might be evolved a new race of "good Europeans," the so-called "Higher Men." And the Higher Man was to be a "step to the Superman"—so that any mere Platos and Napoleons surviving in the *Übermenschlich* age would simply be impounded in an *Übermenschlich* Zoo for the amusement of Superchildren, presumably. But what Nietzsche himself could not imagine has been imagined for him by a later and more popular prophet. If Nietzsche's disciples were not all so deadly serious, some irreverent young journalist among them would long ago have written a "Quintessence of Shavianism" proving that Shaw's He-Ancients are nothing but Nietzschean Supermen.

Nietzsche preached his metabiological gospel first in a crude form in his early "Unzeitgemässe Betrachtungen" ("Mankind must continually strive to produce single great men—that, and that alone, is its task"). But his most complete exposition of it is embodied in "Also sprach Zarathustra," a book now nearly half a century old. (Its first part was written in February, 1883, though the whole work was not completed till two years later.) Considering their national reputation for orderliness, it is singular how fond many of the greatest German writers have been of issuing rambling, inorganic books—mere collections of aphorisms and anecdotes bound together in the loosest way, like "Wilhelm Meisters Wanderjahre" and Hoffmann's "Kreisleriana." Nietzsche could therefore plead

precedent for issuing not books but collections of materials for books, and he made no apology for lumping together this mass of epigrams, teachings and quasi-poetic records of personal moods and experiences by weaving them into the sermons, meditations and encounters of an imaginary prophet, humorously named after the Persian inventor of Good and Evil because his teachings were directly the opposite.

"Zarathustra," then, is among other things a sort of gospel of eugenics pointing to a goal which can only be reached by a "transvaluation" of all the popular moral values of the present day, all moral values based on Christian and democratic postulates. This of course is the only aspect of the book that matters to true blue Nietzscheans like Dr. Oscar Levy, who are fortunately not hindered by a sense of humour from the attempt to popularise ideas essentially anti-popular. It is hard to believe that these serious beings are really the disciples of the man who wrote: "When I saw my devil, I found him serious, thorough, profound, solemn: he was the spirit of gravity—through him all things fall. Not by wrath, but by laughter, do we slay. Come, let us slay the spirit of gravity!" But "Zarathustra" is much more than the transfigured tract these people would have us take it for. It is at the same time a spiritual autobiography and a prose-poem—from a purely literary point of view, a masterpiece of the first rank. Like many other masterpieces, it is imperfect and translation naturally draws attention to the imperfections and exorcises the magic of the charmed language. But even translation leaves uninjured the provocative passing thoughts, the laughing epigrams ("Take care not to spit against the wind!") and the noble aspirations ("Your children's land shall ye love: let this love be your new nobility—the undiscovered in the remotest seas! For this do I bid your sails search and search!") The poetry fares badly, as it is bound to do. "'Tis night: now do all bubbling fountains speak louder. And my soul is a bubbling fountain. 'Tis night: now only do all songs of the lovers awake. And my soul also is the song of a lover . . ." gives but a poor idea of that exquisite nocturne, written in a loggia high above the Piazza Barberini as Nietzsche listened one spring night to the fountains of Rome. "Something unappeased, unappeasable, is within me," precisely translates the sense of "Ein Ungestilltes, Unstillbares ist in mir," but loses what is here more important than the sense.

Nietzsche will come into his own in this country only when he has been rescued from the little clique which values him only for his ethical and political teaching and when he has been translated, as a poet must be, by someone of nearly his own artistic stature. Alluding to what Nietzsche himself has elsewhere told us is a Persian proverb, Zarathustra says: "'To speak truth, and be skilful with bow and arrow'—so seemed it alike pleasing and hard to the people from whom cometh my name."

OBSCURITY IN POETRY

By Herbert Read

THE question of obscurity in poetry continues to agitate a number of people, and we are assured by academic lecturers on one side, and by unabashed philistines on the other, that modern poetry especially is to be condemned for this defect. "May I submit," writes one of the latter, "as a poem in the modern vein, on the subject 'Modern Poetry,' the following, purely and simply: 'Bosh.'" "Why, of course," the modern poet will reply, "your poem is not very elegant or witty, but it expresses a certain truth."

Spenser, or rather the author of the Glosse to the "Shepherd's Calendar," expressed the same idea in words at once more positive and more polite. "Poetry is a divine instinct and unnatural rage passing the reach of common reason." Chapman, in his Dedication of "Ovid's Banquet of Sense," wrote something to the same effect: "That Poesy should be as perval as oratory, and plainness her special ornament, were the plain way to barbarism, and to make the ass run proud of his ears, to take away strength from lions, and give camels horns. That

'Energia,' or clearness of representation, required in absolute poems, is not the perspicuous delivery of a low invention; but high and hearty invention expressed in most significant and unaffected phrase. . . . In my opinion, that which being with a little endeavour searched, adds a kind of majesty to Poesy, is better than that which every cobbler may sing to his patch."

Many other quotations could be brought together from English poets to show that in their opinion poetry is, "purely and simply," what the philistine calls Bosh. That even Shakespeare, or rather, that Shakspeare in particular, is an obscure poet, is witnessed by the numerous volumes of elucidatory criticism which have been devoted to his text. It is a regrettable fact that misprints were not unknown in Shakespeare's time—regrettable because every editor who was not also a poet (and few of them have had even a trace of

poetic sensibility) has acted on the presumption that anything he could not understand was due to a printer's error. And so we get the gigantic farce of Shakespearean criticism—the greatest of all monuments to the obliquity of pedants.

"Light thickens, and the Crow
Makes Wing to the Rookie Wood."

They seize on such absolute poetry as this, and instead of allowing it to work its wonderful magic unchecked, they halt at the word *Rookie*. It doesn't quite make sense. It is redundant. Why should a crow fly to a wood full of rooks. They smell a misprint. Perhaps Shakespeare wrote reeky. German: *Rauch*. Cf. *Auld Reekie* (Scots). That is merely the beginning of the process, for no two textual critics can agree. Meanwhile the poetry of the passage, which they they can never have felt, is forgotten, and Shakespeare becomes the bane of schoolboys.

Allowing for a suitable connotation, let us admit that poetry is bosh—something passing the reach of common reason. Such indeed has been the opinion, not only of the poets themselves, but of many reputable philosophers and critics. The eighteenth century Italian philosopher, Giambattista Vico, advanced a theory which amounts to a justification of bosh. "Man," he wrote, "before he has arrived at the stage of forming

universals, forms imaginary ideas. Before he reflects with a clear mind, he apprehends with faculties confused and disturbed: before he can articulate, he sings: before speaking in prose, he speaks in verse: before using technical terms, he uses metaphors, and the metaphorical use of words is as natural to him as that which we call natural." The first kind of wisdom in pagan times, Vico says, was poetic wisdom—a metaphysic, proceeding not from reasoning or abstraction, as modern



Mr. Herbert Read.

Kramer

philosophy does, but from sensibility and imagination. The metaphysic of such men was poetry, and poetry originated in the necessity of creating a metaphysic—an explanation of the universe. Necessity, we say, is the mother of invention, and invention is another word for imagination. Imagination is a substitute for knowledge—before knowledge was possible, imagination filled the unexplained vacuum created by the questioning existence of man. Naturally such poetry was divine—it invented gods to explain all that was beyond man's power of apprehension, and these gods were clothed in the colours of man's imagination. We may observe the same process in the unfolding minds of children: the poetry of Fairyland. Further, these first men who created gods were called poets, which in its original sense means creators. Vico points out that their creations embodied the three essentials of great poetry: sublimity, popularity, and the emotional power

which renders poetry effective. The very character of poetry, Vico concludes, is precisely this: to render the impossible credible. Vico thus establishes the priority of a poetic logic, or the logic of the imagination, and differentiates it in kind from the logic of prose, which is the logic of reasoning.

Vico's theory was first published in 1725 and though it is not often acknowledged, I fancy a consciousness of it was gradually diffused among critics during the eighteenth century and it was the beginning of that movement in criticism sometimes associated with romanticism, but which it is preferable to call empirical criticism in opposition to that *a priori* criticism based on the pedantic tradition of classicism. We find a consciousness of it, I think, in Thomas Warton's commentary on Milton's shorter poems, first published in 1785, a landmark in the history of English criticism. Warton, for example, commenting incidentally on the image of Satan in "Paradise Lost," Book IV:

"His stature reached the sky, and on his crest
Sate HORROR plum'd,"

criticises his pedantic predecessor, Dr. Newton, for regarding the passage as an extravagant metaphor in which "Horror is personified and made the plume of his helmet." "Other and better explanations might be offered," suggests Warton. "But, I believe, we have no precise or determinate conception of what Milton means. And we detract from the sublimity of the passage in endeavouring to explain it, and to give a distinct signification. Here is a nameless terrible grace, resulting from a mixture of ideas, and a confusion of imagery."*

Let us turn now to more recent witnesses, for after all it might be objected that whilst a pre-logical obscurity is proper to pagan poetry, it is out of place in a civilised society like our own. And in any case, it is obscurity in modern poetry that is our main concern. Let us therefore seek a definition of the poet's function in contemporary society.

It is in France, where during the last fifty years something like a discovery of the essentials of poetry has taken place, and where in the same period more genuine poetry has been written than in the previous five centuries, that we find the most pertinent help. Henri Bergson, who may perhaps be regarded as the culmination of the anti-Cartesian movement of thought initiated by Vico, has a description of the process of creation in the writer which gives me the proper cue. He is investigating the nature of mysticism, and turns first to the musician for an analogy. What, he asks, could be more constructive, more scientific than a symphony of Beethoven's. But in addition to his work of arrangement and rearrangement, his selection, which is carried out on the intellectual plane, the composer projects himself to a point beyond this scheme and there he seeks the final direction or inspiration: and this point is an emotional complex which the intelligence can help to resolve into musical terms, but which in itself is more than music and more than intelligence. And so with the inspired writer, be he poet or mystic. He projects himself beyond the region of the concepts and words in which the normal thought processes are

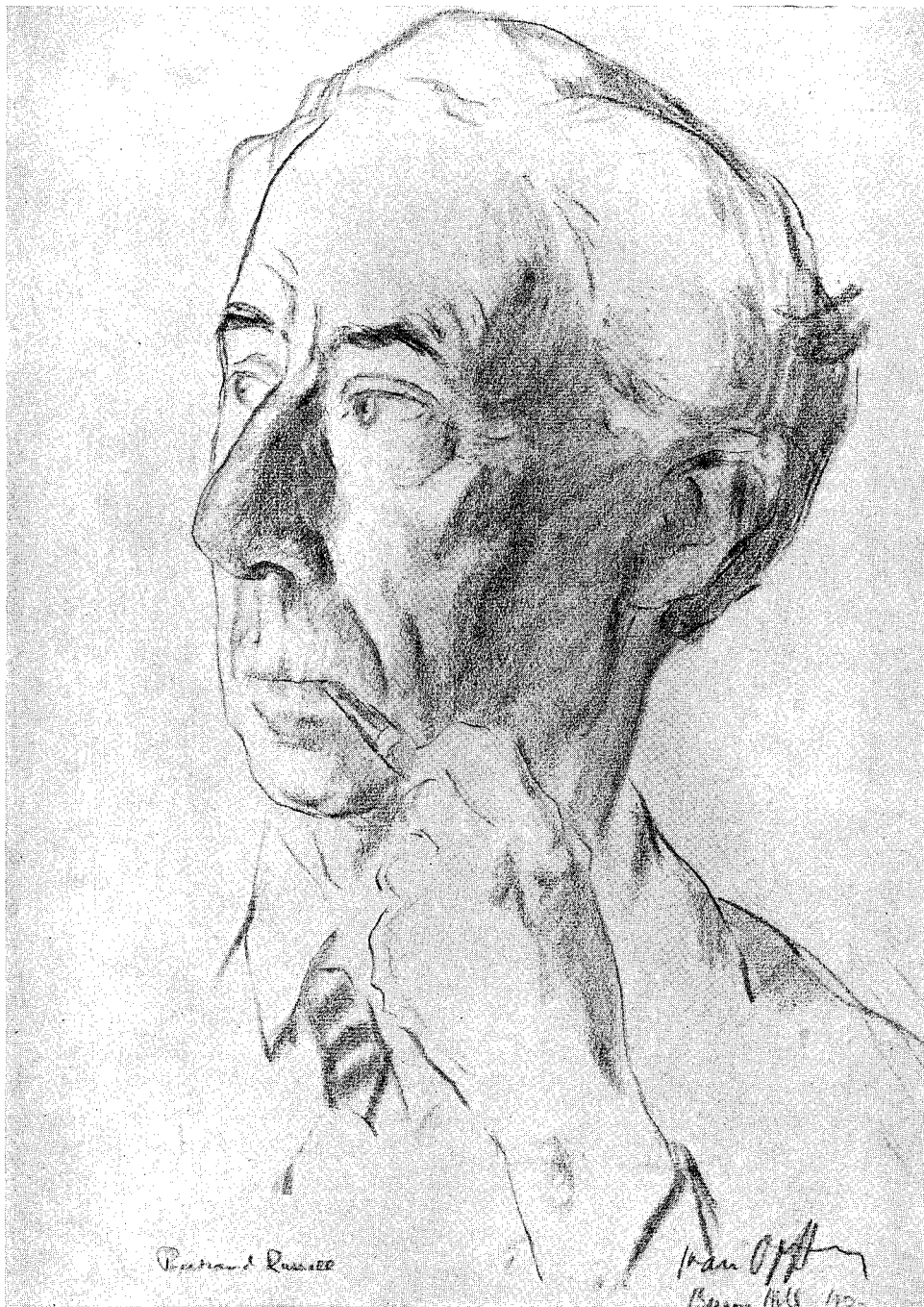
* "Poems, etc.," edited by T. Warton, 2nd edition, 1791, p. 505.

expressed. He reaches beyond this plane to a point where the mind feels a pressing need for creation. The existence of this need has only to be plainly felt once in a lifetime, but it will always be there, a unique emotion, an impulse or urge received from the very base of things. To obey it incontinently, it is necessary to forge words, to create ideas, but this means to abandon communication, and therefore writing. But the poet attempts to achieve the impossible. He will seek the essential emotion, the form which wants to create its matter, and with this he will confront the ready-made ideas, already existing words, stereotyped notions of reality. In the process he will feel the form becoming explicit in symbols of its own creation, fragments of its own materialisation. But how can these elements, each unique of its kind, be made to square with words already expressive of things? It becomes necessary to violate words. A new language has to be invented, a poetic language which has little or nothing to do with the prose language of everyday use. Paul Valéry, another French critic, has written something to the same effect:

"In all languages sooner or later a *mandarin's language* appears, sometimes far removed from the customary language; but generally this literary language is derived from the other, from which it draws words, figures of speech, and phrases best fitted to express the effects which the literary artist aims at. Thus it happens that some writers make up a language of their own. . . . Mallarmé created a language almost entirely his own by a refined choice of words and by using exceptional turns of speech which he invented or adapted, always refusing the immediate solution suggested to him on every side. And this is no more than defending oneself, precisely in the details and elementary functioning of mental life, *against automatism*."

We see, therefore, that essentially obscurity lies not in the poet, but in ourselves. We are clear and logical at the cost of being superficial or inexact. The poet, more exactly, seeks absolute precision of language and thought, and the exigencies of this precision demand that he should exceed the limits of customary expression, and therefore *invent*—invent sometimes words, more frequently new uses of words, most frequently phrases and figures of speech which reanimate words, and among these, above all, *metaphor*. Metaphor, in fact, for such a poet becomes the normal mode of expression, and we should always be prepared to judge a poet, to the exclusion of all other qualities, by the force and originality of his metaphors.

Obscurity in poetry cannot be regarded as merely a negative quality, a failure to attain a state of perfect clarity. It is a positive value, but more, it is a whole series of such values. Apart from the pure and unmeaning sound value of words, and apart from their irrational magic, their power of incantation—aspects of the question I have not thought worth more than a mention; there is a fundamental obscurity in the actual thought process involved—an obscurity due to the honesty and objectivity of the poet. He works outwards from an emotional unity. This unity may be clothed in what Vossler calls "an inner language form"; but between this inner language form and the outer language form in which our everyday rational thoughts are expressed, there is no necessary correspondence. In order to



By IVAN OPFFER.

EARL RUSSELL.

remain faithful to the inner language form, the poet must invent words and create images, he must mis-handle and stretch the meaning of words. The emotional unity of the poem is given; the correspondence in words must be created; and that is why the poet is called a creator.

It is a mistake therefore to ask a poet to explain his poems. That is to make the wrong approach to poetry, to knock at the wrong door. This emotional unity which is the *raison d'être* of every poem cannot be measured by the instruments of reason. Otherwise it would be simpler to express it in prose. The poem must be received directly, without questioning, and loved or hated. It has a necessary and eternal existence; it is impervious to reason, and if it has no discoverable meaning, it has immeasurable power. The poet has created an objective equivalence in words of his emotional experience: the words may not make sense, but they make the emotion—follow the contour of the

thought—and reproduce, as nearly as possible, "the mind's internal echo of the imperfect sound." A modern poet, and an obscure one, has said that "the poet is farther away from men than from things." That is perhaps why he seems so strange to us. But the things he approaches are eternal things, and because they endure in his words, his words grow familiar to men, until they are accepted without questioning, but always with fresh recognition. Rilke, the poet I have just quoted, also said that a poem does not exist as other things exist—it does not *exist* at all, it is continually *becoming*, and that is why it gives us infinite joy. The same poet, addressing himself, cried:

"Singe die Gärten, mein Herz, die du nicht kennst;
wie in Glas eingegossene Gärten, klar, unerreichbar."

("Sing of gardens that you cannot know, my Heart,
Gardens sunk in molten glass, limpid, unattainable.")

—(Sonnette an Orpheus, XXI).

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE PUBLIC

By Oswell Blakeston

AT the beginning of time there were only three creatures in the world—a tiger, an elephant and a man. They all lived very happily together until, one night, the elephant chanced to wake up in the early hours of the morning; he saw the man suddenly jump up from his sleep, turn round three times and fall back again into his slumber.

The elephant was terrified; he spoke to his friend, the tiger, about the strange thing which had occurred; they agreed to stay awake the next night and observe the man. For hours nothing happened; then, in the small hours of the morning, the man leapt from his bed, spun round three times and fell back once more into unconsciousness. Immediately the elephant and the tiger took to their heels. From that day onwards, beasts have lived in the jungle and regarded man with suspicion—at least so the folk-tale tells us.

To most of us it seems as if the very modern group of young writers is behaving like the man in the fable, while we ourselves have become an audience of tigers and elephants; we are frightened by the unaccountable actions of the *avant-garde* and driven to attitudes of distrust and antagonism.

It might be rewarding to pause and ask ourselves why the young writers are behaving so oddly; probably we will be quickly forced to assume that the shock tactics of young authors are part of a desperate attempt to make themselves feel alive.

These young writers are aware that the great creative stream of the arts has been dammed. To-day, in the world of creative literature, all that we seem able to expect are bulky novels dealing with a grisly family throughout three generations, when we all know that it is hard enough to keep interest in anyone should their company be thrust on us for so short a space of time as a week; and we may be certain that the publisher will bring out his fattest family saga during a heat-wave, when the very sight of it will make the fastidious tremble.

The awful calm has spread over the creative world

only during the last five or six years. There was a time, not so long ago, when to miss one single issue of those splendid art magazines which are published in Paris (*Cahiers d'Art*, *Arts et Metiers Graphiques* are finely produced samples of the contemporary excellence of French art magazines) was to miss a valuable experience; to-day, alas, we know, without the aid of any powers of psychic premonition, exactly what the new Arp, the new Masson, the new Ernst will look like.

To-day again there is no small magazine on a plane with Margaret Anderson and Jane Heap's *Little Review*, which was once so busy discovering Mary Butts, T. S. Eliot, Djuna Barnes, James Joyce, Dorothy Richardson, Sherwood Anderson, Mina Loy, Marianne Moore, Else von Freytag-Loringhoven.

Why has everything so abruptly come to an end?

Is it not because the artist has advanced so far ahead of his public that it is necessary for the public to have time to raise the general level of awareness? This, in fact, is the time of public trial and public responsibility.

Because the artist has practically ceased production it does not mean that we, as members of the public, have also earned a rest; it means that it rests with our keenness and sensitivity to set the time for the next great wave of creative energy and inspiration. It is up to us to learn more of the world around us, to understand better the economic and social urgencies, to measure sensation with a fineness which approximates a little more to the vernier scale than the yard of beer.

In his September editorial, Mr. Hugh Ross Williamson raised this question in connection with John Ruskin's "Sesame."

Mr. Williamson wrote: "But contemporary events have not yet produced their artist. And until they do, until that Ruskinian 'Book' is written in which a seer shall give us a satisfying synthesis, it is as well surely to make the best of those 'good books of the moment,' with their 'firm fact telling,' among which books on affairs must hold an undisputed place."

When Mr. Williamson said that *contemporary events*

have not produced their artist, I think he was feeling too polite to say, *contemporary readers*. But once the public has attained a new, reasonable level of consciousness, then the artist will again find his wings; the more we, as the public, educate ourselves, the higher will be the artist's flight.

Unfortunately there are still people who fear the spread of general knowledge; these pessimists imagine that the time may come when everyone will be stranded on one cold level beyond which it will be impossible to rise.

For instance, the prophets of the pessimists have painted one of the pictures in their black book of the future with scientific pigments; they tell of a world in which the gland formulas of each individual are balanced in a common equation by medical experts; they implore us to meditate on the vain uniformity of such a world, and they beg us to halt in our onward search for knowledge and experience. Well, it is true that the scientist now knows that an injection of adrenalin will produce fear, and has asked: "What in our cells is pugnacity, in our bones greed, in our blood sex, in our nerves fear?" Nevertheless the stimuli which affect the body have to be grouped and ordered, and that is the work of MIND; the higher the general level from which all men might start, by virtue of some future scientific calculation, the more exalted would be the artist's vision, or to interpret

in precise phraseology, the artist's synthesis of the world as a whole.

A very interesting story is told about the painter, Léger, and his method of composing his canvases.

It appears that Léger will start one morning on a serious walk with the definite intention of assembling material for a new subject. As he walks along he collects those things which catch his artistic eye—perhaps the skeleton of a leaf, a discarded matchbox, a rusty screw, a torn envelope: such things Léger lovingly takes home to his studio.

Next he starts work on separate, gigantic portraits of each of his collected objects; he works on a large scale, enlarging meticulously and brilliantly. He lives with the objects for days and knows each wavering indentation, each self-opinioned curve, till he no longer has the least fear of the objects which he is about to paint.

Then, and only then, he starts to organise the separate elements into one of his famous compositions.

And it is with the patience, method and courage of a Léger that we ought to approach the multiplied factors of modern existence. When we have lived long enough with sufficient awareness of the actualities and motives around us, so that we have no conscious fear of modern life, then the artist will once more be able to organise contemporary events into a great art.

AN EFFORT IN CONSTRUCTION

By Aubrey Menon

For many years now Mr. H. G. Wells has encouraged us to organise the brains of the community to do things as they ought to be done.

I have been asked to describe the beginnings of an attempt at something very much of the sort, which by force of circumstances has London University as its starting ground.

In function the universities of the twentieth century have degenerated into something little short of educational sausage machines. Adolescents from all manner of schools, and in all stages of confused ignorance, are lured to them by scholarships and grants and subsidised advertisements in the shape of sporting contests, and after varying periods are ejected from them recognisably shaped, and shaped alike. Precisely as it is difficult for the layman to recognise the original pig in the string of sausages, so it is becoming increasingly difficult to believe that the products of our universities were once enthusiastic young people with quite definite ideas about things, and a very lively interest in a whole host of things which they have forgotten for the sake of partial specialisation in the process of degree taking.

The universities themselves have suffered in the process. From the position they held in the Middle Ages of being the meeting-place of intelligent men, and a free market for the exchange of ideas, they have become, in organisation and intention, technical training institutes of a superior variety.

The result is that the inevitable departmentalisation of contemporary thought (which is the worst aspect of the division of intellectual labour) has had no correcting agent at work since the collapse of the universities with the growth of industrialisation and the desperate need of knowing how to do one certain job to the best of one's ability. Specialisation has grown so alarmingly that it is almost impossible to be anything other than profoundly ignorant or dangerously short-sighted. Men of great

imagination and no intellectual scruples, like Mr. Wells, have attacked the problem in a practical manner by writing outlines of this and that which are out of date on the day of publication, but are nevertheless brilliant and effective presentations of individual surveys.

Briefly, the people who begun the work which this note will summarise in a moment, attempted to borrow Mr. Wells's notion of Outlines, to borrow his advice to organise the brains of the community, to add one or two devices of their own invention, and to *use* the universities as a jumping-off ground. They were persuaded of the urgency of their work by the reflection that unless some such continuous survey were made and were readily available, there would be nothing left for the average man (that is, a specialist in something or other and an ignoramus in everything else) but primitive superstition and blind, unquestioning belief in what he was told, particularly in such vital fields of knowledge as the science of the money he uses, the science of the body he lives with, and the sciences of the power and machinery with which his very existence has become bound up. Primitive man took refuge in half-articulate prayer when faced with a thunderstorm; there is very little else for such a person as myself to do in the face of a lecture by Sir Arthur Eddington. And in such matters as the elementary facts of economics I can be stampeded as much and as readily as any Neanderthaler prowling in the twilight.

Our solution was this. To gather groups of persons of distinction and specialised intelligence into loosely organised committees and boards; through them and through the learned societies to gather information and detailed news of what was going on in the various fields of research and cultural activity. To sift and summarise this as

continuously as the staff at our disposal would permit, and to do this under the supervision of competent people. To link the various surveys one to another where that was possible, or where we found it quite beyond our powers, to make an attempt to link them by lectures and discussions and conferences arranged with that specific purpose. Finally, to arrange for regular publication of a journal embodying the results of our work.

But there was another side of our plan; and that was to use the information thus made available in this manner. In each university (where our advisory boards and research workers mainly come from) to set up central groups of interested persons to discover ways and means of getting things done which the researches summarised suggested. In places we have done this; and we find that not only the universities, but organisations of every sort, are prepared to co-operate with us in a similar manner. We are in fact overwhelmed with the response to our suggestion. And the explanation is simple. People, particularly people who think, have at last come to the realisation that it is

quite impossible to make even the most intellectual bricks without straw. And the necessary straw is now scattered in a thousand obscure reports and journals of societies, from which they can be gathered only with infinite labour. We supply the straw.

Finally we have arranged an exhibition, which will act as a sort of shop-window display of the things we are going to deal in; organisations from governments to multiple stores, from research laboratories to manufacturers of tea-cups, artists, craftsmen, printers and hosts of other persons are assisting us to show this century as if through the wrong end of the telescope. And in addition the National Union of Students is arranging for this exhibition to be their special care, and to send it through the universities of England. There, people can see what has been done in this first thirty years of a most amazing century; they can see what remains to be done (the town planners and experts in drawing vivid charts are prominent here), and they can see what hope remains of doing it before catastrophe comes.

A PORTRAIT WHICH MUST LIVE

By Oliver Warner

THERE is much, very much to be said for reviewing no book until a year or more after publication, by which time it will be fully apparent whether or not it is worth an inch or a column of space. Such a plan is naturally an impossibility. It would detrimentally affect newspapers, authors and indeed everyone connected with the production of books; yet there are certain books which, surviving as they are likely to do not merely one year of life, but many decades, almost demand this treatment. Among them, occupying a high claim to attention, would rank, I think, Florence Emily Hardy's "Life of Thomas Hardy," in its two green volumes. It is certainly more than a year since the second volume was published; but despite good intentions, no hard pressed, topical critic could conceivably have done it justice.

Every age produces one or two superb biographies—books which are not merely biographies, but pictures of a whole society. Such of course was Boswell's book; such too was Smith's Life of Nollekins, and a very few others. Such, or so I for one believe, is this Life of Hardy. The reasons may be evident, but they are worth considering.

The span of Hardy's life was from 1840 to 1928—eighty-eight of what were perhaps the most memorable years in English history; years which saw a complete change come not merely across the face of the country, but in the conditions of life of every grade of society. As a boy Hardy remembered men who had taken part in the struggle with Napoleon. As a man he was in intimate touch with many of the great figures of the Victorian and of the Edwardian age. In later life he spoke with other, more youthful veterans; with those, among others, who fought their battles in the air. Throughout he remained a careful observer, an individual thinker, a "character" and a masterly writer.

Mere span would be little. Hardy's life held more than that. First, as a countryman, with an acute sense both of life and of history, he recorded details of West

Country living with a persistence and an accuracy which render his notes, preserved in this Life, (read together with his novels and poems), a rich treasure-house of folk-lore and of the best kind of anti-quarianism. It is easy to prophesy that, to the social historian, his work and this Life will be indispensable—whatever the vagaries of mere literary taste—probably for centuries.

Again, there is revealed in the Life two sides of an artist. Technically, the gain and growth of ideas, which ultimately matured or not as the case might be, is displayed with complete fullness; ambitions, difficulties, failures and successes are also set down with frankness; while the "business" side of Hardy's literary life is as fully discussed as it is in any life of a writer, with the possible exception of the autobiography of Anthony Trollope. And because Hardy perpetually struggled against convention, literary and otherwise, his is, incidentally, the record of a long and triumphant fight.

Finally, the book itself has its own superb tact and artistry. Wherever possible, it is Hardy himself who writes. Where he does not, the commentary is completely adequate. As a portrait the Life is convincing, and it is fair to say that it could not have been better done. That it should have been written by Hardy's wife, that it should not be in any possible sense a mere eulogy or pious memorial—that in fact it should have *life*, renders it the final book which will be written on most aspects of Hardy's career and genius. That it will be used and indeed repeated by others is inevitable. That it will be improved upon is impossible.

Few biographies are great by the sole virtue of their art: while an ideal subject must not merely be great—he must be original, versatile, human. Hardy was all these things, and I believe that, in the course of years, this biography will endure comparison with the finest in the language, and will not suffer by the challenge. Better still, it will continue to be read.

GALSWORTHY THE CRAFTSMAN

Studies in the Original Manuscripts of the Forsyte Chronicles

By S. H. Davies, M.A.

An examination of Galsworthy's methods of construction, the actual manner of his writing, can scarcely fail to be of interest to the general reader and to the student of novel technique. Galsworthy, a self-conscious artist in other respects also, evidently realised this, and presented the original manuscripts of the Forsyte Chronicles, or such of them that were preserved, to the British Museum.

Not all the manuscripts are publicly displayed, and I am grateful to the authorities at the British Museum for the opportunity of making a detailed study of them, and for the photographs which illustrate the text. Before he died, Mr. Galsworthy kindly permitted me to reproduce such facsimiles for publication.

I

"THE MAN OF PROPERTY"

It is unfortunate that Galsworthy was reluctant to realise the fact that his work was more or less permanent, and that students might at some time find pleasure in analysing his compositions. Hence the first manuscript is merely a "Note on 'The Man of Property'" to the effect that the "original and typed manuscripts" of this novel were destroyed by the author "in shame and despair at their chaotic and illegible condition." Incidentally, he also gives certain facts which serve to illustrate the influence of locality and mood upon literary creation.

The book, according to the note, was begun in May of 1903 at his "sister's, Mabel Reynold's house, Torrington Gardens, Campden Hill, and was finished at Levanto on the Italian Riviera on February 20th, 1905." It received a year's revision and was published in March of 1906.

"It was written," he concludes, "in restless circumstances and on all sorts of paper and was terribly cut about. Nevertheless I much regret the moody destruction of those sheets."

He doubtless foresaw that the absence of the manuscript of the first novel would prevent the complete tracing of the development of his technique as evidenced in the originals. These manuscripts are important because they record Galsworthy's methods of workmanship, his method of criticism and the progress he makes in the mastery of his technique.

It is significant that he intended the title "The Forsyte Saga" to be used for "The Man of Property," and entertained, so he informs us,* no prospect of writing sequels to the novels. But about three years after its publication, Galsworthy was haunted by the character of old Jolyon, one of the greatest, if not the greatest of his creations, and dreamed of his Indian Summer. In July, of 1918, he saw clearly the full scheme of development of the chronicles. The day on which this complete Saga scheme "came" to him was the happiest day of his writing life. He began "In Chancery" almost immediately, but was interrupted by the editorship of *Reveille* and the writing of "The Skin Game," and it was not until November 4th, 1919, that the novel was finished. The link between it and "To Let," the interlude "Awakening," was written in Paris and Biarritz during the close of that year and the first weeks of 1920. At Malaya, in Spain, on January 16th, 1920, he started "the last act of the long drama" and finished it at Grove Lodge, Hampstead, on August 15th, 1920, "the first day of my fifty-fourth year." That he should have completed the trilogy in less than three years and at the same time have written five plays and started "The White Monkey" is a remarkable achievement: not only because of the rate of production, but because he attained, during

* Note to the MSS. Also see the Preface to "The Forsyte Saga."

those years, the technical perfection which places him among the foremost novel writers of the world.

The more one studies Galsworthy the more one becomes aware of the importance, to the reader as well as to the author, of the actual form of the novel and of the minutest details of its technique. The analysis of his work is valuable even more for the light it throws on literary craftsmanship than for its by no means insignificant content or philosophy.

More than any other original manuscripts exhibited in the British Museum, Galsworthy's reveal and suggest the mental processes synchronising with and motivating expression. He seems to have been aware of the worth and interest of his creations; certainly he helps his critics more than, for example, does Meredith, who takes very great care that an erasure or deletion makes the original illegible. Galsworthy is sufficiently kind to leave the original word, phrase, sentence, or paragraph clearly displayed beneath the lines of correction. Authors, so thoughtful on their commentators' behalf, are few and far between. In "Caravan" he has actually arranged his short stories in such a way that the tracing of the development of his technique is a comparatively simple matter for anyone who is moved to follow the author's suggestion. His confidence is not misplaced: the prefatory "Note to 'The Man of Property'" and the donation of the rest of the Forsyte Chronicles to the British Museum are amply justified.

They reveal the practical application of his literary theory, which he borrows from Anatole France. "Que l'excès est toujours un mal" is an idea which apparently guides the deletions and corrections on the first page of the original manuscript of the French edition of "The Man of Property," which follows the "Note."

In the preface to this edition there are three points which deserve notice.

He refers to the transition in philosophy and technique which takes place as the chronicles evolve from 1887, when the seed was first carelessly sown, to 1920, when it flowered in completion.

The development of Soames, who is the central figure of the Forsyte chronicles, is next discussed. Soames evolves from the "villain" (much too strong a term for any Galsworthian character) to the "almost perfect citizen in a surrounding chaos." "The excessive sense of property that was his bane in 'The Man of Property' in 1887 seems almost dignified amidst the welter of restive looseness characteristic of the period nearly forty years later."

Finally, he observes the revolt against the Puritanism which became the prudery of the Victorians. This revolt, he believes, began as early as 1910 and the War speeded the process until it became a "veritable landslide." This transition he reveals in his novels, so that they become not only the chronicles of the Forsyte family, but valuable literary-historical documents, exemplifying the change from the Victorian to the Neo-Georgian era of the nineteen-twenties.

II

THE PLAN OF ROBIN HILL

The second of the original manuscripts of the Forsyte chronicles presented by Galsworthy to the British Museum, comprises very detailed drawings of the house Bosinney planned for the reception of Soames and Irene. The accuracy with which they are executed falls little short of that of an architectural craftsman, and with the minutest care Galsworthy has placed on record the material shape of the building he has described in words. The drawings therefore enable some estimation to be made of the competency of the author to describe, in literary terms the actual physical appearance of some of his creations.

John Galsworthy's

SCHEME
of the
FORSYTE SAGA.

Planned July 20. 1918.
at Wimpstone
Manaton
Essex

Vol. i. *The Man of Property.* (written 1903-4-5)

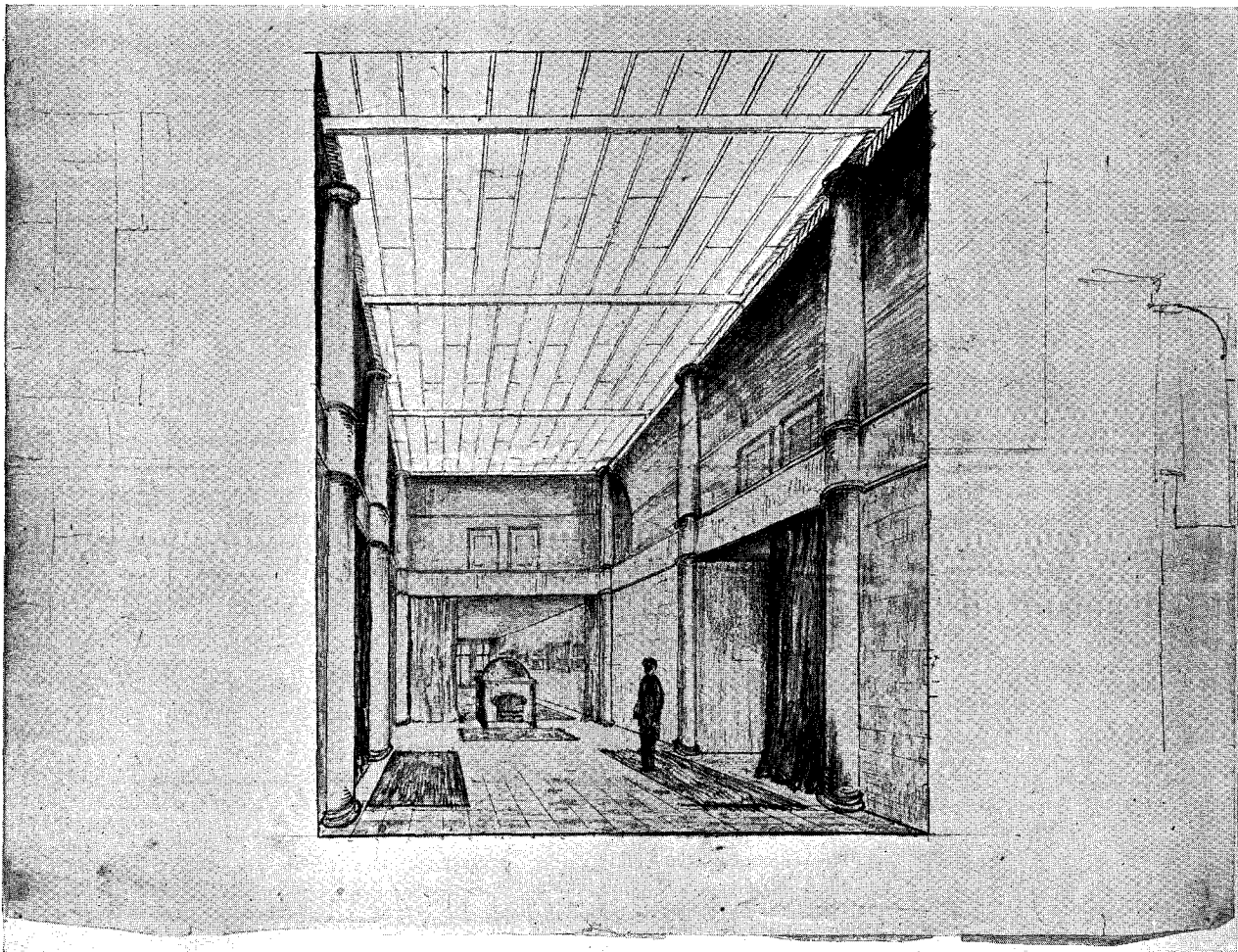
Indian Summer of a Forsyte. (written 1917)

Vol. ii. *The Second Flowering* (began July 21. 1918)
In Chancery

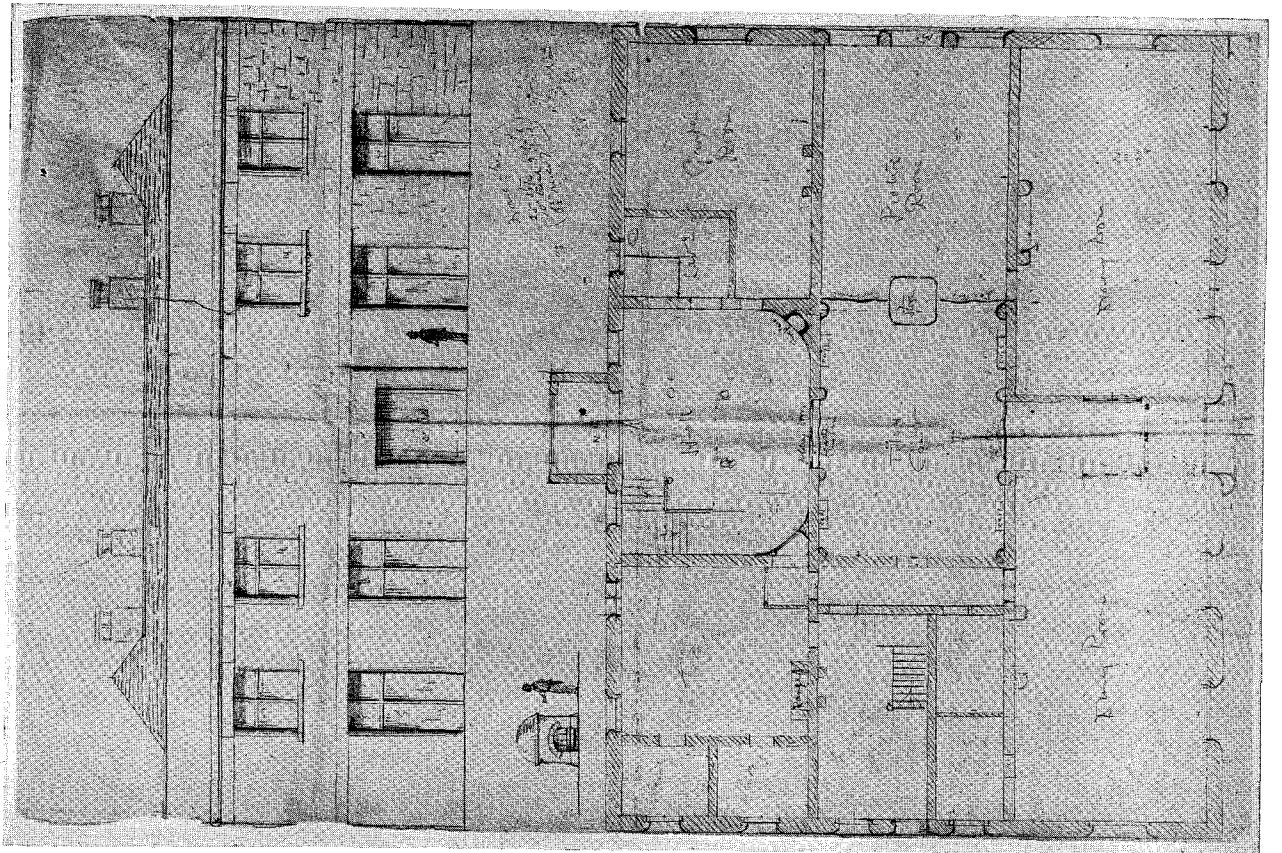
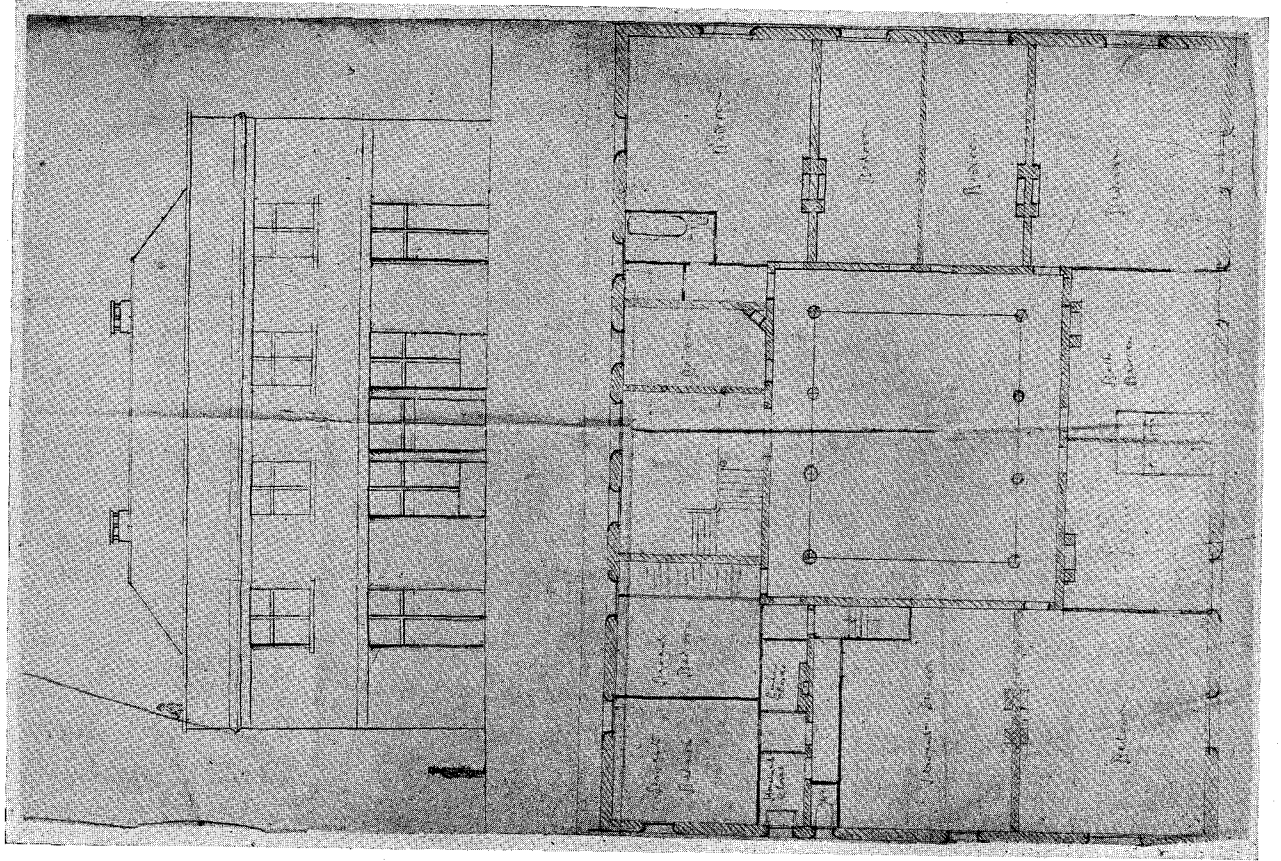
Orton & Co. Awakening

Vol. iii. *Foibles (or Nerves?) for Ever.*

THE SCHEME OF "THE FORSYTE SAGA."



THE TILED COURT AT ROBIN HILL.



As a whole, the house is beautifully conceived in a late Georgian style, the external appearance of which, however, scarcely does justice to the careful planning and happy balance of the inside.

The low front elevation is exquisitely proportioned, though to attain the most pleasing ratio of width to height Galsworthy has been obliged to erect a screening wall around the roof. In consequence, the bedroom windows, too far below the top of the parapet, are thrust under the eaves; they also appear to be too low when compared with the tall windows of the ground floor. At the same time, the screening wall has the effect of making the roof seem very low and spreading, which is saved from over-emphasis by the not-too-short chimneys. In side elevation the effect is not so well conceived, and an impression of congestion is given by the contiguity of the two french windows with the door of the picture-room.

Inside, the plans give evidence of great thought in preparation and skill in execution. The manuscripts now available would indicate earlier efforts, not preserved, for it is scarcely probable that Galsworthy was sufficient of an architect to compose such well-produced diagrams and well-chosen proportions at a first attempt, unless he had in mind some existent house with which he was acquainted. Almost every detail found in a professional plan is included—doors, windows, fire-places, stairs, even the true thicknesses-to-scale of the walls. He takes the trouble of superposing the plan of the first floor on to that of the ground floor, to determine the exact position of the pillars and the balcony of the tiled court. An examination of the plans indicates only one serious difficulty likely to be encountered by the builder of the house: there are but four chimneys, whereas at least six appear to be necessary for the fires of the first floor.

The pains taken by Galsworthy in preparation are indicated by pencilled jottings to remind him that the front stairs contain twenty-five steps, each with a 10-inch tread and a 6½-inch riser (not, by the way, ideal proportions). A less clearly pencilled calculation (by long method!) at the side shows that he obtained the number twenty-five (although there is room for only twenty on his plans) by dividing the height of the first floor above the ground, 13½ feet, by the height of each step. Other numbers are less obvious in their meanings, though it is not without interest to note that in order to subtract 10 from 34, he was obliged to work out the calculation on paper.

Accompanying the plans and elevations is a drawing of the tiled court—that admirable frame for the studies of a novelist influenced by dramatic technique. The details, including hanging curtains, rugs, the stove, even the pictures in the half-displayed picture gallery, are delineated with geometrical accuracy according to the laws of perspective; and, in order to ensure that there shall be no error in representation, a male figure is included to give the scale—a method of proportion that is also adopted in the views of the elevation of the house. The whole effect is impressive to an amateurish eye, and signifies clearly the great care with which Robin Hill was conceived and constructed. A side sketch indicates Galsworthy's idea of the upper gallery in section, while another is apparently an early version of the scheme of glass tiling designed for the roof.

A minor sketch, above the ground floor plan, shows in detail the features of the huge stove in the tiled court—a stove without obvious flue. At the side of the stove, as in the other diagrams, is a figure giving the scale.

The diagrams are labelled:

"The Original Plans of the House at Robin Hill. Built by Philip Bosinney, Architect, 1887, for Soames Forsyte, Esq., of Montpellier Square, London."

The date 1887 is altered from 1888.

The impression gained from an examination of these plans, as of the genealogical table to be described later, is that Galsworthy took himself very seriously, not only as a stylist but also as an accurate and consistent recorder of facts. He is as much an architect in designing the plans

as he is an author of a novel in using them for mnemonic and clarifying purposes. He is more than the omniscient author identifying himself with his creations. He does not identify himself with Bosinney; he *is* Bosinney before he starts writing. The actual process of creation, of make-believe, becomes so real and true to the creator that he loses his own identity in a new world. Hence the designing of the house, which was initially a means to an end (that end probably being the clarifying of his descriptions), becomes an end in itself. The result is such an accurate and detailed drawing that a builder could use it with few additions.

III

"THE INDIAN SUMMER OF A FORSYTE"

According to the prefatory notice, "The Indian Summer of a Forsyte," which is the third of the original manuscripts presented to the British Museum, was begun "about April 10th, 1917," at Adelphi Terrace House, London, and finished in May, 1917, at Wingstone, Manaton, Devon.

Galsworthy writes generally on unlined typewriting paper and always leaves a wide margin which is, more often than not, filled with corrections. Very wide gaps are left between the lines for the same purpose. His writing is large, loose, bold, and in this manuscript comparatively legible. Also he has a tendency to wander away towards the top right hand corner.

Apart from these details, which may have significance for a calligraphist, the chief value of the manuscripts lies in their corrections.

There are in this volume two main types of correction, a running correction (that is, a correction made as soon as the mistake or inadequate expression is written), and a correction that is the result of later revision. It is very rarely that Galsworthy makes additions to the original manuscripts. He often uses the Keatsian device of the condensed epithet, illustrated by the substitution of "still-lengthening" for "still growing longer."

On the third page of the manuscript he substitutes the unusual phrase for the commonplace when he changes "A man's as old as he feels" for "I haven't felt my age for a long time now." He searches for the right word which shall most nearly represent the image in his mind and conform to his principles of prose scansion. Hence we find "brightening the oak leaves" for "glistening on the oak leaves," and "once he had spoken to Jo about her" for "once he had talked to Jo about her." These may seem petty details, but such minute, seemingly trivial, corrections all tend to build that unobtrusive, harmonious, prose rhythm which helps to create the required story illusion, or sense of reality without discord, which it is the aim of the novelist to achieve.

He is dominated by his fear of excess. In the published version we find that "Balthasar, preceding him once more, uttered a low growl. Old Jolyon stirred him with his foot, but the dog remained motionless, just where there was no room to pass, and the hair rose slowly along the centre of his woolly back. Whether from the growl and the look of the dog's stivered hair, or from the sensation a man feels in a wood, old Jolyon also felt something move along his spine. And then the path turned and there was an old mossy log and on it a woman sitting." The correction involved in this paragraph illustrates Galsworthy's avoidance of all but the relevant detail; for in the original manuscript we read through the lines of deletion that "the dog Balthasar very slowly wagged his tail twice, then very slowly moved forward growling. A little further the path would bend round that old mossy log which would have been cut up for firewood if Jo's wife had not said 'No, let it stay, Dad; it looks old and jolly, and I use it to sit on when I'm sketching.'" The published version is infinitely more vivid.

At the beginning of the second part of "The Indian Summer of a Forsyte" is a correction, again illustrative of Galsworthy's sense of the relevancy of detail and its frequent abuse; and his realisation that the dramatic

quality and significance of a scene depend upon this relevance and the quality of suggestion. Old Jolyon is waiting in Irene's drawing-room and spends the time examining it. The first and original paragraph gives a detailed description of various articles which catch his eye:

"Ah! there was a piano he had given them—a Larboard. He had chosen it with June. And there . . . was a photograph of himself. He stood before it disconcerted and wondered how long it had been there."

All this and much more gives way to an appreciation of an indefinable fragrance, the thought that she must be poor, and his reflections on seeing himself in a mirror. Galsworthy also omits a long conversation between Irene and old Jolyon, which follows:

"You've come back to your maiden name, I see," and precedes:

"Has June forgiven me, Uncle Jolyon?"

It is concerned with the fact that not seeing Soames makes her life more possible, and with details that are best left to the deduction of the reader. All conversations bordering on the trivial and the maudlin are left out. After the sentence, "She drew a deep breath," occur in the original the following murmurings:

"I don't think it was my fault that I loved; I don't think it is ever anybody's fault when they love so much. I think the Greeks were right. There is a force too strong for us. I think it is a good force, only we are such fools, we don't wait for it."

Such omissions result obviously in a gain in intensity and concentration of effect. He suppresses all of what may well be called Irene's hawing; such as her asking

old Jolyon "Do you know what saved me?" But the pages where we are seeing into old Jolyon's head while he is reflecting, and are, with the author, allowed to analyse these reflections and at the same time to identify ourselves with the thinker, are relatively uncorrected. They are written in a loose, easy style as though Galsworthy's thoughts were flowing freely and finding comparatively effortless and adequate expression.

It is the first pages, which usually appear, by the neatness of the writing and the difference of the ink, to have been written after a lapse of time, which abound with emendations. The freer and more careless the writing, the more satisfactory seems to have been the result. According to the author's confession he writes best at what he calls "white heat." From pages twenty-eight to thirty-three in the manuscript which correspond with pages three hundred and ninety to three hundred and ninety-two in the published version,* Galsworthy is obviously composing rapidly and effortlessly. The writing is almost illegible; there are corrections, but they are hurried, running corrections, impatiently performed. He is describing the mind of the anticipating Jolyon as he walks downstairs towards Irene who is spending the evening with him. The description of Holly, who "was asleep and lay like a miniature Madonna" is, in the published version, one of the most exquisite of Galsworthy's word-paintings. In the original manuscript it is an almost perfect page with but three minor corrections written deliberately, as though its author were caressing the words as he expressed them.

* "The Forsyte Saga." (Heinemann, 1926.)

"THE LITERARY SPECULUM": Critical Opinions a Century Ago

By A. William Ellis

It is one of those dirty volumes with the gold letters rubbed off the spine that one has to pull out of the tray and open to discover its name. It is called "The Literary Speculum," and judging by the repetition and sequence of its features, is obviously the bound parts of a periodical. It contains "original essays, poetry and criticism by various hands," of whom "H." and "R." are the most prolific. This copy is one of Volume Two, "published by Richardson, 98, High Holborn." It is not dated; but as "The Fortunes of Nigel," "Bracebridge Hall" and "Maid Marian" (which were all published in 1822) receive notices here, I think that hint to the time of its origin is conclusive. Moreover a reference in the review of "The Fortunes of Nigel": "Why should we not in the year 1822 . . ." admits no argument.

Viewed from our vantage point, the distance of a century away, the publication must be regarded as of a humorous nature. The face which it presented to its contemporaries was serious enough except, when reviewing rubbish, it assumed a mildly amused air. William Hersee's "Poems" are treated in this manner, and the critic, after acknowledging an excitement of his "risible muscles," feels "too willing to share our good things with the reader, to pass it by in silence," unconsciously anticipating the function of the modern humorous journal. But it is the heavy seriousness, the frank pomposity, the Olympian pose, the earnestness and the extreme fallibility of the "various hands" that stir up more mirth than all the brightly vivacious damnings of hopeful Hersees. The contributors to the *Speculum* cannot be blamed for the short-sighted views they took of men like Hazlitt and Hunt. Nevertheless it can well be suspected that their hatred of the latter took its origin in *Blackwood's* attack on the Cockney poets, and that they believed themselves to be putting in a more forceful and perhaps more permanent form the general opinion of the enlightened critics concerning Hazlitt.

On the other hand, by 1822 the Romanticists had impressed contemporary readers with their importance. Not

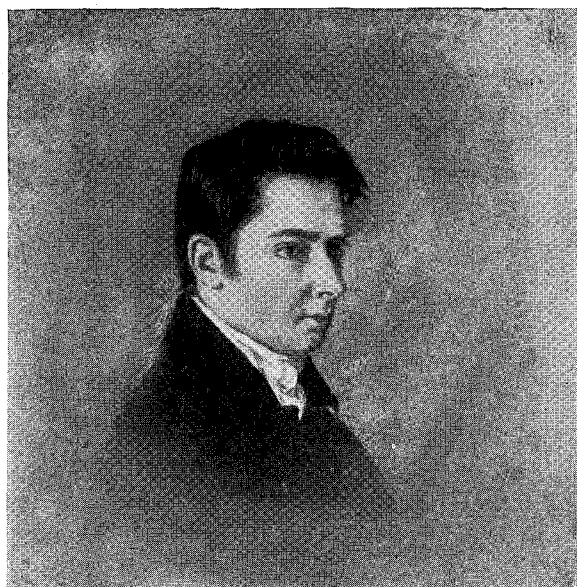
all the critics can have been diehards, and the singularity with which the *Speculum* enrolled a staff of men, by no means ignorant or unintelligent, yet willing to follow the lead of a rival, like *Blackwood's*, while reviling it, is uncanny. The only occasions upon which it moves away from its unconscious preceptor are when it withdraws to the security of reputations established a generation or two ago. It knows it cannot go far wrong if it remains by the side of Bloomfield and if Maturin is its hero. But the readers of 1822 were rapidly changing their allegiance, and the life of the *Speculum* was short. To exhumate its dissertations and its opinions is a harsh kind of literary callousness; a moral can be squeezed out of the remains to justify the action, and the smile is worth it, even if the moral is not.

The *Literary Speculum* opens in questionable taste with an article on Robert Bloomfield, with a critical notice of his "May Day with the Muses." The reviewer's choice of extracts "as the very triumph of natural and unaffected pathos," strikes a sickly note which remains the characteristic of all the favourable reviews throughout. "His 'Richard and Kate,'" writes this particular hand, "has no parallel in the English language, and I do not envy that man's feelings who can read it without shedding tears." Of the verses selected for exhibition, the following approach the bathetic as near as any, and are also an excellent illustration of Bloomfield's sanctimonious genius:

"Kate viewed her blooming daughters round,
And sons who shook her withered hand;
Her features spoke what joy she found,
But utterance had made a stand.

"Thou, Filial Piety, wert there;
And round the room, benignly bright,
Dwelt on the luscious half-shed tear
And in the parting word—'Good Night!'"

An article on "Novel Reading" follows, in which the writer makes an admirable stand, although his heroism is perhaps a trifle tardy and unnecessary. "I cannot," he thunders, "join in the commonplace vituperations on



William Hazlitt
(Age 30).

From the miniature by his brother John.

Novel Reading." Novels, he insists, produce a "Sabbath of the heart," and it is the supreme pleasure of old age to wander in "the shadowy Eden of Fiction." But amid all this heavy bombardment of capital letters, "H.", who contributes the article, makes many intelligent remarks that might lead one, if the style were simpler, to suspect him of being Hazlitt. Unfortunately a further disproof appears later in the volume, when "M.", the author of an essay "On the Writings of Hazlitt," states that—

"Perhaps there are few writers more read, and still fewer entitled to that distinction, than Hazlitt. It proves the multitude are not critics. His arguments are so contradictory, his conclusions so feebly drawn, and his critical knowledge so limited, that he perpetually betrays his inability."

It is improbable that a publication would allow that to stand, however amusing it may be, if it referred to one of its own leading contributors.

A few general essays follow "H.'s" work on Novels, until Tobias Oldschool, Gentleman, starts off his series of Eminent Authors. Tobias turns out to be "H." again, popped up in a new guise, and the strange perversity with which he singles out his authors for commendation and rejection almost suggests that he is being the deliberate iconoclast. Of Swift he says: "Perhaps no author ever did less for the applause and recollection of posterity than Swift." Of Otway: "We doubt whether even Shakespeare has produced anything that surpasses in actual representation 'Venice Preserved.'" Of Massinger: "Of the early English dramatists, Massinger holds the first place."

The *Literary Speculum* however does not become really amusing until the book reviews appear, under the heading of "Literature." Considering the shameful verses it publishes itself by a person who signs himself "S. R. J."—(the versatile "H." also turns out a poem or two upon occasion)—this volume is unexpectedly vicious towards the work of poets. The first to come under the lash is Bernard Barton, the Quaker, with his effort, "Napoleon." The reviewer, "R.", sums up his opinion—"common-place sentiment, trite reflections and undisputed truisms, expressed in phraseology we can scarcely call poetical." Barton, it appears, wrote to the editor about this, for later in the volume is an apology addressed to him, in the course of which an interesting reference is made to Wordsworth. "That the silly school of poetry does exist cannot be denied. We are also inclined to place Mr. Wordsworth at its head." And a foot-note adds: "Mr. W. has written a sophistical preface in defence of it." If this refers to the preface to the edition of 1815, the *Speculum* is very out of date with its information. Barton however was not even

satisfied with the apology, and continued to remonstrate that he objected to being mixed up with the "silly school." Consequently, towards the end of the volume, "R." attempts to appease the disgusted Quaker with an article "On the Genius of Bernard Barton," wherein he writes:

"... many excellencies entitle Bernard Barton to be considered as a hopeful candidate for fame. . . . We have read it, and it is impossible that we can ever forget the pleasure which the perusal of it afforded us."

Barton however must have been a very great bully, and his letters must have intimidated the editor beyond measure. Other attacks, as vicious in every way, are not retracted. One of the most particular dislikes of the *Speculum* (although it subscribes to its general opinions of Literature) is *Blackwood's Magazine*, against which it is continually hurling indignities and sly sarcasms. The first reference to the rival is the most stinging of all:

"Three of these stories [writes "H" in one of his reviews], originally appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and formed a strange contrast to the malignancy and bitterness of spirit displayed in almost every other page of that publication."

Another mention is perhaps more slighting, although the sentiment is expressed with some subtlety:

"... and one of the best prose writers of our day [the author of the "Sketch Book"] would have sunk into obscurity but for the eulogies of *Blackwood*! On such seemingly insignificant causes does the estimation of genius depend!"

Needless to say, had the *Speculum* been in existence when the "Sketch Book" appeared, the author would not have wanted for applause.

Behind another reference to *Blackwood's* is a feeling of just indignation. It is contained in a review of Galt's "The Steam Boat," which had previously appeared as a serial in that magazine:

"It is but right to protest against the practice, now growing so common, of making the public pay twice for the same book. It is a trick unworthy of a man of genius, to profit by printing in a monthly magazine what he afterwards intends publishing in a separate volume."

Galt's book is treated rather patronisingly—by "H." again—who sums up the author's chances with—

"Mr. Galt is unquestionably a highly talented author, but till he can divest himself of an idle desire to be original on all occasions, he must not expect more than an ephemeral reputation."

Critics who have accused Galt of straining after originality are surely very few!

The second of the quotations concerning *Blackwood's* is taken from the review of "The Fortunes of Nigel," written with such éclat and circumlocution that it is very evident that the critic had not read his copy of the book. The notice is little more than a general essay upon the reasons for the popularity of "Waverley" and subsequent works by the same author. The writer's conscience seems to get the better of him when he says:

"Our readers will pardon us if we decline presenting them either with an abridgment of the plot of 'The Fortunes of Nigel,' or long extracts from the work itself."

That seems to suggest a negligent reviewer, or that the publishers had snubbed the inferior publication by not sending an advance copy for review. There is one sentence in the notice which should be transported immediately to the gallery of lesser aphorisms:

"Had 'Waverley' been forgotten, or had it never been published, almost any one of his [i.e. Scott's] succeeding efforts would perhaps have ranked just as high."

In reviewing "Halidon Hall," by Sir Walter Scott, Bart., the *Literary Speculum* considers that it possesses the last link in the chain of evidence that the Waverley novels are by the same Sir Walter. Although it is sadly behind the times in arriving at this conclusion, it must be congratulated at having come to it independently and by its own methods. Having proceeded so far, the *Speculum* considers the moment opportune for censure for, as it frequently quotes in brackets ("We are nothing if not critical"), and

it throws all its critical weight at the point that Scott's simplicity is "devoid of elegance"! It is "H." writing again, and his efforts to make the popular author realise his shortcomings probably failed. Poor "H." is never once in a position to wield the big stick.

The warmest of welcomes is extended to "Bracebridge Hall" by "Geoffrey Crayon," the author of the "Sketch Book," that is of course Washington Irving.

"For my part [writes the critic at the conclusion of his unctuous notice], I can truly say, that I would rather be the author of 'The Sketch Book' and 'Bracebridge Hall,' than of five-sixths of the poetry, and nearly all the prose, published since the year 1800."

I feel somehow that the "Sketch Book" would hardly have been the same had this person written it; and there are probably quite a number of people who are glad that he did not write five-sixths of that poetry, not to mention the prose.

"Maid Marian" is received indifferently; but as it was apparently selling well, "H." preferred to encourage the author of "'Nightmare Abbey' and other novelettes of odd names," as "it is agreeable to notice improvement." At the same time, he insists upon qualifying his praise. "The mirth," he says, "will not bear analysis, for the wit which caused it is rather literal than intellectual." He is also suspicious about the origin of Peacock's plot:

"The fable trenches considerably upon the copyhold of the author of 'Waverley'; many of the characters are mere imitations after 'Ivanhoe.'"

This has an element of truth; but "H." seems to have missed Peacock's satiric intent entirely. After stating his belief that the poems embodied in the text are "by a different hand," he concludes:

"The author is obviously possessed of talents, and we hope he will evince his gratitude of public approbation by greater exertions to deserve it."

The *Speculum* has a curious trick of conceding "talents" to many authors, while at the same time bringing up several points of limitation. Coleridge is accused of descending to the "trickery of *pantomime* poetry," and of sacrificing good taste "on the shrine of novelty." An article on Southey merely exclaims: "How are the mighty fallen?" and it leaves his poetry as a prey for the different politics of his readers. However, it takes his part against Leigh Hunt and Lord Byron when, in reviewing the first number of the *Liberal*, it maligns Hunt as practically the lowest of the low. "The Vision of Judgement" is too much for the *Speculum*; Hunt's less hearty hits at Southey are more its level. It cannot understand the collaboration which produced the *Liberal* in the first place:

"Lord Byron and Leigh Hunt! [it cries]. The bard of Childe Harold and the Rhymester of Rimini! Hyperion and a satyr! Tom Thumb and Goliath! . . . Was there ever such a partnership? That Leigh Hunt is amazingly exalted by the union, and that he chuckles in his sleeve at this lie direct to all the ridicule of Blackwood, there can be little doubt; and as little that Lord Byron is proportionately degraded."

This *Speculum* certainly does not like Leigh Hunt, and admires Byron the less for having anything to do with him.

"[Hunt] writes in a mincing, colloquial, how-d'ye-do sort of style without either dignity or thought. . . . He trips along with a mincing, jaunty air, which all the old women and other weak folks reckon very pretty. . . . What a coadjutor for Lord Byron!"

The "late Mr. Shelley" is represented in the first number of the *Liberal* by "May-Day Night—a translation from 'Faust.'" The *Speculum* considers that he brought "a kindred spirit to the task" and leaves it at that.

While the transitoriness of literary reputations is an old theme, there is no harm in pausing to consider the curious perversity with which this review continually put its money on the wrong men. Scott is not really "a candidate for

fame"; his work, it is feared, is ephemeral because of the inelegance of his simplicity. Galt, of course, strains too much after the lights and shadows of the unreal. Hazlitt and Hunt are mere curiosities of the day. Peacock will never be heard of come 1823. Byron is the mortal best-seller. "The late Mr. Shelley" is ignored. Coleridge, it is true, is thought of as likely to endure for some time; but not for half as long as Bernard Barton! Montgomery and Bloomfield will charm tears from their readers' eyes long after Byron is forgotten and Coleridge unheard-of. Maturin's best work will last for ever; Hunt's and Hazlitt's will be burned to-morrow. Of them all, Colman the Younger will last as long as any! Colman—George Colman—is among "the poets" as far as the *Speculum* is concerned. He has promoted "the cause of good morals" and has "beguiled the sorrows of all." The claim for his promoting good morals surely refers to his work as examiner of plays, in which office he was notoriously severe upon the work of brother dramatists, cutting out such words as "angel," "heaven" and "providence" from their plays, while parts of his own exhibited a coarseness not equalled by the Continental screen of to-day. Nevertheless Colman, although he "never wrote like Byron or Young with a human skull at his elbow," is very much "among the poets." Who encounters his work to-day?

The only "nap" in the *Literary Speculum* is the backing of Washington Irving, or "Geoffrey Crayon" as he was known. He is the greatest prose writer of them all. Barton perhaps the most hopeful poet of the age (after his letters to the editor), and Colman the greatest dramatist and wit. Beyond that the review cannot see. But it is an amusing enough publication. Its pomposities and its viciousness provide a pleasant change from the bloodless criticism of to-day; and even if it is wrong from cover to cover, it makes no bones about saying what it has to say. "H." cheerfully damned to right and left of him, while "R." walked behind to pick up the few whole reputations he could find left; while still again, many lesser critics and poets followed the lead and taste of their masters and created their little gems in a noisy, bumptious but essentially humorous way.

THE SECRET SERVICE GIRL.

By J. M. Walsh. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)

Mr. J. M. Walsh is not afraid of improbabilities. "The Secret Service Girl" (surely the author could have found a less shy-making title?) unmasks a villainous plot to blow Gibraltar sky-high. The explosives are to be brought under the Straits from North Africa through a secret tunnel that is used by the Barbary apes of the Rock in their periodical migrations. But Colonel Ormiston, his wife and brother-in-law, aided by a mysterious Spanish beauty, get wind of what is going on, and after a number of exciting adventures save the situation. The villain meets a well-deserved and particularly sticky end, and the book is brought to a finish with marriage bells for Terry and Isa. Apes and camels, yashmaks, caravans and Arab murderers supply the local colour.

NEUTRAL GROUND.

By Helen Corke. 7s. 6d. (Barker.)

This novel is one of those serious expositions of a girl's adolescence and initiation into love, and it is neither better nor worse than many of its predecessors. It is a fair specimen of a slightly outmoded literary genre. The book has a special interest for lovers of D. H. Lawrence, for part of it was written in 1910-12 and was used by Lawrence as a basis for his novel, "The Trespasser."

CHEAP MUSIC: Mr. Warren Replies to Mr. Scholes

Mr. Percy Scholes has been making hay, in the August issue of *THE BOOKMAN*, of an article in which I deplored the spread of Musical Appreciation. But I am afraid Mr. Scholes is not a very good hay-maker. He stacks his crop before it is dry; and, as we all know, the penalty for carting green hay is a fired stack. Wise farmers know how to wait.

Now it is characteristic of these musical appreciators that they cannot bear to go slowly. They are in a hurry to see every schoolboy bud into a musician. They think it is only necessary to provide everybody with the opportunity to become more musical and everybody will immediately *become* more musical. They still believe, apparently, that all is for the best in this best of all possible worlds.

Mr. Scholes is, as I know, a man of discernment and I am surprised that he should, after all these years, still think so idealistically of human nature. But then (and I hope he will excuse this lapse into biography) he lives on a mountain in Switzerland; and whilst mountains are admirable places from which to enjoy such æsthetic delights as sunsets and thunderstorms they are not necessarily the best point of vantage from which to survey ordinary, grumbling, bread-and-buttery humanity.

But let me take some of Mr. Scholes's main points in order.

He regrets that "the child who has passed through his several years of singing-class work has all the time been accustomed to look on music as a *single line*." And that is not good enough. Children must be taught harmony and orchestration; they must study the lives of famous composers; they must be initiated into all the phenomena of music.

But why?

It happens that I am writing this reply sitting in a garden somewhere in Spain. Palm trees rustle under a very blue sky, every now and then there is a swirl of white doves, and a cloud of mosquitoes hovers round my face. One would think that here, at least, I should be utterly remote from the pernicious influence of Musical Appreciation. Not at all! For half an hour some wretched, aspiring female has been picking out Chopin on a piano with two fingers—all because she has notions about her musical ability. Fortunately for me, however, the garden-boy here has no such notions. He has suddenly begun to sing *flamenco*. Regardless of everybody and everything he goes on, in that attractively nasal voice of his, singing his "single line" of music. And I'll wager my winnings in the next local lottery that he is far happier with his raucous *flamenco* than the aspiring female is with her decimated Chopin. He knows nothing of Musical Appreciation: harmony, the love affairs of the Abbé Liszt, and orchestral colour mean nothing to him; but his single line of music makes him happy, it matches these blue skies and waving palms, and it has a musical inevitability his more ambitious rival never knew or (thanks to Musical Appreciation) has now quite forgotten.

Then heaven save all garden-boys—say I—from the vitiating dopes of the musical appreciators. Why won't they be honest with themselves and confess that the "single line" is all that ninety-nine per cent. of us ever want to know of music—or ever should know.

Mr. Scholes then makes a comparison with the teaching of literature in schools—a very odd and fallacious argument. There can be no valuable comparison made between literature and music: the one deals with words, which are primarily intellectual concepts, the other with sounds, which are primarily sensorial concepts. And it is exactly in this removal of music from its original, sensorial appeal that I deplore the practice of Musical Appreciation, which appeals to quite another department of the child's (or man's or woman's) responsiveness. How can it help anybody to "appreciate" Chopin's music more truly by knowing

the facts and fancies of his amours with George Sand? Even in literature (since Mr. Scholes himself presses the comparison) it is rare that anything known about an author truly helps us to understand his work. Does Mr. Scholes contend that schoolboys would be given a better understanding of Shakespeare, for instance, if it were possible (fortunately it is not) to tell them all about his life? And if such information does not help in literature how can it possibly help in music? He calls this method of approach to literature and music "stimulating the interest": I call it degrading the interest. Mr. Scholes cannot understand what I see wrong in giving to children (of all ages) the opportunity to hear "a fair range of masterpieces." I see nothing wrong with it whatever. I would have much more music in schools than perhaps Mr. Scholes might admit; but I would let that music work its own good in the hearts and minds of the children, confident that they will accept what their varying experience allows and ignore the rest. I would not force their appreciation, neither would I confuse it with compulsory attention to such false issues as orchestral colour, counterpoint, "lives of great composers," and so on. All such "stimulation of the interest" is merely putting jam on the pill.

For, whatever the Musical Appreciators may contend, music for ninety-nine per cent. of us is an impossibly difficult art. Mr. Scholes cannot understand why I should say that "the curse of Musical Appreciation is that it pretends to make difficult things easy." The emphasis, it should be noticed, is on "pretends." The world is becoming increasingly full of people who pretend to understand and sensibility they do not really possess. All is second-hand. All is imposed from without. Fewer and fewer grow the number of those people who will not accept anything that is not within their own personal experience; yet they are still the salt of the earth. Unless we can truly say: "I know this or that, because it is directly within my own experience," our boast is all in vain. No experience matters one iota which is not fundamentally our own. And all over the world to-day we are witnessing the birth of a people who have no first-hand, personal experience of the several sensibilities to which they lay claim. They are content to accept the experiences of others: they live vicariously. They go where they are bidden (or read about it in travel books); they eat and drink what they are told; they let others choose their books for them and do their thinking for them; and they let others tell them what music they should, or should not, listen to. How can such a people enjoy any lively health of mind or spirit? How, for instance, can they know any real joy in such an art as music? They think they know all about it, because some benign and persuasive person has told them all about it, so attractively, so charmingly, so (apparently) illuminatingly. But being *told* about music does not make it an experience for us. And so, for the most part, all this talk about music is just so much "head-hammer"—as Maurice Hewlett called the vast quantities of rubbishy thoughts with which we stuff our minds. It has no vital meaning, no deep significance. Everything that is worth having in life has to be laboured for by our own hands: if we are not willing (or able) to work for it we may not possess it. And it is because Musical Appreciation pretends to make us the possessors of music when we are not that I deplore it so wholeheartedly.

But I realise that Mr. Scholes will not agree. In his last paragraph he says: "The question of whether a touch of emotional suggestion is destructive of the child's own 'personal experience' is too big for me to go into here." But that question touches the root of the matter. Anything that interferes with our own personal experience of music, or dares to attempt to substitute somebody else's experience, is an insult to the intelligence and a denial of the spirit: nothing less.

CHARLES LAMB AND THOMAS STACKHOUSE

By M. C. Draper

THOSE twice-mentioned but rarely seen pictures which haunted Charles Lamb's childhood and led him up to that admirable essay on Witches, and to the Witch Aunt, are only to be found in the very earliest editions of Stackhouse's "History of the Bible," for by 1752 they had been turned out; and many are the laments scattered through the pages of Notes and Queries and elsewhere by those friends of Elia who from time to time have most joyfully invested in huge folios, thinking to find *his* plates there, only to be sadly disappointed when they reached home.

The accompanying illustrations are taken from a fine copy of the first edition which lies in the British Museum. This was brought out in 1737, a few years after Mr. Stackhouse had been presented to the living of Beenham, in Berkshire, at the age of fifty-three.

By this time he was quite well known, for though he had been but a poor and struggling married clergyman in the neighbourhood of London for many years, he had become the author of several vigorous publications, including a memoir of the notorious Bishop Atterbury, a complete Body of Divinity in Five Parts, a Defence of the Christian Religion, an Exposition of the Apostles' Creed, etc. He had also produced a moving Letter to the Bishop of London on the Miseries and Hardships of the Inferior Clergy, describing the plight of underpaid men who, like himself, were expected to shine as scholars, gentlemen and good clergymen on £30 to £50 a year.

Very moving, and full of self-revelation, are the passages where he describes the poor curate settling down in the garret (which he calls his study) to write a sermon, when "unless he has stupify'd all sense of his condition, no sooner does he set himself into a posture of thinking than immediately start up the horrid images of *Baker, Brewer*, and bloody *Butcher*, that will bring him no more provision of any kind, till their long neglected bills are paid." Very moving, and bitter too, are the things he says about those unfortunate persons

who, being unlicensed by their Bishop, felt themselves so much at the mercy of the parson who employed them that they were tempted "to cringe, and fawn, and run, and fly, and stand at an awful Distance, and turn themselves into ten thousand ridiculous shapes, if all would but please, and keep him in good Humour." And who also found it necessary to keep on the right side of their well-to-do neighbours, and to practise complaisance towards all *Sanctified Gossips and Religious Backbiters*—"Vipers," adds Stackhouse furiously, "that we must caress, for fear of stinging, and worship as some Indians do the devil, that they may not hurt us."

Long years of poverty and too much work seem nearly to have wrecked poor Stackhouse, for just as King Alfred's name is linked with cakes, and Bruce with spiders, so surely and yet more sadly is his name connected with an ale-house on the great high road between Newbury and Bath. Who knows? Perhaps it was loneliness as well as weakness that drove him to seek consolation there. Or perhaps, like Lamb, he missed the varied charms of London, and found Beenham, though pretty, a solitary and bookless place.

"It has been said by some old persons who could remember him," so runs the story, "that he would often stray down to the public house called Jack's Booth, situate on the Bath Road, and stay there for two or three days at a time, it is even said that a great part of his History of the Bible was written in an arbour at the bottom of the garden. He has been known, more than once, to come from this favourite house on a Sunday morning, and when in the pulpit, to ask pardon of God, with tears and lamentations, for his foolishness and wickedness in this his besetting sin, and then in the most earnest and public manner, he would beg of his congregation to join with him in soliciting forgiveness, and afterwards would proceed to warn them against the great wickedness of drunkenness, yet after all, he would very probably, in a week or two, yield to the



Charles Lamb
(Aged about 40).

From the portrait by Sir Henry Raeburn in the possession of Mr. F. H. Clarke.



AN ILLUSTRATION FROM STACKHOUSE'S BIBLE.



AN ILLUSTRATION FROM STACKHOUSE'S BIBLE.

like temptation. The following ludicrous affair, occurred towards the latter part of his life; he had strayed down to Jack's Booth, and partaken rather freely of the essence of Sir John Barleycorn, when a friend of his coming past in his carriage, observing him, reminded him that it was the day of the Visitation (a circumstance which had quite escaped his memory) and that his presence would be required. His friend offering to take him, he immediately got into his carriage, dressed just as he was, and somewhat elevated; and on his arrival at the Visitation, he very unceremoniously thrust himself forward towards the bishop, His lordship observing him, inquired who that shabby, dirty old man was, when he in a loud voice, vociferated, "I am Thomas Stackhouse, Vicar of Beenham, who wrote the History of the Bible, and that is more than your lordship can do."

It seems to have been more than many of his successors could do also, to judge from the book itself and from the numerous editions and reissues it passed through until the last half of the last century. Some idea of its encyclopædic proportions may be gathered from a glance at the title page.

A
NEW HISTORY
OF THE
HOLY BIBLE
FROM THE
BEGINNING OF THE WORLD,
TO THE
ESTABLISHMENT OF CHRISTIANITY,
WITH
ANSWERS TO MOST OF THE CONTROVERTED QUESTIONS,
DISSERTATIONS UPON THE MOST REMARKABLE PASSAGES,
AND A
CONNECTION OF PROFANE HISTORY ALL ALONG.
To which are added
Notes explaining difficult texts, rectifying mistranslations, and reconciling seeming contradictions. The whole illustrated with proper maps and sculptures.

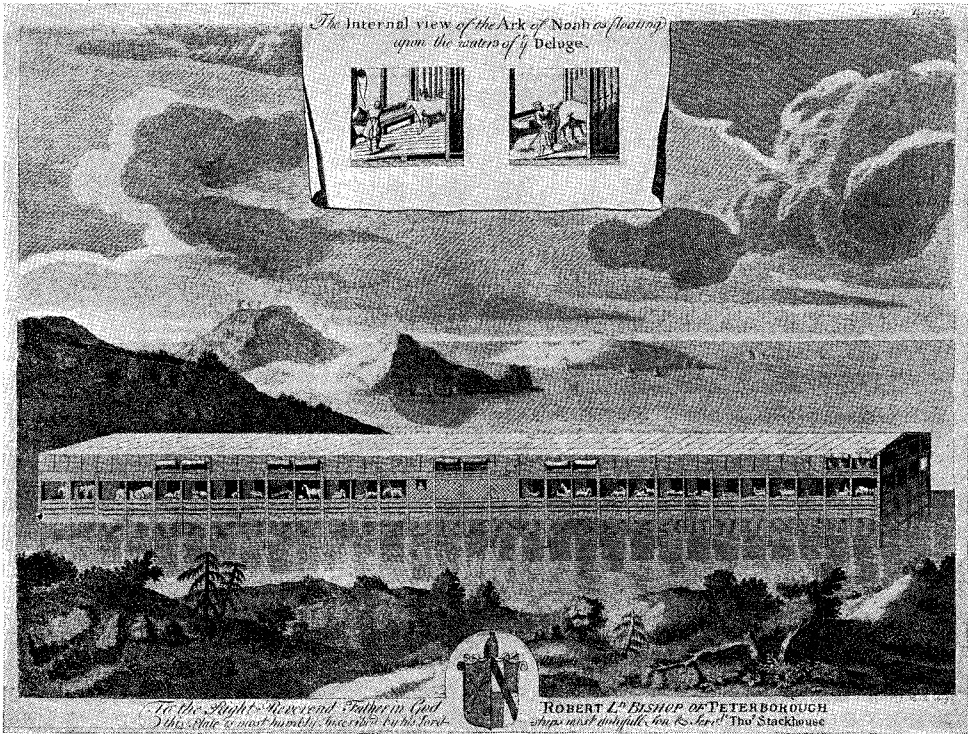
Surely few books have been planned on so noble a scale as this one; few carried out with such zest and perseverance to the end! And as Stackhouse excelled himself in describing days of judgment like those when Lot's daughters "so far as their Eye would reach, saw

nothing but Sulphureous Flames and a wide Theater of Perdition," it was no wonder that some of the words, as well as the pictures, haunted Lamb's mind, even in memory. In Dissertation iii, for instance, *Of Samuel's appearing to Saul at the Witch of Endor*, there are very vivid accounts of the beginnings of necromancy, of witchcraft, and of spells; after which the following points are brought before the reader's attention, full of ghostly possibilities, which appear all the more impressive when contemplated in the large black letters of a folio:

- 1. Whether there was an APPARITION.
- 2. What the APPARITION (if real) was.
- 3. By what means and for what purpose it was effected.

Then comes the huge and hair-raising Plate.

"That detestable picture!" "O that old man covered with a mantle!" groaned Lamb at the remembrance of how as a child this raising of Samuel had tormented him. It was Stackhouse who dressed up for him a hag that nightly sate upon his pillow, and it was Stackhouse, together with Glanvil on Witches, who



caused Maria Howe to mistake her aunt for one of those creatures in that exquisite sketch Lamb wrote for Mary as he helped her with Mrs. Leicester's school.

Fortunately there are many other plates in the History besides the one of Samuel, and several of these seem to have pleased Lamb, and to have kept him out of reach of the long arm of the witch of Endor for quite a long time. One of them is a view of the Ark. And if he sometimes turned from this picture to the pages Stackhouse wrote about the Flood, he must have found there many pleasant discourses upon the Deluge, upon the loving kindness God showed to Noah, and upon the problems of Airing and Cleaning and Lighting the Ark. In one of these the author sees no reason why Noah should not have been able to prepare some perpetual light which should centrally send forth its rays to all parts, and, by its kind *Effluvia* cherish everything that had life in it, and so save the poor remains of the creation from being in utter darkness and the shadows of Death!

In the Apparatus to his great history Stackhouse observes how much caution, sincerity, skill and sagacity

are needed by anyone who undertakes to complete a work of this kind. And traces of the infinite pains he took can be found in the many detailed tables and chronologies, and in the myriad foot-notes which decorate each page and present the reader with the views of philosophers, theologians, historians, geographers, sceptics, philologists and so on, upon any doubtful issue that may arise. Sometimes two rival authorities are quoted, that we may choose between them, as when he mentions two very dissimilar accounts of the ascent of Mount Ararat furnished by European travellers, after which he warns the unwary against believing all that is said by the more extravagant of the pair.

His other books were compiled with equal thoroughness; and he seems to have been as familiar with the creations of poets and dramatists as he was with the work of scholars for in his little treatise on languages, and on the Advantages, Defects and Manner of Improving the English Tongue in particular, we find him lingering with pleasure over Shakespeare, Dryden, Otway, Cowley, Prior and many others, before passing on to find fault with the modern poets, and with certain University young men, for clipping words to save themselves time and trouble and for believing that all Politeness consisted in reading

the daily Trash that was issued from the several presses of the town.

His zeal for improvement led him to advocate a censorship for he wished that "the Itch of Writing should in some measure be allay'd, and that the Pest of books whose gilding and lettering is their best commendation, should not be suffered to prey upon our language and corrupt our Taste."

Finally, he pleaded that all those who practise the habit of writing should remember that in everything they publish they are adding to the stock of their mother-tongue, and contributing either to its abasement or exaltation; consequently not only their own name and credit is at stake but that "the honour of their nation, the opinion that foreigners would have of us, the judgment of the present Age, and the censure of Posterity are all concerned in what they do."

Venerable Stackhouse! He need not have feared the censure of Posterity, for his works lie undisturbed in the deep recesses of ancient libraries! And his name is known only to the friends of Elia, and to the faithful of Beenham who piously recorded that

"the Revd Mr. Thomas Stackhouse, Vicar of this Parish of Beenham was Buried in Woollen only on October the 13th 1752."

THE EVOLUTION OF THE BOOK JACKET

By Thomas Foster

That times change, and that we are living in a new age of book production—as of everything else—will be patent to all who have occasion to look into booksellers' windows. Books, as all else, reflect the spirit of a time which expresses itself in other directions through the brightness of neon signs, Fair Isle pullovers, platinum-blond hair and red-enamelled finger-nails. To-day a bookseller's shop resembles nothing so much as a poster hoarding; yet it is not books which are thus displayed, but book jackets; and since the bookseller depends for his greatest trade on the sale of novels, it is the jacket of the novel which most partakes of the modern tendency to brightness and colour.

Time was (and not so long past) when the book alone mattered; when colour, either on cover or jacket, was reserved for children's books alone. But to-day we all are children in that we like the coloured cover, and to us a book—especially a novel—is only half a book without one; a book undressed or unfinished. For good or for ill the jacket is now an integral part of the modern book; so much so indeed that the cheapest edition still must have its coloured jacket, even though it does without a binding in order to achieve it. This movement towards bright and ever brighter covers is universal in the novel world, since here competition is at its fiercest; but it is invading the more sober realms of biography and history. Already the light, anecdotal history, memoir or biography has its pictorial dust-cover, and the fashion has spread even to such aridities as scientific and technical publications.

How different this is from the times when, even in the fiction world, the cover was binding and jacket combined, and the old "yellow-back" (in "paper boards") was disfigured by a crude woodcut on the front and a glaring advertisement for soap on the back. Then, the utmost that could be expected in the way of a dust-cover was a glassine (transparent paper) wrapper; or, more often than not, a piece of "waste" (the unbound sheets of an unsaleable masterpiece) did duty for protection from fingers and dust. We do not always recognise how much progress has been made since those days—not more than forty years ago. The other day, while handling a book

in a glassine wrapper (for the first time in many years), I was astonished to find how the wretched, flimsy thing kept slipping out of place as I read, and how it persisted in working itself off the cover which it was supposed to protect. Then after several careful replacings I lost my temper, tried some "rough stuff"—and zip-p-p, the infernal thing was in halves!

There can be no doubt that the modern jacket is a vast improvement on this abomination, and a colossal advance on the wrapper of "waste," which was not only unsightly, but which gave no indication of which was the top, bottom, beginning or end of the book.

Nowadays the dust-cover remains more or less in position while reading is in progress, and further, it tells us all about the book before we open it. Then, speaking generally, the average novel jacket is pleasing to look at; sometimes it gives us far more pleasure than the book that it enshrines.

There is no doubt that we have progressed, but our progress is not at an end. In spite of these and other advantages, there are some great drawbacks to the modern jacket. The first and most severe of these is that almost every jacket is printed on "art" or "imitation art" paper. This is not of choice but of necessity. The illustrations on the poster type of jacket can only be reproduced by three-colour, half-tone blocks, and "art" or "imitation art" papers are the only surfaces on which such work can be printed. Yet the disadvantages of such papers are many. They tear easily, show every finger-mark or spot of dust, and if handled a few times they become grey with dirt all over. What is perhaps worst of all is that these covers cannot be cleaned with indiarubber or anything else; and this to a bookseller means much. For the modern novel is unsaleable without its jacket—except at a greatly reduced price. The public suffers in a similar manner. How often are our new novels returned to us minus the particularly pleasing dust-covers, or with the jackets cobbled up with stamp-paper, which of course is always applied on the outside and all over the picture. There is yet another disadvantage. Modern book-jackets

are always very expensive. Not only is there an artist to pay, but the cost of reproduction by the three-colour process is unbelievably great. Mr. Unwin, in "The Truth about Publishing," gives as the possible cost of such covers anything in the neighbourhood of sixpence per book, and although his figures err perhaps on the side of greatness, the cost is none the less very considerable. Yet, as things are, it is difficult to see how these defects may be avoided. A certain section of the public demands a picture jacket on every novel, and since from the publisher's point of view it forms no essential part of the book, he must consider it as mainly an advertisement. As such it is remarkably successful. It brings a response which no form of press or direct-mail advertising can hope to do and, in addition, it provides on the back and on the "tuck-ins" ample space for further advertisement of books by the same author, or of new and similar works likely to interest the reader.

Thus, in spite of its costliness and its inherent defects, the jacket as we know it is a paying proposition, besides fulfilling the definite service of protecting the new book and the further service (to the public) of ornamenting their purchase. Yet there is one defect, most apparent in the poster type of jacket, which is not one of necessity. This is the invariably bad treatment of the spine or shelf-back. Usually it comprises no more than the title of the book, and the author's and publisher's names printed in an ugly "condensed" lettering and in one colour.

This neglect of the shelf-back is all the more curious in view of the fact that modern jacket designers are in the van of progress, and manage to introduce something new almost every day. Recent developments in the offset method of colour-printing will soon make it possible to

reproduce picture jackets on paper which is stronger and better than "art" or "imitation art," and in colours which are purer and more pleasing. Some examples have appeared already, and they promise well for the future of the new process. Then much is being done with pictorial jackets reproduced in line, which is cheaper and often more effective than half-tone work, since bolder and clearer effects are possible, and on other paper than the "art" varieties. In addition there is a growing movement in some quarters, away from the pictorial jacket to varying sorts of patterned wrappers, usually in two colours; and some novel effects have been obtained by this simple method. There is yet another tendency, among the purists in book-production, towards dust-covers which rely for their attraction on the disposition of carefully selected type founts and printer's ornaments.

There are moreover other possibilities in view. The recent introduction of an entirely new material—cellophane—into the realm of book-jackets may well result in considerable changes. In its heavier qualities this material is very tough and durable; it may be cleaned any number of times, and further, it can be printed on (with type or line blocks and in any colour) with excellent results. Combined with this, recent improvements in binding cloths, the increased use of metallic foils and of coloured inks all provide a field for a new type of book, the beauty of whose cover will be enhanced as well as protected by a properly designed jacket of transparent cellophane.

And this is not all. Some very recent developments in mechanical block-making (by a clever use of the photo-electric cell), and some equally new developments of printing with water-colours may, when combined, provide us with book-jackets of exquisite subtlety of tone and line.

Literature and the Cities—VII

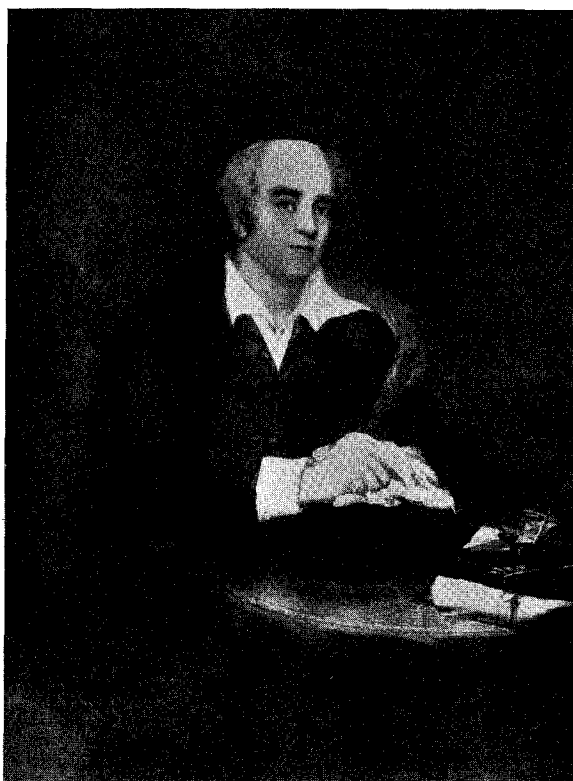
HALIFAX

Although Halifax is given over in the main to industrialism (being in the centre of the great industrial belt that stretches across Lancashire and Yorkshire, and the chief concern of its people would seem to be "getting and spending"), it has as many claims of interest from the literary point of view as its commercial men boast it has claims for a variety of industries. Coincident with the growth of the town and immediate districts in an industrial sense, have been the many contributions to literary activity and association with intellectual life. While some of the more interesting personalities belong to the past, Halifax's claim to be included in this series does not rest entirely upon what has been. There are not wanting those who, turning aside from the trade and commerce in which they and their forbears have thriven, are seeking to find expression through the medium of the written word. Halifax people too are readers. The average per head of book borrowers from the public libraries (and of course ignoring borrowers from the many other sources) is one of the highest in the country, being 7.7 per cent. in a population of round about 100,000. Some pioneer work has been done too in the

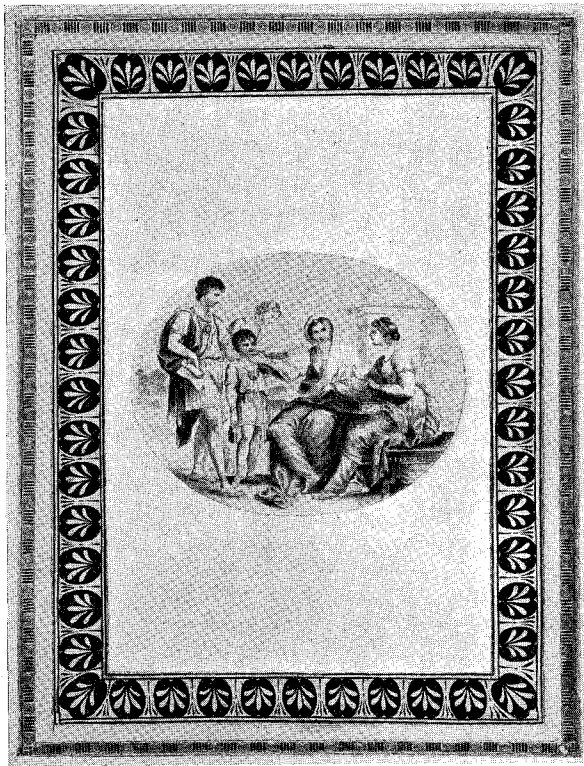
establishment of day school libraries, and the linking-up of these with the municipal libraries.

Halifax has grown in a thousand years around its woollen industry, for there was of old a considerable home industry, most of the farming people in the old days adding to their subsistence by one or more branches of the cloth trade. When the people in Halifax parish (an area some twenty miles long by five wide) became moderately wealthy from their labours, they began to build solid stone homes, to found charities, to educate their children and to give to educational establishments. There are several mediæval churches, at least three old schools over three hundred years old, and more Jacobean buildings possibly than in any other area of this size. From these churches, schools and homes went forth men who claim some of our attention.

Perhaps the most notable family, and certainly the oldest, bore the name Savile. The originals are thought to have come in the wake of the Conqueror. From one branch, settled at Bradley, Stainland, well within Halifax parish, came Sir Henry Savile, once described as "the ripest scholar of his age"—remembered now



James Edwards, bibliophile.



An Edwards binding: Use of transparent vellum.

chiefly for his association with the Authorised Version. He edited the New Testament, and is said to have been responsible for the version of Revelations. He was Greek tutor to Queen Elizabeth, was warden of Merton College, Oxford, and provost of Eton. He founded professorships at Oxford for geometry and astronomy, gave a mathematical library for the use of professors, and books and manuscripts to the Bodleian. Sir Henry Savile was a close friend of Thomas Bodley when the latter was forming his famous library, and this friendship brought another and a closer association with Halifax. Sir Henry and his brother, Sir John Savile (who was Baron of the Exchequer and assisted Camden), called in two Halifax builders, John Akroyd and John Bentley, to add considerably to Oxford University buildings. A dispute had arisen between Oxford builders' guild and the University authorities, so the Saviles brought down the Halifax builders, and they were responsible for building the Fellows' Quadrangle of Merton, the Bodleian Library, the Schools Quadrangle and the Tower of the Five Orders. The building accounts have been diligently examined by a Halifax antiquary (Mr. T. W. Hanson), and they prove these facts beyond dispute.

There was another Savile brother, Thomas, also born in Halifax district, who corresponded with Camden. There is a rich field in the lives of these Savile brothers for some diligent biographer to produce a really worthy account, and especially of Sir Henry. If, as has been said, the Authorised Version influenced the English language even more than Shakespeare, Halifax people have a just right to be proud of Sir Henry Savile.

The founding of the Bodleian had a repercussion in Halifax. There were in Merton College, Oxford, at that time an exceptional number of men from Halifax parish, and the contact thus made with the home church resulted in the then vicar of Halifax, Robert Clay, founding what must have been one of the earliest public libraries in the country. In 1627 Clay had the church charnel-house cleaned out and, emulating Thomas Bodley, he begged gifts of books and housed them in the old home of dry bones. Among those who gave to this Halifax library were Henry Briggs, the mathematician, a Halifax man who was one of the inventors of logarithms and the first Savilian professor; and (in 1671) Simon Sterne, of Halifax, of the same family as Laurence Sterne. This library, which still exists for the curious to see, contains

a few books bearing traces of having been chained, and some early printed books by Nicholas de Lynn.

This library is not the only old one in the town. Another was formed in 1767, and out of it grew the Halifax Literary and Philosophical Society with its great library, the centenary of which as a separate entity was celebrated last year. Since the War a village library at Luddenden, founded before 1781, has been dispersed.

It has been established that Dr. Thomas Browne (afterwards Sir Thomas) wrote "Religio de Medici" while he lived at Upper Shibden Hall, Halifax, before leaving for Norwich. Long after leaving the town he kept up a correspondence with Halifax notables.

Following generally a chronological order, John Tillotson, Archbishop of Canterbury, claims a mention. He was born at Sowerby, near Halifax, and his home is still much as it was in his day. He came from the clothier-farmer class. A claim to be mentioned in this article arises from the astonishing popularity of his sermons, which were published by his widow after his death. Tillotson might with advantage be made the patron saint of the Society of Yorkshiremen in London, for in 1678 he preached the first of what became yearly discourses to "gentlemen and others in and near London who were born within the County of York."

I see that Leeds has claimed David Hartley, the philosopher, as a native, but he was born in 1705 at Luddenden, Halifax, where his father was curate. A year later the father became curate of Illingworth, Halifax, so there is no doubt that the young philosopher spent his first twelve years there. Few may read Hartley's "Observations on Man," but from the influence this work had on contemporary thought, the author claims attention. The elder Coleridge was a close friend of Hartley, and named his son after him.

If Halifax cannot claim the creator of "Tristram Shandy" as a native, a branch of the family lived at Wood Hall, Halifax, and in Laurence's days his uncle was the owner. Sterne lived some time with this uncle, and in his autobiography Sterne relates an anecdote concerning a severe whipping he received for writing his name in white-wash on the ceiling of Heath Grammar School, Halifax, where he attended (1731). The Sternes are gone, but there is still a Sterne Mill near by, and a plank bridge (now replaced by Sterne Bridge) marked the place of tragedy enshrined in Wordsworth's "Lucy Gray"—for Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy were frequent visitors to the district.

There is a vast gap in temperament between the creator of Uncle Toby and John Foster, the essayist, the next on my list of notables. Foster was born in Hebden Bridge (1770), of farmer-weaver parents, and he entered the Baptist ministry. It was while living at Downend, near Bristol, that he published "A Decision of Character" and "Letters on Popular Ignorance" (in which he advocated national education half a century before the Education Act). Foster may not be read so widely as he used to be, although many of his essays have still a forcible message for to-day. Dr. Robertson Nicoll travelled from London in 1913 to unveil a memorial tablet on Foster's birthplace, and to pay a tribute to the clarity and force of Foster's thought. Foster's first tutor, Dr. John Fawcett (though scarcely coming under the scope of this article for what he wrote), while living some fifty-nine years in Halifax parish not only wrote religious treatises and the like, but *printed them* on his *private press* at Ewood, near Halifax. Out of this centre arose Rawdon College, Bradford, the Baptist training college.

The Edwards family of Halifax (*circa* 1723-1830) became international bibliophiles, worthy predecessors of Quaritch and Rosenbach. They rank among the greatest of book-sellers and binders. William Edwards, the father and founder of the business (1723-1808), had eight sons, and four of them claim attention. The father was a great book-seller, but his son James was of international fame. He and his brother John took a shop in Pall Mall, London.

John lost his life in the French Revolution, possibly being too venturesome in trying to save rare books from destruction. James bought the Pinello Library, Venice, and those of Satichelli of Rome and Zanetti of Venice, among others. In spite of his brother's fate he followed Bonaparte's track in Italy, saving famous books from being destroyed. He invented a transparent vellum with paintings underneath, and the painting of the fore-edges of books. Richard Edwards (1768-1827) opened a shop in Bond Street, London, and it was he who, as a patron, commissioned Blake to do the five hundred and thirty-seven drawings for Young's "Night Thoughts." Thomas Edwards, who remained with the Halifax business, counted his books in the hundred thousand. Edwards's bindings still fetch high prices.

William Milner, of Halifax, did not write books, but he published them. The founder of *THE BOOKMAN* again was one of the first to pay tribute to Milner, whose Cottage Library (first issued in 1837 at one shilling), he said, was the first to put the classics within reach of the million. I had some curious reflections when, sheltering in a ruined house on the Somme, I found Miss Cumming's "Lampighter" in this edition on a shelf. Milner also published for John Fielden, of Todmorden, in Halifax parish, "Curse of the Factory System"—a small but revolutionary book that is now at its centenary eagerly sought by collectors. Milner also published editions of "The Pilgrim's Progress," Burns, Shakespeare and the Bible. He is said to have issued over two million copies of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." His story, including how he smuggled the proscribed Fergus O'Connor's "Northern Star" into Halifax in a coffin, was told in an early issue of *THE BOOKMAN*.

Defoe the indefatigable stayed twice in the town, and on the authority of a contemporary historian of Halifax (a curate, John Watson), he wrote some of "Robinson Crusoe" in the town. His "Tour of Great Britain" contains an oft-quoted description of how he found Halifax people. Sir William Herschel (afterwards Astronomer Royal) was for a time organist at Halifax parish church. Another Astronomer Royal, Sir Frank Dyson, is the son of a former Halifax Baptist minister. Also out of the parsonage came the Brontës. Their claim to mention here arises rather slenderly, but is none the less interesting. The father wrote frequently to the *Halifax Guardian* (which celebrated its centenary last December), and the correspondence respecting Charlotte's criticism in "Jane Eyre," of the Cowan Bridge School, appeared in the same columns. Emily for nine months was a teacher at Southowram, Halifax; Charlotte bought her wedding dress in Halifax, and the unfortunate Branwell was the first stationmaster at Luddenden Foot, in the parish. Charles Dickens was not complimentary to Halifax when on a reading tour he spoke of the town as "dreadful," but his wife lived here some years, her father, George Hogarth, being the first editor of the *Halifax Guardian*. Mrs. Dickens and her sister Georgina, who had such a close association with the Dickens household, lived in what is now known as Shakespere House, Halifax. While in Halifax Hogarth wrote his "Musical History, Biography and Criticism." Richard Oastler, the reformer, lived at Fixby, within Halifax parish, over twenty years. William Booth was a minister in Halifax and Brighouse before he founded the Salvation Army, and Bramwell Booth was born in Halifax. Both lives have recently provided substantial biographies. Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Hammond last year published a full-length biography of a Halifax native and M.P. who became a cabinet minister under Gladstone—James Stansfeld. John Leyland, the Naval publicist, was a Halifax man. His father wrote two volumes in defence of Branwell Brontë, being the first to try to present him in a favourable light. Sir George Newnes also lived in Halifax as a boy, his father being from 1853 to 1859 pastor of Warley Congregational Church. Dr. John Henry Jowett, the preacher, a son of Halifax, comes into the story by virtue of Dr. Porritt's Life and published sermons.

Mr. Athelstan Riley, the Church publicist, is a member of a Brearley family (in Halifax parish). The late George

Barnett Smith (born in Halifax), in addition to much journalism, wrote lives of Queen Victoria, Gladstone, Shelley, Victor Hugo and others.

Although one hesitates to put in this miscellaneous gallery John Hartley, the Yorkshire dialect writer, forty years ago he was the most widely read Yorkshire writer. His annual *Clock Almanac* reached the million circulation, and in his separate books he included a variety of stories, verses and sketches. While not of the literary standard of Edwin Waugh, nevertheless he interpreted workaday life with a touch of creative genius. There were scores of lesser writers in the vernacular, and of them perhaps Joseph Eccles, who had in 1924 a centenary celebration in his native Ripponden, deserves a mention. Besides dialect poems he wrote hundreds of songs, including the first used by the Christy Minstrels.

The gentle philosophy of "The Roadmender" and "The Gathering of Brother Hilarius" enshrine the memory of Miss Margaret Fairless Barber ("Michael Fairless"), who was born in Rastrick, near Halifax, of an old local family. Her father, Fairless Barber, was a notable Yorkshire antiquary.

A diligent antiquary, the late J. Horsfall Turner, a native of Brighouse, in 1906 published a crowded two hundred and fifty page book of "Halifax Books and Authors," and followed shortly after with a similar volume of "Worthies," most of whom published something. His great collection of books and pamphlets (thousands of them) deservedly found a home in the Halifax Public Library.

Notable for its volume, if for no other reason, is the library written and published by the Halifax Antiquarian Society. Mr. John Lister, M.A., has devoted a long life to this work, and among his helpers have been a band of searchers who have made records unsurpassed by any other town. Clement Shorter, the Hammonds, Dr. Rendel Harris and Miss Phyllis Bentley are among those who have quarried in their findings.

How does the town and district stand to-day in the light of literature? Well, the literary story of Halifax is not all in the past. Most branches of literary activity have their exponents. Poetry alone has no distinguished Halifax prophet, nor has it had unless we include William Dearden who was commended by Wordsworth. There are however minor singers who have kept the spirit alive, and the Calder Valley Poets' Society, who hold a kind of half-yearly eisteddfod, and have published a representative volume of their work, can at least boast of possessing (as the editor of the volume described them), "a cluther of decent rhymsters."

There is in the district quite a school of post-War writers. Pre-eminently among those who are novelists is Miss Phyllis Bentley. She has brought to herself and to her district widespread notice by her virile "Inheritance" (the last of half a dozen novels she has written in the post-War years). "Inheritance," which enshrines in powerful writing the industrial revolution as it affected the West Riding, is proving to be as popular in U.S.A. as it is in her own country. She has chosen, she confessed in a recent broadcast, to stay among the people and places she knows; she is young, and more will yet be heard of her. On a smaller plane her brother, Mr. N. K. Bentley, has published two stories of the "thriller" class. Mr. J. S. Fletcher, who was born in a Halifax manse, long ago left the town. Possibly the only Halifax touch in his voluminous writings, apart from an autobiographical piece, is to be found in "Mill of Many Windows," one of the few of his post-War books that has not been a mystery story. Miss Naomi Royde-Smith, born in Halifax, has merged herself into the wider literary world, and Halifax knows her not now, although her family for generations took leading parts in the town's municipal and industrial activities. Mr. S. P. B. Mais confessed in Halifax a few weeks ago that as the son of a local vicar he was educated at Heath Grammar School, Halifax.

Doctor Frank King, a young Halifax practitioner, is helping to swell the ranks of "thriller" writers. In addition he has found time to write a study of the necromancer Cagliostro, and numerous plays. In playwriting

he has collaborated with the Rev. L. J. Hines, a Halifax Unitarian minister, with much success. In 1931 they were awarded first place in the country by the British Drama League for their one-act play, "Vindication." The English League of Nations Union sponsored their "These

Things Shall Be," which was published, with a foreword by Viscount Cecil. Quite recently their R. L. S. play, "Tusitala," first produced by the Hull Repertory Theatre, was heartily approved by members of the Stevenson family who attended the production.

CORRESPONDENCE

Poland

SIR,

I have read with interest the articles contributed to your September number by Dr. Budding and M. Paderewski, which set forth in contrast, for the benefit of the unbiased reader, the opinions held by their respective nations regarding the suzerainty of Pomorze. Your editorial desire to "understand the facts at the root of a situation potentially warlike" is a most praiseworthy one, yet, with all respect to your eminent contributors, I cannot feel that they have made this very much easier. M. Paderewski contents himself mainly with a regret that his country did not gain the port of Danzig at Versailles (which is beside the mark), and Dr. Budding wisely confines his "historical retrospect" to the years since the War.

However, the question at issue is not a question of economics or of history, but of ethics. It is a question of whether the original partition of Poland can or cannot be justified. To argue that the basin of the Vistula comprises a geographic and economic entity is not to expound any German claim to the Vistula country. All judgment must be based on historical facts. And the historical facts are briefly these:

In 994, Boleslaw the Brave, King of Poland, included in his dominions a tract of country which he called "Pomorze," or "the way to the sea," and from that date until 1772 it remained a part of Poland, except between 1308 and 1454, when it was under the domination of the Teutonic Knights. Dr. Budding is wrong when he says that it first came under Polish rule in 1466, but that is irrelevant.

At the time of the partition, Poland was in a state of domestic turmoil, due to an archaic constitution. The country was in the hands of an impoverished and wild nobility, and all possibility of any coherent policy was prevented by an elective monarchy, and by the system of *liberum veto* in the Diet, which rendered legislation impossible. The only family in the land who might conceivably have saved Poland were the Czartoriskis, and they had not the strength to combat their rivals.

Poland was thus an easy prey for any outside attacker, and the partition came in 1772, after a period of extreme terrorisation from Russia and Prussia. Prussia, Russia and Austria took part in the spoil, and Prussia's share, although in area the smallest, was the most thickly populated and the most valuable: it was Pomorze.

And Pomorze was still under Prussian rule when it was included in the new German Empire proclaimed by Prussia in 1871; it was still included in the German Empire at the time of the Peace of Versailles. Since then it has been known as "the Polish Corridor."

Thus he who would cast his vote in the controversy of to-day must decide whether he believes in the right of conquest; whether he believes in the right of a nation to occupy an ill-governed territory at will. If he considers that the Japanese should be tolerated to-day in Manchuria; if he considers that the British had a just claim to the gold located recently in a native reserve in Kenya, then will he in his own mind assign the "Polish Corridor" to Germany.

Yours, etc.,

MICHAEL DERRICK.

Bucklebury, Reading, Berks.

September 7th, 1933.

"Moslem"

SIR,

My attention has been called to a correspondence in your September number, in which the Sirdar Ikbāl Ali Shah

writes: "Professor Margoliouth is absolutely wrong in stating that 'Moslem' is synonymous to 'Traitor'."

I do not know what this gentleman's claims to dogmatise about the sense of Arabic words are, but however great they may be, they cannot be equal to those of the Prophet's contemporaries and of classical Arabic writers. According to the Prophet's biographer, Ibn Hisham (ed. Wüstenfeld, page 556, line 13), one of the former composed a verse which means "do not betray me, treachery is illicit," using for "treachery" the word "islam," and for "betray" the verb of which "islam" is the infinitive, and "muslim" the noun of the agent; this latter form occurs on page 168, line 14, of the same work, "khadhiluhu wa-muslimuhu," ("abandoning him and betraying him"), and the same page contains two other examples of the verb in this sense. I could easily quote a dozen more.

Hence when I assert that the Sirdar Ikbāl Ali Shah is quite mistaken, I do so not on my own authority, but on that of persons whose acquaintance with the Arabic language is indisputable.

Yours, etc.,

D. S. MARGOLIOUTH.

Romney, Boar's Hill,
Oxford.

September 15th, 1933.

This England

SIR,

In your August issue you review three books under the title "Our Native Land." Your reviewer devotes eight lines to the books and the remainder of the column and a half to questions which she finds a difficulty in answering. May I be allowed to help her?

"Three more books about our native land," she says, and asks "Why do people do it?" . . . "Have we town-folk so ignorant that . . . ?"

To answer her last question first, you have. Countless thousands of them. Townsfolk who can only gain their love and knowledge of the country from their brief bank holidays and their fortnight in September.

Surely it is for them and for us folk outside England that such books might well be written. Surely Miss Butts can picture our pleasure in coming across familiar scenes in Mr. Burke's book, and our resolves to visit scores of unfamiliar ones when next we get home? The very place names have a thrill and beauty all their own.

We do not condemn snapshots from home because they fail to be photographic masterpieces; they are what we want, and delight in. And these books serve just the same purpose.

So that is perhaps "why people do it," and why we thank them again and again.

An eminent divine would say to his students in sermon class, "You may not all be wonderful preachers but you can at least choose a good text." And it is a very lovely text that these writers have chosen. We cannot expect them to do it justice, only a Shakespeare can do that. And we do want to go on reading about England, even though Shakespeare and Thomas Hardy have stopped writing!

We sincerely hope that Mr. Burke, Mr. Vachell, Mr. Williamson and the many others will continue to give us this very real pleasure, and to fill this want.

Yours, etc.,

L. M. CLAISEN.

Matikas Kloof,
Christmas Pass, Umtali,
S. Rhodesia.

September 5th, 1933.

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
OCTOBER, 1933



By HOWARD SMITH.

JAN IGNACE PADEREWSKI.

SECRET
CONFIDENTIAL

Brief Chronicles: Art

UNIT ONE, HERBERT READ, AND THE MAYOR GALLERY

By Geoffrey Grigson

We need in London something like New York's Museum of Modern Art. Consider at this moment the new acquisitions at the Tate Gallery; consider the way in which the few shows held so far at the new Mayor Gallery, in Cork Street, have been received; and the need will become very obvious.

The Tate has long exhibited several very fine Impressionist and post-Impressionist paintings. It exhibits even a painting or two by Braque and a Modigliani. It has now acquired a Picasso. I do not say that it is not an interesting Picasso, and I must admire the astonishing labour which the Tate officials evidently went through before they got it. They searched and searched, and found a naturalistic Picasso of flowers in a pot, which can offend no one terrified of modern art—a Picasso so rarely untypical of his great importance that it must wrongly impress all who see it, and do not know who Picasso is or what he paints. It hangs in the acquisition room with a viciously coloured and sentimental painting of a fortune-telling gipsy which, if it was not a waste of public money, is most certainly a waste of public space.

The Tate, it seems to me, is gravely obscurantist and unaware of its public duty; and I would put much of this down to the art-criticism permitted and encouraged by the daily and weekly press. Early in the summer occurred one of the most important of all recent events in the "art world"—the opening of Mr. F. H. Mayor's new gallery in London. It is a gallery designed to be an architectural unit with the pictures on its walls. Mr. Mayor's first exhibition revealed his purpose. Braque, Picasso, Marcoussis, Léger, Picabia, Miró, Ernst, Wadsworth, Nicholson, Tristram Hillier, John Bigge, Paul Klee, Willy Baumeister, Metzinger, Lurçat, Arp, Zadkine and Henry Moore—all these were among the artists represented. There have since been one-man exhibitions of Ernst and Joan Miró; and a study of press cuttings reveals that, with a few thorough and a few patronising exceptions, art critics have been rude, with that rudeness born of the fear of unfamiliar things; rude to painting of a kind long since well known, if not always appreciated, in every important European capital; and known also to New York through the valuable and lively work of the Museum of Modern Art. Miró, who seems to me a more complete, a more varied and pleasure-giving artist than

Max Ernst, suffered particularly from this ignorance and prejudice.

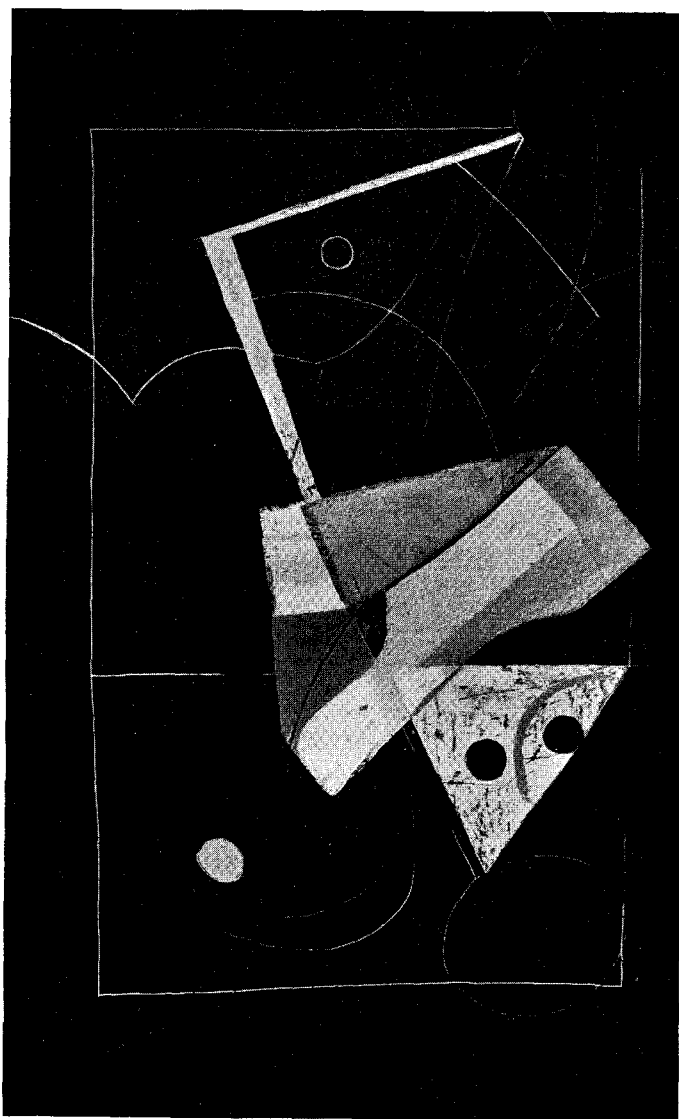
As far as it can, the Mayor Gallery is doing the job, which should be carried out by the Tate, of educating us here in the recent logical developments of European and English art. Its foundation was fortunately succeeded by a second important event, which in its turn will shortly be succeeded by a double third. It has become the headquarters of the new "Unit One," the creator of which was Mr. Paul Nash. After a quarrel in letters between

The Times art critic, Mr. Charles Marriott (whose criticism, careful, unprejudiced and informed, has a unique merit in English journalism), and Professor Tonks over the kind of art supported by the Mayor Gallery, it was fitting that Mr. Nash should have announced the formation of "Unit One" in the columns of *The Times*. It is made up of seven painters—Edward Wadsworth, Ben Nicholson, Paul Nash, Frances Hodgkins, Edward Burra, John Bigge, John Armstrong; two sculptors, Barbara Hepworth and Henry Moore; and two architects, Wells Coates and Colin Lucas.

Mr. Nash has explained in *The Times*, the *Listener* and elsewhere the object of Unit One which, without destroying their individuality, is a "method of concentrating certain individual forces; a hard defence, a compact wall against the [reactionary] tide, behind which development can proceed and experiment continue." I believe he is right and wrong in mentioning it with the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood—right because it should be as important, wrong because it belittles the members of Unit One, which stands for a more valuable type of art.

With Unit One and with the Mayor Gallery no critic is more wholly in sympathy than Professor Herbert Read, who is about to contribute the third of my three important events. Unit One will be holding its first exhibition, possibly this autumn, in Cork Street; and its members, wisely imitating Continental groups, are planning to bring out a group-book illustrating their art and themselves. Before these events, Professor Read's "Art Now" will have been published, and something of their painting and sculpture will have been seen in the "Art Now" exhibition at the Mayor Gallery, the opening of which will synchronise with the day of publication—October 5th.

"Art Now" will be the only general and reasoned survey of the evolution of contemporary art. Professor



Composition—Ben Nicholson, 1933.

In the "Art Now" Exhibition.

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Read will outline the empiric and philosophic basis of modernism from Vico and Fechner to Bergson and Croce; and will illustrate his book with reproductions ranging from work of the German Expressionists, such as Kirchner, Schmidt-Rotluff, Emil Nolde, to work of Surréalistes such as Ernst, Miró, Giacometti and Salvador Dali and of various members of Unit One. Unit One will also be prominent in "Art Now" at the Mayor Gallery, which will represent some forty artists by exhibits mostly carried out since 1931. Exhibitors will include Picasso, Braque, Miró, Kandinsky, Klee, Léger, Lurçat, Marcoussis, Hans Arp, Barbara Hepworth, Henry Moore, Ben Nicholson, Edward Wadsworth and other painters of Unit One, as well as Ivon Hitchens and Tristram Hillier. George Grosz,

the brilliant, savage satirist of *Die Neue Sachlichkeit*, who is now in New York teaching and helping to run *Americana*, an illustrated paper of fierce political satire, will also be exhibited.

No one concerned with contemporary art, no one anxious to satisfy himself about the orderly evolution and coherence of an apparent chaos, should absent himself from Cork Street. He will see there this month not only a cross-section of the best contemporary art in Europe, but delightful evidence that there are English artists not stunted by insularity, not reactionary in the best manner of our most "advanced" official institutions, but sharing, as we have not shared for a long time, in the general art-consciousness of Europe.

Brief Chronicles: Music

THE PROMS AND THEIR PATRONS

By Edward Crankshaw

By the time this article appears the Proms will be at an end, and all will be ready for the autumn season. Of the Proms there is little to say. A great deal of fuss has been made about the progressive improvement of the programmes, which is said to indicate that the Promenade audience is gradually improving its unfathomable mind; and certainly the very idea of Stravinsky's Violin Concerto on a Saturday night would have thrown that public into a fit of the sulks a very few years back. It is to be admitted, too, that the post-interval section of the programmes has improved out of all recognition; on one evening we had Sibelius's glorious "Tapiola" and on another Bartók's "Amazing Mandarin," while the day of the ballad singer no longer exists. But for all that, the main parts of the programmes have kept fairly strictly to familiar paths, and whenever it was given a chance to shine the public showed up badly. Not even love of Sir Henry Wood could turn the evening of September 5th into a wild success, although the programme should have appealed to any remotely enlightened public, consisting as it did of Busoni's delightful and all but unknown "Comedy Overture," Elgar's "Falstaff" (one of his greatest works, which has been systematically cold-shouldered by the public), and Ireland's "Piano Concerto" which, even if it does not achieve the highest pinnacles of glory, is at least intensely interesting, which is more than can be said for most contemporary English work. In short, there is still plenty to be done before the Proms reflect a truly educated taste.

Among the instrumental soloists we have had Moisei-vitch, who played the Tchaikovsky Concerto in B flat and the Chopin E Minor Concerto, Adolf Busch and Szigeti. But the finest individual performance came from Solomon in the "Emperor" Concerto. Solomon, who for many years has stood in the front rank of pianists, has been shamefully neglected in this country. Probably when he is old and past his prime the public will suddenly acclaim him; but he has many years to go yet. He plays a Steinway, and gets more out of it than one would imagine possible, making full use of the hair-trigger action, and at the same time producing a depth of tone which would do honour to the more stolid Bechstein. His performance of the "Emperor" was remarkable not only for immaculate technique, brilliance and perfect steadiness, but for unusual insight into Beethoven's mind. In the first subject of the third movement he had some fun with the left hand, accentuating the bass more strongly than is commonly allowed; but apart from this idiosyncrasy—which might or might not pall with repeated hearings—his performance seemed flawless.

The singers were as usual poor; and the British public, also as usual, showed its true kidney by applauding all and sundry with a cheerful lack of discrimination. There were only two first class male singers—Mr. Keith Faulkner, who by good luck or good management has achieved popular fame comparatively early in life; and Mr. Harold Williams, probably the truest British singer we have. Like our leading *prima donna*, Florence Austral, Harold Williams is an Australian. His voice, though not immense, is

magnificent, and so long as he is available nobody need go abroad to learn what good singing really should be like.

So much for the past. The future begins on October 9th with the first programme of the L.S.O. under Sir Hamilton Harty, the most interesting item being Sibelius's Fourth Symphony. On October 12th comes the first of the Philharmonic Concerts, with Mozart's Fourth Violin Concerto, played by Szigeti, and Sibelius's Second Symphony. This, according to plan, should be conducted by Beecham but, that gentleman being ill in Rome, it looks very much as though somebody else will have to take charge, in which case we shall lose the chance of hearing Szigeti collaborating with the greatest Mozart conductor now living. Unfortunately it so happens that the programme contains no single foolproof work, so that unless Beecham makes an unexpectedly rapid recovery, the opening of the Philharmonic season will inevitably be robbed of its fine edge. The second concert, on the 19th, is to be conducted by Albert Coates, and unless Cyril Scott's "Disaster at Sea" turns out to be a good deal better than one dares expect, it will not be a particularly inspiring evening—Tchaikovsky's Fourth Symphony, and Gieseeking throwing himself away on Strauss's "Burlesque for Pianoforte and Orchestra." November 2nd is Beecham's Own *par excellence*, and imperatively demands his recovery—"Tapiola," Mozart's Sinfonia Concertante for clarinet, oboe, bassoon, horn and orchestra, and the Eroica Symphony: nothing in the least startling, but all waiting for Beecham to bring them alive as scarcely another living conductor can.

The first B.B.C. symphony concert begins on October 18th with Elgar's Second Symphony and the "Emperor" Concerto, played by Josef Hoffmann. The first three programmes are all on traditional lines, but later on in the season the B.B.C. has several surprises: Bartók's new pianoforte concerto, Bliss's "Morning Heroes," the "Missa Solemnis" of Beethoven, Prokofiev's new pianoforte concerto, two magnificent and abominably neglected ninth symphonies—one by Brückner, the other by Mahler—and, above all, a complete concert performance of Alban Berg's opera, "Wozzeck," and Busoni's great Concerto in C, for pianoforte, orchestra and male voice chorus—Egon Petri at the piano.

In view of all this, it is evident that London is to be very well off so far as orchestral concerts are concerned—one B.B.C. concert a week, an L.S.O. concert every other Monday and, unprecedentedly, a Philharmonic concert every Thursday. And in addition to these there will be the monthly Courtauld-Sargent concerts, the first of which is on October 16th and 17th, under Heger. Dr. Malcolm Sargent's serious illness must have upset the plans rather badly, but he is down to conduct the first performance of Bax's Fifth Symphony on January 15th, and it is to be hoped that this is a real indication of approaching fitness. In his place we are to have Heger, Leslie Heward, Georg Szell and Julius Harrison, the conductor of the Hastings Municipal Orchestra who, like Basil Cameron, his predecessor, is worthy of greater things.



By CECIL WALLER.

BENNO MOISEWITSCH.

There is little space left for the rest, but those who like Harriet Cohen will rejoice to hear that on October 21st she is playing a number of concertos at the Queen's Hall. On the previous Saturday Lamond is down for a Beethoven recital in the same hall: *Opus III*, "The Waldstein" and the "Appassionata." If Lamond is in the right mood it should be an exciting afternoon, for as an artist he takes precedence over many pianists with more highly coloured names. At the Grottrian Hall, on October 21st, Gieseeking provides a rather scrappy entertainment, chiefly notable for Scriabin's Sonata in F Sharp major. This recital is the first of an interesting series of six, Gieseeking's successors being Hoffmann, Rubinstein, Wührer, Fischer and Petri. These are all first-rate artists, Petri being in a class by himself. On October 10th Frida Leider is singing *lieder*

(Mr. C. Henry Warren's reply on Mr. Percy Scholes appears on page 23.)

Brief Chronicles: Theatre

THE LONDON STAGE IN SEPTEMBER

Unfortunately there was no London theatre in September. I am aware that Mr. Sydney Carroll persuaded three thousand people a night that they are enjoying a play three centuries old and disintegrating from sheer age, when actually they are enjoying the sensation of sitting in a theatre without being slowly stifled. I am aware that Mr. André van Gyseghem, with the aid of Bagnall Harris and a stage carpenter, deluded Hampstead and all the London critics into believing that they saw in "The Age of Plenty" a play in a new style, when all they really saw was a well written melodrama, complete with yellow haired hero and blank cartridges at the crucial moment; the sole difference being that instead of talking about his "dooty," the hero declaimed a simplified version of the Communist Manifesto.

I gladly admit that I enjoyed "Midsummer Night's Dream." But then I have an infinite capacity for simple enjoyment, in common with most other people; I enjoyed the plate of excellent strawberries and the dish of perfect cream which I had just previous to the play; and it cost me exactly the same sum as the price of my seat, and gave me exactly the same sort of pleasure (and neither more nor less as far as I could tell) as two hours of the most popular play of England's greatest dramatist. Now the distinction between Mr. Carroll and a market gardener, from my point of view, was that Mr. Carroll believed that I would have something above a purely sensuous satisfaction as the result of his efforts. I did my very best, both for my self-esteem and out of gratitude to Mr. Carroll. But his loud-speakers disillusioned me. Previously I had been so enchanted with the beauty of Shakespeare's verse, I had been so delighted at hearing poetry read as if it meant something other than a funeral lament, that I had no time for the play. But Mr. Carroll's loud-speakers spoke verse abominably. In all the louder lines Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry appeared to be shouting for help from the interior of a milk-churn, and Peaseblossom and Mustard-seed trumpeted their answers to Bottom like agonised baby elephants. One was reduced to watching the play as a play, and catching the sense of what was said at convenient intervals. But nothing was said. Four tiresome lovers, without even the intelligence of a Benedick, quarrelled and made things up in a manner which would have shamed an American talkie; an unbearably tedious and cut-to-measure body of amateur actors whiled away the time in a strikingly irrelevant manner; and to supply a sub-plot, I was asked to believe in a posse of incredible fairies by courtesy of Madame Italia Conti.

But the chief contributor to my discomfiture was the evening newspaper lying at my feet. Just readable by the light of an exit light, it persistently reminded me that outside the Inner Circle Gardens, adult people who had long since ceased to believe in fairies were doing things which might lead in three short months to this very auditorium housing long, three-legged anti-aircraft guns; of the admirably situated stage holding searchlights instead of blue and amber floods.

by Wolf, Mahler and Brahms at the Queen's Hall—the first of a brilliant series of subscription concerts. And that for the time must be all, save for a brief reference to the excellence of the London String Quartet which, having spent most of its life in America, is, greatly daring, giving four Beethoven recitals at the Queen's Hall on October 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th. This quartet with the un auspicious name is tremendously well worth hearing, and if its recitals are neglected while later on crowds flock to hear the Lener, the public will have provided final and superfluous proof that it is nothing but a set of snobs without musical sense or discrimination. Actually the fact that the Lener Quartet can take the Queen's Hall, while the London Quartet dare not aspire beyond Wigmore Street, is proof enough already.

Mr. Gyseghem's play at the Embassy scarcely came up to Mr. Ronald Adam's excellent programme. The programme not only went as far as the Labour Research Department for its notes, but, with a nice sense of the force of incongruity, reprinted a cartoon for a publication owned by Lord Beaverbrook to illustrate the point of a flatly communist propaganda play. It seemed at first that the evening would be memorably intelligent. But no sooner had the curtain gone up than we were dropped feet first into the American Little Theatre Movement, with a red drop-curtain decorated with meaningless skyscrapers engaged in a sort of Bacchic dance. Nothing is more blankly intimidating than a drop-curtain; and Bagnall Harris missed the chance of a lifetime by painting pictures instead of giving us the information which gave point to the play. (Pictorial statistics in the Viennese manner would have been both impressive and appropriate.)

The play made a brave attempt to show a complex society in the process of rapid disintegration (an event which it took Gibbon seven long volumes to partially explain at a distance of several centuries, and his characters and scenes are innumerable). The authors of this play proposed to condense a contemporary catastrophe into two and three-quarter hours, including an interval. They were of course reduced to the pitiful device of telling a story, equipped with all the paraphernalia of thwarted passion, fallen women and heaven knows what other Sunday newspaper claptrap. There was also an attempt at something more; well-conceived scenes where the movement of crowds and the employment of symbolic properties, such as rifles and gas-masks, gave the play an appearance of newness. But these scenes quarrelled with the love scenes; they quarrelled with the actors, they quarrelled with the picture-frame proscenium, they quarrelled with everything in the theatre from the make-up to the first violinist; it was as if one had tried to modernise St. Paul's Cathedral by fronting it with black glass and adding a neon crucifix. Only one scene hinted of what had been missed; and in that, men and women passed rifles to one another down a long slope, singing quietly and moving as beautifully as the women in "Le Viol de Lucrece." And that succeeded because for a minute and a half the producer who arranged the scene, the electrician in the flies who lit it, the property manager who handed out the rifles, the set-designer who thought of the slope, the musician who hit upon the tune, the actors who were doing what they were told, the authors who had something to say, and the audience who thought that something worth saying, were putting all they knew into forcing the point home. And not one person, from the top back row to the front row complimentaries, dared say that what they were forcing home was not vitally important to everyone in or out of the theatre.

That minute and a half were the only moments when the theatre broke through last month.

M.

*Brief Chronicles: Films***"GABRIEL OVER THE WHITE HOUSE" AND "CAVALCADE"**

By Charles Davy

October opens with varied excitements. "Gabriel Over the White House" and "F.P.I.," both released on October 2nd, are both concerned with the world as it might be. One is a dramatic fairy-tale from America, the other a romantic melodrama produced co-operatively by Gaumont and Ufa in the Baltic.

"Gabriel Over the White House" (M.G.M.) has its origin, rather oddly, in a novel written by an Englishman—Mr. Lloyd George's henchman, Colonel T. F. Tweed—and published here early this year under the title of "Rinehard." Its story is about an American President who sets the country to rights by establishing himself as a popular dictator.

The President is played by Walter Huston, certainly the best all-round actor in Hollywood to-day and one of the very few front-rank stars who is allowed to play a wide variety of parts, pleasant and unpleasant. In "Gabriel Over the White House" we see him first as a "good-fellow" President, who thinks only of his party and keeps a mistress at the White House. In a motor accident he gets a crack on the head and emerges a changed man; and a suggestion of supernatural overshadowing is effectively conveyed.

The moral of his too easy triumph is perhaps insidiously false; for it could be argued that the world cannot be regenerated without alterations in capitalistic society far more radical than are indicated here. However, the film lacks nothing in topicality, and it is produced with first-rate efficiency. Huston is in fine form, and I found this picture one of the most dramatically exciting I have seen for months.

In "F.P.I." there are some very exciting moments, but too much space is spent on unreal affairs of the heart. The plot is concerned with a naval engineer's scheme for constructing an aeroplane landing stage—"Floating Platform Number One"—in mid-Atlantic, and with the attempts by an international financier to frustrate him.

The scenes on board the floating platform are finely staged and produced; they do seem to belong to a Wellsian world of the future. A few details are unconvincing—surely the ballast pumps would have had an emergency hand-gear?—but all this part of the story has a freshly adventurous atmosphere, and Conrad Veidt is excellent as the flying ace. But Jill Esmond never seems quite at ease as the heroine, and is hardly to be blamed, for the rivalry of the flying ace and the naval officer for her affections belongs to the stiff convention of melodrama.

But if the technical ingenuity of the production deserves better human support, "F.P.I." is a sufficiently original entertainment to be well worth seeing. Franklyn Dyal as the financier has about five sentences to speak; they are well worth hearing.

Another October 2nd release is "Cynara"—a United Artists version of the Harwood play, with Ronald Colman and Kay Francis directed by King Vidor. Its familiar "other woman" theme attains a certain distinction through the quality of the dialogue, but it is difficult to believe in the hero's infatuation. Kay Francis acts with

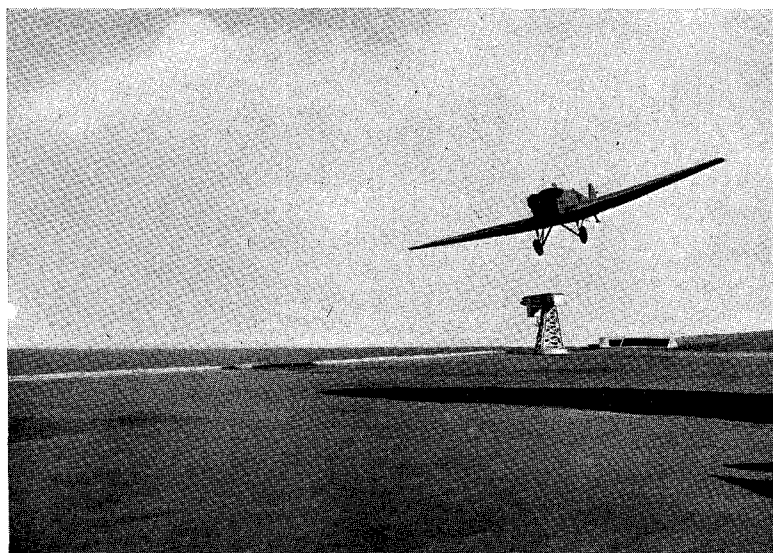
sensitive skill as the wife and Phyllis Barry is a decided discovery as the pathetic temptress.

October 9th is the release date of "Cavalcade," which has proved itself inexhaustibly popular during its London pre-releases at the Tivoli and Marble Arch Pavilion. People have asked why the film rights in Noel Coward's play of (and on) British sentiment should have been sold to Hollywood. The answer is that no British company could afford to spend money in the necessary scale.

So "Cavalcade" was filmed by Fox at Hollywood, and a wonderfully thorough and accurate job has been made of it. In the recreation of past London scenes the details are virtually flawless, and the carefully-chosen cast is nearly all British. Diana Wynyard has risen swiftly to fame for her portrayal of the mother, and the part suits her perfectly. Clive Brook is rather wooden as the father, but Frank Lawton as the son is excellent, and so is Ursula Jeans as a musical comedy star.

"Cavalcade" is not "an epic of England." Its mood is nostalgic, and Mr. Coward is blind to the disturbing new forces which even before the War were pushing up through the crust of social complacency. His English types, too, are not worth the sentiment he pours over them. But as a piece of emotional evocation "Cavalcade" is wonderfully skilful, and nearly all its devices come off as well on the screen as they did on the stage.

Another week passes, but we are still in the company of English



From "F.P.I."

ladies and gentlemen. Unfortunately a Jew has been tactless enough to have his money stolen by an army captain. . . . Yes, the film version of Galsworthy's "Loyalties" will be released on October 23rd; a very competent version directed by Basil Dean at Ealing. The merits of the play are its skilful dramatic craftsmanship and its detailed realism; indeed, "Loyalties" is too neatly dovetailed for easy conversion into a film whose running time must be so much shorter.

Mr. Dean's rendering inevitably seems rather hurried; the dramatic phrasing, so to speak, suffers, and it is also impossible to prepare for the emotional moments sufficiently for them to seem natural. But a lot of good work has gone into the film, particularly into the law courts sequence, and Basil Rathbone does the part of the Jew with style and dignity.

Also released on October 23rd are two American films worth noting—"Little Giant" (First National), with Edward Robinson, and "Farewell to Arms" (Paramount), with Gary Cooper and Helen Hayes. "Little Giant" is a diverting comedy about a Chicago ex-gangster who tries to break into Californian society; as a swiftly amusing and sometimes pungently satiric entertainment this picture can be thoroughly recommended.

"Farewell to Arms" is inclined to surround Hemingway's novel with a softening haze of sentiment; the panoramic effect and the hastening-towards-doom note are partially sacrificed to long-drawn-out love scenes. But the production is beautifully finished and highly skilful; Gary Cooper and Helen Hayes are both good, though in the book Catherine has more vigour and independence.

SEAFARING

Voyage of the "Parma."

By A. J. Villiers. 25s. (Geoffrey Bles.)

Log of the Sea.

By Felix Riesenbergh. 10s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

The Yachtsman's Pilot.

By E. Keble Chatterton. 21s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

The Atlantic was first crossed by a steamship well over a century ago. Yet last year Western Australian grain was shipped in twenty vessels under sail. Within a decade or two, horse-drawn vehicles have become almost an anachronism in our streets, while aircraft have been metamorphosed from highly doubtful contraptions into regular means of transport. Why has the sailing-ship lingered so long? Is the traditional conservatism of the sea solely responsible for the slow rate of her passing?

The answer, in varying degree of emphasis, lies within the covers of these three books. Mr. Villiers gives the most emphatic reply. The lure of the windjammer drew him to become part-owner of a four-masted barque—bought for £3,000—to sail in her round Cape Horn and win the 1932 grain race against four other barques. West of the Horn she was pooped in a gale, nearly driven under and then broached-to in darkness. All lights and one steering compass were washed overboard, and raw boys were at the wheel. This however is merely incidental to Mr. Villiers in his endeavour to depict the routine and atmosphere on board a Cape Horner before the square-rigger at last disappears from the seas. "Voyage of the *Parma*," with its fine photographs, is a fit supplement to the author's "Falmouth for Orders." Need more be said of its quality? The average age of the barque's foremost hands was seventeen, and of her small crew of twenty-seven lads a large number were apprentices of the German mercantile marine, in which sail-training is still obligatory for officers. Both Mr. Villiers and Mr. Riesenbergh are whole-hearted though temperate advocates of the value of an early training in sail to develop initiative and resource in young seamen and to teach them something of sea and weather.

Mr. Riesenbergh, as a veteran of steam as well as sail, cannot be accused of bias. His "Log of the Sea" is the work of a sailorman, written with salt-water in the ink. If one is any kind of sailor, one is sure to meet some passage or phrase to twitch the memory and bring back, say, the smack of water on the fo'c'sle and the hissing of spray over the dodger. Hang continuity and an orderly tale! Yarns about bucko mates, boarding-masters and historic episodes flow in the stream of his own experiences and sea-lore. With its brief little chapters, this is a book to be picked up and read at any page—and read again.

When Mr. Chatterton compiles a guide for his brother yachtsmen, one expects much. There is no disappointment here. In addition to following the coast of the Continent from Bordeaux to Ymuiden, Mr. Chatterton describes each port round the entire United Kingdom; giving just those facts most helpful to the skipper of small craft. His pilotage directions are as useful as the numerous and very clear harbour plans which are intended as complementary to large-scale charts, but equally valuable are his hints on such items as berthing, the obtaining of stores, and repair facilities at the smaller places. There is an adequate account of the difficulties among the Orkneys, which are all too often treated as being quite off the yachtsman's chart. (One misses however the name of the "Swelkie.") A minor point, worth adjusting in later editions, is that the spires on the towers of Reculver have now been removed. Mr. Chatterton of course adds a comprehensive index, and altogether the most overcrowded bookshelf in the small yacht's cabin will have to find space for one more volume next to "Sailing Directions" and the Nautical Almanac.

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The Bookshelf

WAR AND PEACE

Mr. Lloyd George Remembers

By

Collin Brooks

War Memories of David Lloyd George.
21s. (Nicholson & Watson.)

Sailors, Statesmen and Others : An Autobiography.
By Lieut.-Commander the Hon. J. M. Kenworthy.
18s. (Rich & Cowan.)

"MY library shelves groan under the burden of War autobiographies," says Mr. Lloyd George.

His own comes at the end of the feast, when friends traditionally feel kindest towards each other. There is however little of that kindly mood in this first volume of what will probably be the most vital of all the War autobiographies. Mr. Lloyd George writes, avowedly and deliberately, for history. If he sets down naught in malice, he is so detached in his mood of criticism and appraisal that neither time nor any old friendship persuades him to gloss the faults or excuse the shortcomings of those with whom, before and during the first year of the War, he laboured.

This volume divides naturally into two stories. There is the story of the mishandling of the years before the War by the Cabinet of which the author was a member. There is the story of the mishandling of the early days of the War by that same Cabinet. The second story resolves itself into the epic of energy which began with the munitions scandal and the formation of the Ministry of Munitions with the dynamic Lloyd George at its head, risking place, power and repute in his determination to repair at least one terrible defect in the war machinery.

Mr. Lloyd George tells his tale with commendable restraint—restraint of both self-glorification and self-deprecation. He scouts the superstition that the War was a capitalists' war. He saw international finance too closely to be under any illusion.

"Money was a frightened and trembling thing. Money shivered at the prospect; I lived with it for many days and did my best to steady its nerves. Financiers in a fright do not make an heroic picture."

The passage confirms amply the account of the first War days in the City given in the recent life of Hicks-Beach, to whom Mr. Lloyd George pays a tribute in these pages.

The first confusion in finance he resolved, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, with the aid of Mr. Austen Chamberlain, whose co-operation was a foretaste of the Coalition that was to come. He found the then Governor of the Bank a congenial personage. Lord Cunliffe accompanied the Chancellor to many conferences.

"He was a man of very few words. I cannot recall a single sentence he uttered at any of these numerous conferences. What he said he half whispered in my ear. . . . When a question arose as to a shipment of gold, the Governor of the Bank of France expressed himself with great fluency. I then said: 'The Governor of the Bank of England will state the British view on the subject.' He rose very slowly, and after a few preliminary puffs he said: 'We do not mean to part with our gold,' and then subsided into his seat."

But if the Governor of the Bank was congenial, Mr. Lloyd George's successor at the Treasury was not.

Neither Lord Grey nor Lord Kitchener appear to have earned the Celtic scorn without some trace of pity as Mr. McKenna earned it. Technically it must be confessed that Mr. Lloyd George's criticism of Mr. McKenna is not without justification.

"It would be hard to estimate the price paid by the nation for the decision of Mr. McKenna in 1915 to increase the rate of interest paid by the Government on its War-time borrowings. His action had no doubt the fullest authorisation from the leading circles of banking and finance. But the country has since then had ample evidence that these circles are by no means to be reckoned as infallible advisers."

Between Mr. Lloyd George's quite masterly work at the Exchequer and his subsequent triumph at the Ministry of Munitions, there was a period when he watched with growing dismay the inability of K. of K. to grapple with the task he had undertaken, and the failure (as Mr. Lloyd George saw it) of the military leaders to cope successfully with the new mode of war where the only flanks were virtually the coast lines of a continent. The intuitions and newly-born wisdom of the "amateurs," he suggests, were sounder than the plans of the military schoolmen who led the armies in the field or directed them, among much intrigue, from Whitehall. He marks, as many a fighting soldier then marked, the retention of power in the hands of the old-fashioned cavalry officers, and the inability of new men from the actual line to obtain promotion to the Higher Command. Throughout the volume the culmination of its chapters is foreshadowed—that notable outburst of the "too late" speech in 1915.

The picture cast upon the imagination by these memories is that of a confused parcel of elderly men, jealous where they are not ignorant and often ignorant as well as jealous, permitting tribal fetishes and the taboos of caste to hinder the supreme work of perfecting an Allied organisation capable of coping with that of the Central Powers. Waste, muddle and confusion—always at the expense of human life and happiness—are the characteristics of those early War days. Even the staffing of the Ministry of Munitions had to be accomplished by a process of trial and error in the teeth of bureaucratic jealousies and petty personal hindrances.

The diplomacy which led to the War, and the diplomacy which permitted so many unnecessary defections during its first year or so, Mr. Lloyd George unsparingly condemns. The then Sir Edward Grey he not so much criticises as castigates—he sees him as a man ignorant of European psychology, a man untried in the real arena of political warfare, a man of noble but narrow character, lacking strength when strength was most needed. It is still a debatable question if a pronouncement from Grey that Britain would fight in defence of Belgium would have staved off the War. Mr. Lloyd George (in excellent company, be it remarked in passing) feels that it would. He says here—rather more mildly, for all his vitriolic prose—what G. B. Shaw

said in 1914. He leaves Grey depicted in these pages as the Shavian "stupid Junker."

Arresting as this volume is, with its revelations of political and military stupidity, of the unrest of the democracy under a bungled system of sentimental, instead of national conscription, and of the shifts of politics at a time when every platform rang with appeals to a selfless patriotism, it is but an appetiser for the volume to come. We are left waiting for the culmination of the Celtic efforts to "ginger up" the War.

There is however this to be said—that no young post-War critic of the older generation has exceeded, in his angry invective or his cold irony, some of the passages in this frank retrospect of the War years. As the material of history the work is essential—and as the apologia of David Lloyd George to posterity it promises to be successful.

Commander Kenworthy, a lesser figure on the same crowded stage, has an equally enthralling tale to unfold, but it is a story necessarily less authoritative and arresting. He it was, as one of the restless "Young Turks" of the Navy, who supplied Lloyd George with much of the technical matter which was the basis for that Prime Minister's reforms of war conduct in the later years. From him, as from Lloyd George, one derives the impression of an old gang muddling and blundering through a crisis big beyond their comprehension. The book begins with some amusing pictures of pre-War navy life, and runs on to the days when its author joined the Labour Party in the darkest hour of its defeat. Mr. MacDonald emerges from these pages as a very battered hero—Commander Kenworthy is hurt rather than angry—and peace-time Labour organisation in politics seems not unsimilar to the War-time organisation of the older parties as Mr. Lloyd George reveals it—an affair of personal ambitions and jealousies rather than of selfless efficiency. Commander Kenworthy reveals the fact that Mr. MacDonald nearly went to India as Viceroy in 1931, and believes he may yet fulfil that destiny in 1934. (The author also reveals that he was himself suggested to the Labour Government as a receivable Viceroy by the Indian princes.)

It is rather odd that both Mr. Lloyd George and Commander Kenworthy reveal tentative attempts at National Governments at moments unsuspected of such pregnant moves by the public. In 1910 the front bench Liberal and Tory leaders were at one in their belief in the need for such a concordat, but the "old Tory gang" spoilt the hope which Mr. Lloyd George had conceived. Early in 1931 the matter was mooted between Labour and Conservatism, but the failure of Labour to find an agreed successor to Mr. MacDonald (about to go to India), again destroyed the plan, which came forcibly and with poorer grace later in the year.

Of both these volumes it may be sincerely said that the more one sees of caucus politicians, the more one understands the mood of so horrible an alternative as Hitlerism—or that of indifferentism. The marvel is that we once mistook this sorry Parliamentarism for a working democracy. It was a mistake which cost us the blood and agony of the War, and the economic loss of more than a decade of post-War ineptitude. And the ledger of our loss has not yet been fully posted.

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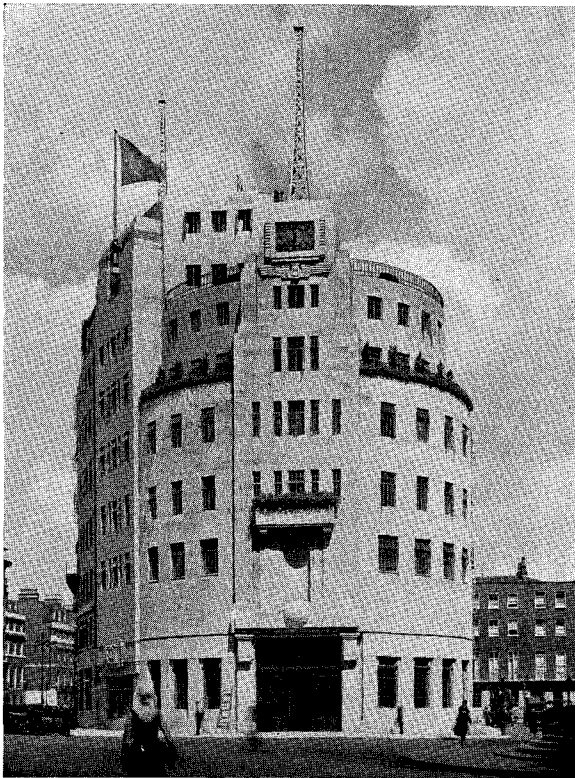
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Broadcasting.

By Hilda Matheson. 2s. 6d. (Thornton Butterworth.)

IN its short life of somewhere between eleven and fourteen years, broadcasting has gone far towards revolutionising our habits of thought and speech, and no thinking person would nowadays deny that the influence of broadcasting for good or evil upon the future of civilisation will increase to no-man-knows-what degree.



Broadcasting House.

It will be readily admitted, then, that broadcasting has already become a social institution worthy of serious study. But in virtue of the fact that the energies of those properly qualified to undertake such studies have been wholly bent upon shaping the development of broadcasting itself, the literature of the subject is lamentably scanty, bearing, apart from the reports of various educational inquiries, no relation whatever to its intrinsic importance.

The more reason therefore to welcome a comprehensive treatment of broadcasting from one who was perhaps as much as anybody responsible for the cultural trend that it has taken in this country. Miss Matheson was Talks Director of the B.B.C. for six formative years, and since her recent retirement she has had unrivalled opportunities of collecting material for the first book of its kind.

And what interesting reading her book makes! People forget how much broadcasting in its earliest years owed to the humble citizen; how immediate was its appeal to the ex-Service man as he returned home an easy prey to the disenchantment that C. E. Montague detected so clearly and described so well—disenchantment from which wireless promised an almost magical escape. Half forgotten too is the importance of that phenomenon of the early twenties, the wireless amateur, who in the aggregate rendered invaluable help

alike to broadcasting and to the manufacturers of receiving sets, by constituting a kind of large-scale research laboratory which contributed much to technical progress.

The story is all here in marvellously small compass. Although Miss Matheson deliberately refrains from dealing with technical aspects of wireless, she gives ungrudging tribute to the broadcasting engineer, whose efficiency can be gauged from the most recent figure of thirteen and a quarter hours of breakdowns in some fifty-eight thousand hours of programme time, coupling this with a hint of provocation in her suggestion of closer liaison between engineering and programme staffs. There is here, in fact, enough of the background of broadcasting to satisfy both the discriminating listener and the wireless fan.

Dealing as it does with the effects of broadcasting on the English-speaking peoples, the information in the book comes mainly from this country and the United States, though details regarding types of organisation in continental Europe, Soviet Russia and the Far East give the reader a wider outlook than he could derive from a mere comparison between British broadcasting and American radio.

Frank Harris once made the not unduly extravagant claim on behalf of Shakespeare that "through his greatness a Low Dutch dialect has become the chiefest instrument of civilisation, the world-speech of humanity at large." It is pre-eminently the function of broadcasting, in Miss Matheson's opinion, to substantiate the claim. What follows? Shakespeare's legacy must be handed on, and the B.B.C. must transfuse the ether with King's English, for Hobart and Hong-Kong, and Hull and Halifax and Heckmondwike to make what they can of it. At Prospero's behest Announcer Ariel tries hard enough to do so. But, in all seriousness, probably the most powerful effect of broadcasting is to be seen in the way it can mould the living growth of a living speech; witness the improvement in the pronunciation of schoolchildren proved to have been achieved by means of broadcast speech training. The account given here of the experiment in which gramophone records of the pronunciation of London schoolboys were made and analysed phonetically, omits to mention one vital particular—vital that is to the scientific value of the performance: a record of their natural speech was obtained *before* they received broadcast lessons as well as afterwards, and the first records formed a criterion for the phonetician in his subsequent analysis. In a brief conclusion Miss Matheson points out the obvious danger of pontificating at the microphone, but maintains that, given a sympathetic broadcaster, there is little reason to doubt that the speech of children can be made to show all-round improvement as a direct result of broadcasting.

Apart from matters specifically educational, the chapter on Living Speech contains some acute observations, the fruit of personal contact; the "holy" voice, the "poetry" voice, the "statesman's" voice and others which feed the microphone are closely allied with the question of speech rhythm. And this in turn demands of the successful broadcast talker an ability to write that

special form of our language, the intimately spoken English which alone suits the requirements of the microphone.

Following this are some admirable remarks on Public Opinion, a subject in which Miss Matheson is seen at her best. "Will the adaptability which has enabled man to survive ice ages, pestilences and gunpowder enable him also to adjust himself to the much more rapid changes of the last thirty years?" she asks. Her answer is much the same as that given a week or two ago by Sir Frederick Gowland Hopkins in his presidential address to the British Association—yes, provided we enlist the aid of broadcasting as an agent for the dissemination of the best, and use the most potent of recent changes to awaken man to the necessity of adapting himself to a changing environment. This is to come about, say both these distinguished people, by giving him, *in youth*, a foretaste of the finest things the world holds, and thus educating him for the right use of leisure.

It is impossible to discuss all the implications of this excellent book in the limits of a short article; it is enough to record the impression that the treatment of music, entertainment, literature and drama as departments of broadcasting is as stimulating as the earlier and perhaps most valuable chapters. By ending on a note of prophecy Miss Matheson brings her wheel full circle as she points to the words of Robert Bridges, six of which stand at the head of this page. It was he too who said on the occasion of his only broadcast that "those who have to exploit Broadcasting for the public advantage must not forget that they are responsible Teachers. . . . It is no part of a Teacher's business to provide the young with the common stuff that they could pick up anywhere."

HOW HAVE WE USED OUR LEVEES . . . ?

How have we used our levees, when the sun
Was a boy's singing, when the saplings shivered
Light on the window; light upon the floor lived,
Dropped from a bird-beak?

Beautiful as tall
Trees shaking their close-leaved finery
In tremulous landscapes we admire through water,
We have advanced, engaged our hands, and from the heart
Hoped our good-morrows; then,
In steady regiment of our breathing, reaped
Armfuls of flowers, with purpose to fill full
Of broken light of flowers the afternoon
And stir with trifling breath a down of petals; and,
Wading our steps together,
Helped with great cables of the flowers which might
Loop down to harbour dusk, when light outdoors
Aged as to powder of snow, grew fine as with despair.

And we, deep in this drum the hills have made,
Hailed by the birds on their affair of distance,
Have yet, before forbidding night could mute
Our childish chance of voices,
Never with the slight but earnest gift of hand to hand,
And so with pulse that reads the pulse of truth,
Mirror'd ourselves, in frailty and in mourning
Like orphans or the hallow'd poor, nor stood,
Struck as with common thought, staring towards the
silence.

KATHLEEN NOTT.

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MACMILLAN

OSWALD BOELCKE

Knight of Germany : Oswald Boelcke—German Ace.

By Professor Johannes Werner. 8s. 6d. (Hamilton.)

It was Treitschke who said, "A nation perishes without heroes and hero-worship," and the Third Reich seems to have taken this teaching to heart for it is busy resuscitating its heroes. One may hope that every young Hitlerite will buy and treasure this book because Oswald Boelcke, the subject of it, may take his place in any company as a pattern for youth. He had the knightly qualities. His courage was superb, but it was inspired by duty, not personal glory. He was modest, and although he became almost a legendary figure in his lifetime, friend of princes and trusted adviser of the Higher Command, he remained unaffected and to the end there was no pride in him. He was chivalrous and treated prisoners of war with a fine courtesy. It was characteristic that when he saw a French boy disappear over the parapet of the canal facing the air service mess at Douai, he should rush to the water's edge, dive in fully clothed, and eventually fish the youth, who had fallen from dizziness, out of the bottom of the canal. Other German officers took the rescued lad aside and severely spanked him (presumably for endangering Boelcke's life), but it was also characteristic of Boelcke that he should next day quietly visit the boy's home to make inquiries. The grateful parents said they would try and get the rescuer the French Legion of Honour. "That would be a joke," wrote Boelcke to his parents, but a joke of that kind might have done more for appeasement than some post-war conferences.

One would expect that a nature so sensitive, so finely balanced, would suffer moments of stress, and that those moments would, in the circumstances of the part he was playing in the drama of the War, become more tense with the passage of time. It is not surprising, therefore, to see, in the successive photographs published in the book, the laughter dying out of the face. There is one photograph (p. 174), taken near the end of his life, which shows the strong lines of the face set as for an ordeal, while there is sadness in the eyes which appear to be looking beyond the camera at pictures conjured up by the mind behind them. If this seems perhaps a little fanciful, we have confirmation in the testimony of his servant, Fischer, who records that towards the end his captain grew thinner and more serious and that he was often in a very depressed mood.

Oswald was one of five sons of a Saxon schoolmaster. He joined the army in 1911 as an aspirant in a Signals Battalion and seems to have enjoyed the subsequent life immensely. He was attracted to the air in 1913 when his battalion was stationed near the Flying School at Darmstadt, and he qualified as a pilot on the outbreak of war and was soon flying in France. His real opportunity came in the middle of 1915 with the introduction to the Western Front of the Fokker monoplane, a type of fighting aircraft entirely novel, which gave the German air service the advantages of surprise. He and Max Immelmann quickly

made the Fokker feared and were the spearhead of the Fokker menace which troubled the air in France for many months and had repercussions in England both in the Press and in Parliament. It was, however, during the Battle of Verdun, which began on February 21st, 1916, that Boelcke did some of his most enduring work. He had a keen tactical and strategical mind, and there is evidence in this book that his technical memoranda greatly influenced the higher authorities. Because of the representations which he made, the German High Command agreed to group the Fokker fighting aircraft and to allow them to operate as a single unit. This was a revolutionary step. Up to that time the Fokkers had been distributed among the two-seater squadrons and had been sent up as and when Allied aircraft appeared over the German lines. That is to say, their rôle had been definitely defensive and

much of their effectiveness had thereby been lost. The new Boelcke group at Verdun was something quite different. It was essentially an offensive formation and it quickly made its presence felt.

After the Battle of Verdun the German air service had, for some months, a sorry time. In the spring of 1916, with the appearance on the Western Front of the British Pusher Fighters, the F.E.2b and the D.H.2, the Fokker was out-classed, and the German airmen found it more and more difficult to prevent the Royal Flying Corps from

fulfilling the tasks demanded of it by the British Army. Boelcke, however, who flew at this time chiefly against the French, continued to find opportunity to claim an occasional victim, and by June of 1916 had the destruction of twenty Allied aeroplanes to his credit. It was then that orders were received from the Kaiser that he was not to fly against the enemy because the prestige of his name and his experience must be preserved. He greatly resented being "kept in a glass cage," but found some consolation when he was sent on a tour of inspection to the other fronts. It was while he was away that he was informed that he would be given the command, on his return to France, of a fighting squadron, and he was empowered to choose his own personnel. On the Russian Front he met Manfred von Richthofen whom he asked to join him in his new venture. It was thus, under Boelcke's leadership and inspiration, that Richthofen began his fighting career in France. The Boelcke squadron received a new type of fighting aeroplane on September 16th, 1916, during the Battles of the Somme, and, next day, Boelcke led five of his pilots towards the British lines and they shot down six British aeroplanes of a bombing formation. From the moment of this Boelcke success the recovery of the enemy air service began and it had been completed when Boelcke was killed in a collision on October 28th, 1916. The spirit which he bequeathed to his service lived on, and one may hope that the new generation in Germany, into whose hands this well-documented book will fall, will absorb something of this "Boelcke spirit" with all that it stands for of steadfast devotion to duty and of tolerance and sympathy for one's foe.

H. A. JONES.



Oswald Boelcke with his brother at Portfaverger.

From "Knight of Germany," by Johannes Werner (John Hamilton).

VON HIPPER

Von Hipper.

By Captain von Waldeyer-Hartz. 20s. (Rich & Cowan.)

Captain von Waldeyer-Hartz's book is less interesting as the biography of an efficient but by no means inspired naval officer, than as a presentation of the naval side of the late War as seen through German eyes. Admiral von Hipper's life, until the War broke out, appears to have been singularly uneventful in spite of the fact that he spent nearly forty years in the Navy. A disciple of Tirpitz, he believed in Germany's future as a first-class naval power and worked assiduously and unremittingly to that end. He was neither imaginative nor adventurous, as these words are usually understood, though indisputably an efficient commander, a skilful seaman and an able tactician according to the rules of the game. But it is clear that he was not, and would never have been, a great admiral, even had the paralysing effects of the German Admiralty's policy been absent. Unlike Nelson, von Hipper did not possess a blind eye.

What gives the book its value is the author's description of the psychological and concrete effects of this policy upon the German naval personnel. We know that it reached its consummation at Scapa Flow, but here we are shown how, little by little, this creeping paralysis of inaction undermined and eventually destroyed the discipline and moral of the entire German Navy. Styled, somewhat grandiloquently, a policy of "defence with readiness to attack," it depended for its success on a system of attrition; that is to say, hurried sorties and retreats made in the hope of gradually weakening the British Navy by inflicting loss or damage upon its various units. From the first, von Hipper and other serving officers realised the futility of such unheroic measures, but they were helpless to change it and dared not defy it.

The lengths to which this "safety first" policy was carried, may be judged from the orders given Prince Henry when, after extraordinary pressure, he was granted a "free hand" in the Baltic. It was given "on the presumption that precautions guaranteeing against loss would be taken." Battles, great or small, cannot be fought, much less won, under such conditions as these since they practically preclude the idea of fighting at all.

It was against this dead hand of authority that von Hipper and others protested in vain until the command of the High Sea Fleet passed from Admiral von Pohl to the more virile Admiral Scheer in 1916. This was followed by a burst of naval activity leading to the Battle of Jutland (claimed as a German victory) and to several sorties afterwards which led to nothing. But apart from these, inactivity once more descended on the German High Sea Fleet with, as the author admits, consequences far more disastrous than a pitched battle, whatever the issue, could have brought about.

When, in the summer of 1917, mutiny broke out, von Hipper proved quite incapable of dealing with it. He eventually took what the author describes as "calm and appropriate measures," which consisted of an appeal to the men's patriotism. But his well-meant effort failed "for the order only aroused coarse laughter among the mutineers. The mass madness spread."

In fact, the German Navy fell a victim to one of its own virtues. It was, probably, the most perfectly disciplined navy the world had ever seen and, because of this, von Hipper and other officers could not bring themselves to believe in the reality of the mutiny. It was simply inconceivable. So at that moment of extreme tension, the system broke down utterly and of those who had built it up, not one was to be found who possessed the strength of character necessary to re-establish it.

This is a book well worth reading, not because of the qualities of its hero, which were in no way exciting, but because of the light it throws upon the Teutonic point of view as it was before and during the War, and as it is now.

ROLF BENNETT.

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A REAL MORIARTY

His Excellency the Spectre : The Life of Fritz von Holstein.

By Joachim von Kürenberg. Translated by E. O. Lorimer. With an Introduction by Wickham Steed. 8s. 6d. (Constable.)

From the eighties of the last century till within five or six years of the Great War, Fritz von Holstein was one of the most important influences in the background of German foreign policy. This much is vouched for by Mr. Wickham Steed in his interesting introduction to Herr Kürenberg's lurid, thrilling and in many places somewhat improbable book. Holstein, according to Kürenberg, was warped early in life by an unfortunate love affair, and his emotional balance was further upset by the spectacle of his father being trampled to death by a flock of frightened sheep. Entering life after these unfortunate experiences with a feeling of mistrust and suspicion, Holstein rapidly developed into a sinister figure whose only pleasure was in intrigue and wire-pulling. Bismarck sent him to Paris to spy on Count Harry von Arnim, the German Ambassador, and Holstein managed by the most disreputable means to secure the evidence Bismarck needed in order to ruin Arnim. In due course Holstein turned against Bismarck, and placed in the hands of William the Second, who wanted to get rid of Bismarck, a copy of a treaty which Bismarck had negotiated with Russia behind the Emperor's back. Bismarck was dismissed, and Holstein transferred his disloyalty to Bismarck's successor.

Apart from its moral aspect, Holstein's action on this occasion, which was supplemented in later years by other anti-Russian manœuvres, was politically disastrous. The fact that Russia fought with the Allies in the Great War, instead of with Germany, was largely due to Holstein, in Mr. Wickham Steed's opinion.

But the chief interest of this book is in its extraordinary picture of German politicians in the pre-war period. One day Holstein, caught by a shower, took refuge in a beer-shop. Two sailors were drinking in an adjoining room, and Holstein recognised the voice of one of them as the voice of Philip von Eulenberg, a friend of Holstein's and a rising politician. The other voice seemed familiar, and some time later, when he was talking with Bülow, Holstein suddenly realised that Bülow was the other sailor. The two sailors had been addressing one another as Krause and Hoffmann, and so whenever Holstein found either Eulenberg or Chancellor von Bülow at all difficult in political matters, he would smooth away their opposition by murmuring "Krause" or "Hoffmann."

This is not an isolated incident. The whole book is steeped in blackmail of one kind or another. There is nothing inherently impossible in anything Kürenberg relates, but he would have been more convincing if he had told his sensational story in a more subdued style, instead of heightening its melodrama by presenting a series of cinematographic scenes. The arrival of the Berlin courier in Paris with the letter from Bismarck which forces Arnim to resign his Ambassadorship is given in a scene which opens with Arnim asking in a tense voice: "Who can that be driving into the courtyard so late?" And the next morning Holstein, in the reaction after the success of his intrigue, is found by the porter unconscious on the floor. "His lips were smiling, his features were those of a man whose sleep has brought him pleasant dreams. Both hands were clutching the keys, and the fingers were working like claws." For a Professor Moriarty of real life, Holstein, as Kürenberg shows him, is strangely uncontrolled. The sight of some scampering sheep in the Forest of Fontainebleau reminds him of his father's death, he swoons and has to take three days sick leave. After an unpleasant interview with Herbert Bismarck, he reels home like a drunken man. Baffled in an attempt to see the Kaiser, he "totters" and sinking down in the guard-room pillows his white head "on the rude table where not many moments ago a

By Hugh Kingsmill

Pomeranian grenadier had been cutting up his bread and cheese." Hardly, one would think, the stuff of which the great blackmailers are made.

HARD-BITTEN PROFESSIONAL

Old Soldiers Never Die.

By Private Frank Richards, D.C.M., M.M. 7s. 6d. (Faber & Faber.)

Several private soldiers have recorded their War experiences, but they have been men who signed on "for the duration"—men of education and usually men with a sense of literature. Mr. Richards had done his service with the Colours and was recalled from the Reserve in 1914. He was through the Mons retreat, Loos, the Somme, Arras, Third Ypres and the final advance, and he did not get his decorations for polishing the colonel's boots or baking loaves at the Base. He puts the point of view of the hard-bitten, professionally competent private soldier of the pre-War Regular Army. His kind is never likely to be seen in khaki again, for the short-service soldiers of to-day, for better or worse (and I think for the better), play tennis, study foreign languages and prefer the dry canteen to the wet. But the older type at its best had many virtues, including a raciness of speech and outlook which Mr. Kipling was the first to appreciate and exploit.

Mr. Richards's book is full of slang and strange grammar, but nevertheless it has far more of the authentic nature of literature than dozens of highly praised books which keep the laws but have no life in them. Shakespeare would have delighted in these swift, direct chronicles, these biting comments and ironic mockeries of ill-fortune. This is the sort of book Mr. Ernest Hemingway has been trying self-consciously to compose for years. But Mr. Hemingway is crippled by overmuch pity for himself and his characters. Mr. Richards wastes no tears, and never makes his cursing a cloak for maudlin despair.

I remember the 2nd Royal Welch Fusiliers, in which he served, as a battalion composed mainly of tall men with long legs and tapering waists, with thin lips and pale, fierce eyes. This is a Birmingham type, and it is not surprising to learn from Mr. Richards that eighty per cent. of the men came from Birmingham. He himself is from South Wales, but he writes in the abrupt, salty idiom of the whole Regular army, without any Welsh inflections. Mr. Richards was evidently a most valuable soldier, ready to "scrounge" wood or rations, or to dodge an irksome parade, but in the line cautious, resourceful, untiring and on the proper occasion brave. These qualities are implicit in his account of himself and his battalion, but though he has no false modesty, neither does he "throw his weight about." The bitter, ironic truth about the War is to be found not only in his facts, but in his asides. Before Loos the official view was that "we would push on and take the village of Haisnes, where we would breakfast." To which Mr. Richards adds immediately in parentheses, "This village was taken three years later." And again: "Duffy swore that the Corps Commander was a chief director in one of the large metal-polish companies." If that is not the authentic voice of the British Army of 1914-18, then I spent four years dreaming.

"Old Soldiers Never Die" forms a necessary complement to Mr. Sassoon's and Mr. Robert Graves's reminiscences, for both of them served in the same battalion, and secured Mr. Richards's approval and even admiration. Mr. Richards indeed corroborates Mr. Graves's story of the Highland Light Infantry trench without sentries, and the storeman who wasted the rum and was trodden underfoot, and tells the truth about generals and staff officers. Though he was a Regular he always refused promotion, and he has a thoroughgoing contempt for "spit and polish." It is interesting to see, from the number and extent of Field Punishments Number One recorded here, that Mr. Graves's impression of the sadistic tendencies of some officers of the

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
OCTOBER, 1933



By ZIEGLER.

VERA BRITTAIN.

battalion was far from being a subjective illusion. Mr. Richards was no saint; he is quite frank about his drinking and amours and looting. But how much more attractive he is than so many of the righteous!

JOHN BROPHY.

SOME WAR GENERALS

From Serajevo to the Rhine: Generals of the Great War.
Translated from the German of "Arminius" by Gerald Griffin. 18s. (Hutchinson.)

The sub-title explains the contents of this book. It is a class of work which has been attempted before, notably by Captain Liddell Hart in his "Reputations," which had a well-deserved vogue on both sides of the Atlantic. To works of this kind there are two drawbacks. In the first place there is the sense of disillusionment experienced when it is realised that the impression of intimacy, which the author endeavours to "get across," is, much of it, sham. Reflection shows that, with several at least of his subjects, the author can never have had anything to do, and there even arises a suspicion that he may never have exchanged a single word with any of them. Thus, much of the chatty, "well-informed," gossipy portions fails to grip. Again, in a work of this kind the subjective point of view is very evident. As they say in Ireland, "There couldn't be two chickens fighting on the road but what your heart would go out to one of them." If such is the case in squabbles between tame, villatic fowl, how much more likely is sympathy to be evoked—or the reverse—for great figures in a Great War. It is impossible to overlook the subjectivity of the volume under review.

With this reservation—and with the further reservation that the completely objective reviewer has yet to be born—it may be said that "From Serajevo to the Rhine" is an extremely readable book, though of varying merit. The chapters on "The Titanic Pair"—Hindenburg and Ludendorff: that on Foch—"The Inflexible": and that on Cadorna—"The Theorist"—strike one as being exceedingly sound, impartial and well-arranged. That on Joffre ("The Bear") cannot by any stretch of imagination be described otherwise than as very poor indeed. There is one curious omission in the book. Although seventeen commanders are described, there is no article on Sir John French, and indeed there are but two references—of a contemptuous nature—to him in the whole volume. There can be no quarrel with the insertion of a chapter on Haig, "The Bull," but Henry Wilson—"The Diplomat"—might well have yielded place to the commander-in-chief of the Old Contemptibles. Arminius has missed a great chance here, certainly so far as British readers are concerned. They would have welcomed outside criticism which would have been a change from "1914" and the ultra-filial biography of the field-marshal on the one side, and Smith-Dorrien's book and Sir John Fortescue's strictures on the other.

In the seventeen articles are included four German commanders, three French, three Austro-Hungarian, two Russian, two British—but without an Englishman *par sang*, for Haig was Scots and Wilson Irish—two Italians, one American and one Turk. The tone of the book is, as might be expected, "German," but not extravagantly so. In several places the author insists that in military skill and generalship the Central Powers stood out as superior, but in policy, diplomacy and national will-to-win the Allies, especially France and England, were at an advantage. As might be expected there is much labour expended in explaining the German set-back at the Marne. But it is useless to talk of Lieut.-Colonel Hentsch—as Arminius does several times—as a callow, inexperienced "youth," without giving that officer's age. It may be said that, in 1914, in no army were lieutenant-colonels exactly juvenile.

The book is well illustrated with photos, mostly inserted in the wrong chapters. There is a useful bibliography which serves, however, chiefly to reveal how "second hand" is much of the information in the volume.

F. E. WHITTON (Lieut.-Colonel).

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IT WAS LIKE THAT

By Mary Butts

The Testament of Youth.

By Vera Brittain. 8s. 6d. (Gollancz.)

Up the Attic Stairs.

By Violet M. Macdonald. 7s. 6d. (Constable.)

It might be a good thing if everyone at the age, say, of twenty-five, were compelled to write an account of their lives and of the world as they found it. It might be made a test of citizenship before admission to the franchise and full civic rights. A scheme run by a special department of state, which would publish a yearly selection; and unless each person could give a clear and reasonably intelligent account of themselves and their world, they would not be considered fit to have a say in its government. The idea has its points. Something of the sort will have to be done if the electorate is not to consist of a majority of persons unfit for any public responsibility whatever.

One imagines that most people have in their lives at least one story worth telling; while some have the gift of making any story significant. And there are a few whose whole life is a story, and everything that happened to them uniquely their own, and equally part of something that is greater than themselves, part of the saga of a house, a land or an epoch.

"The Testament of Youth" is saga in the sense that it is the story of one heroic person and certain other equally heroic persons, in a moment of stress, whose actions have a public as well as a private significance. The stuff of saga rather than the finished job. It has none of the hammering, the traditional handing down that turns the story of national heroes into a work of art. Yet for the people who have lived through what she tells, no more moving account has been written; and for once even the "blurb" on the jacket is justified when, at page after page, a cry is wrung out of one's heart: "Yes, it was like that." Or "this is what happened to me." While its value lies in its directness, its *naïveté*, its candour, its utter sincerity; the history of a very normal woman of superb quality.

Inevitably it is in parts a discussion on war, and the writer is poet enough to see what most pacifists will not attempt to face—the antique, timeless, ageless magic of the business, and what man would lose if the essence of that passion were denied him:

"I am a girl no longer, and the world, with all its excitements of chosen work and individualistic play, has grown tame in comparison with Malta during those years of anguish.

"It is, I think, this glamour, this magic, this incomparable keying-up of the spirit . . . which constitutes the pacifists' real problem—a problem still incompletely imagined and quite unsolved. . . . The glamour may be a mere delirium of fever . . . but while it lasts no emotion known to man seems as yet to have quite the compelling power of this enlarged vitality.

"I do not believe that a League of Nations, or a Kellogg Pact, or a Disarmament Conference, will ever rescue our poor little remnant of a civilisation . . . until we can somehow impart to the rational processes of constructive thought and experiment that element of sanctified loveliness which, like a superb sunshine breaking through thunder-clouds, from time to time glorifies war."

Until this, and rather more than this is understood, neither peace nor war will be put in their right places. As in art and love, magic qualities are notoriously dangerous to deal with—and in their danger is their delight, and their capacity to confound the most virtuous schemes of men. Yet no one has better realised than Miss Brittain the hideous danger, the awful futility of war as it is likely to come upon us now. Or of our late experience, men refer to correctly as "The War."

Like all good books of its kind, it is full of pictures—of the hospital, its last patients cleared out, prepared for a sudden convoy of new wounded. Empty. Shining wards and bright brass and white beds. Waiting. An exquisite, surgical cleanliness. Quiet. Nurses in spotless uniform,

poised.—Then the rush of stretchers, groans and screams, pus and blood, a storm of agony and ceaseless, unspeakable work.

Then the tower to which the two young nurses came on the dunes at Etaples, in a moment's hush between battles; and Vera Brittain knew it was Child Roland's Dark Tower, and what that meant; and the question—"must we *be wicked to deserve such pain?*"

Nor did she escape that last touch of ugly comedy that has since turned many a clean wound into a permanent sore. In a front-line hospital, nursing, month in, month out, under the hardest conditions, men in the agonies of every conceivable mutilation, there came to her from home the series of little grizzling notes, trusting that she was not overworking or in contact with anything unpleasant; complaining about her absence, the absence of servants, sugar, butter, sons. The complaints of the old who never did and never have understood that a generation of children in the flower of their youth were hanging on a cross that has never before been raised for man. An attitude that still persists, is still doing its final, incomparable harm to many a boy and girl now become the bitterest, most nerve-racked man and woman.

Add beauties of experience to these, gay events and sorrows that have kept their loveliness, and it will give some idea of the book's range, but little of its crystal quickness, the sincerity of its passion. A book that is a thesis on the five words—"Love and man's unconquerable mind."

"Up the Attic Stairs" (which deserves a larger share of space) is comparable with it only in this—that it is a picture of childhood in the world before Miss Brittain's world had happened to put a stop to things like that. A sensitive book about an exquisite childhood, in an environment as fitted for children as an old walled garden is for flowers.

To the next batch, another place to grow in was offered. And one doubts if for any child born since there remains such an enclosure of security, fine tradition and joy.

THOSE WERE THE DAYS.

By H. Atwood Clark. Illustrated by A. J. W. Burgess, R.I. 12s. 6d. (Philip Allan.)

Mr. Atwood Clark believes that real prosperity can only be achieved by the nation which remembers "that townsfolk cannot live at all unless they have sufficient homeland and hands to work it." He wants to see "the producers of crops and stock . . . reinstated in their rightful place of honour." So he writes of days gone by, and all the delights of country life as remembered by one who revelled in every minute of them.

In this delightfully written book, those who love hunting and killing bird, beast and fish will find exhaustive descriptions of every furred and feathered thing of moor and wood. Mr. Clark writes of fox and hare, of snipe and pheasant, of river and sea fish, of the training of sporting dogs, of the wonders of the old home-brewed beer, of the ways of the old farmers when they drove a "bit of blood" instead of a car.

He has many good stories to tell. One is of two brothers who had enjoyed their beer so much that on their journey home they were each content to take it for granted that the other was driving. It was only when the faithful mare drove them across the lawn that they realised that she had had to bring them home unaided. If "Those Were the Days" for the men who were able to spend their days hunting and fishing, they were dark days for the labourer upon whose skill all these delights depended; and the author points out that, as one of the most skilled of workers, the agricultural labourer is entitled to better treatment at the hands of his countrymen than he has previously received.

There are numerous pen-and-ink sketches to add to the delight of this volume of the country-side.

A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

A Modern Prelude.

By Hugh P'Anson Fausset. 10s. 6d.
(Jonathan Cape.)

Confessions, testaments of youth and spiritual autobiographies are plentiful just now. It is natural that a generation which suffered the shock of the War and its aftermath should be impelled, on reaching middle age—that inevitable period of stocktaking—to attempt the crystallisation of its ideas. Many of these human documents bear unconscious evidence that their writers are still in the thralldom which they profess to have escaped. Many of them reflect an inverted egotism; others a pathetic readiness to snatch at panaceas that offer cheap and easy returns. In sharp contrast to such volumes however is Mr. Fausset's new book in which, dealing with his outward life fully enough for his purpose of revealing the inner struggle, he describes how, after bitter frustrations and disillusionments, he has at last found a faith by which he can live serenely. Though exceptionally intimate, Mr. Fausset's pages are free from any taint of unresolved self-worship or self-exploitation. His humility and sincerity are unmistakably apparent in the very texture of his style.

It is a difficult experience on which he looks back. His mother died, through avoidable negligence, at his birth, and he and his brother suffered the tyranny of a father—an Evangelical clergyman of dominating character—whom grief and remorse had permanently soured. At his public school he was goaded by fear into an artificial success that further thwarted his true development. Then came the War. Already he rebelled instinctively against violence, but was too young not to feel the counter-appeal of the Rupert Brooke attitude. The question of enlisting—one for agonised self-debate—was settled for him however by serious illness, involving two operations. Life in Cambridge during the latter part of the War brought its own problems, as also in turn did the need for a career, love and a marriage entangled by unusual complications.

The warfare between his innate idealism and the self-protectiveness of the natural man had been much aggravated by circumstance, and gradually he realised that compromise must end. Only through the death of the ego could there come a necessary rebirth. He was successively attracted by the gospels, among others, of Middleton Murry, D. H. Lawrence and Bertrand Russell; but while he retains more fundamental respect for Lawrence than for any other of his false guides, he found that their ideas would not pass a practical test. Orthodox religion proved sterile, though he now recognises possibilities of revival. The wisdom of the East next lured and ensnared him, though he now sees that East and West must co-operate towards a synthesis. His indebtedness to imaginative literature is acknowledged, but the limitations of pure literature are stressed.

To say that Mr. Fausset finally found the path to peace through self-discipline inspired by a vision not opposed to, but transcending that of official Christianity, which has drifted too far from the spiritual moorings of its native East, is but a bald simplification of the conclusions of a singularly sensitive and penetrating book, which is more than the fascinating record of one soul's pilgrimage, since it really probes the neurosis that afflicts our whole modern world.

GILBERT THOMAS.

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By Wynyard Browne

Trekking On.

By Deneys Reitz. 15s. (Faber & Faber.)

Intimate Memories.

By Mabel Dodge Luhan. 10s. 6d. (Martin Secker.)

Memoirs, autobiographies and diaries, when they are not merely collections of snobbish anecdotes, may do a great service. Even if they are only half true or only half the truth, they help people to understand each other better. And unless people of different classes, nations, temperaments and occupations do learn to understand each other better there can be no social or moral improvement. No millennium will come of the reading of memoirs alone; but it is likely that no millennium will come without the reading of memoirs. Understanding between the people of different nations would be enough to check the course even of large trade wars. Misunderstanding, in the mouths of landladies and others, has come to mean a quarrel. Peace is implicit in the very word understanding.

A comparison of Mrs. Mabel Dodge Luhan's memories with those of Colonel Reitz shows some of the difficulty of understanding. Mrs. Luhan's are intimate and personal: Colonel Reitz's are as public and impersonal as the history of Thucydides. Mrs. Luhan was born of rich idle parents in the fashionable part of Buffalo, "where one knew practically everyone one met on the street." The instinctive feeling of smart Buffalo towards the East Side, which it didn't understand, was one of "contempt that had something inimical in it." The Reinhardt girls who lived on the East Side "didn't 'come out' like other girls—they just 'came over.'"

Of her nursery days Mrs. Luhan says: "The outstanding feeling that comes back to me is of *désœuvrement*, of having nothing to do. . . . To escape from that burden became the great problem in the first five years and has remained so ever since . . . to escape the *fear* of the pain of idleness . . . all for lack of an intelligent word from my mother whom I scarcely ever saw, or from Mary Ann, whom I saw all the time." A life in which the chief motive is a desire to escape idleness will be unintelligible to those whose idea of heaven is a rest.

Colonel Reitz had a very different background. His father was Secretary of State for the Transvaal Republic under President Kruger. He was the kind of man to have a town named after him. Idleness is not likely to have been one of his son's childish terrors. "Trekking On" tells the story of Colonel Reitz's adventures from the beginning of his exile in Madagascar after the Boer War to his final return to South Africa in 1919. It is nearly all fighting; first in the 1914 rebellion led by Beyers and de Wet against the Botha government in which Reitz was a Government man, and then in the Great War in which he finally commanded the first Battalion of the Royal Scots Fusiliers.

Although many interesting men—Boers, French and English—figure in his story there is no description or analysis of them nor of his relationship with them. Only their actions are recorded. Unlike Mrs. Luhan, Colonel Reitz never contracted the habit of "absorbing people's perfumes." But the racial character of the Boers appears clearly, though he never describes it, as simple, diligent and dutiful without much intelligence or humour. He himself always did, without hesitation, what seemed to him the right thing. Although what he did does not always seem to the impartial observer very sensible (for instance his immediate enlistment in the British Army in 1917) at least it was never positively wrong. "To me," he says of the South African situation, "General Botha's vision was the only one to follow, and so, haltingly at first, and then with

growing assurance I threw myself into a struggle in which I was to be involved for many years, and which indeed is not settled at this day." But most of the Boers who took part in the civil war were not so clear about the issue, as can be seen from his story of the old rebel woman who cried out to the Government men as they rode into her town, "Waar is die verdomde Engelse?" They did not all imagine that they were still fighting the English; but one Boer farmer, when asked what he meant by saying he was neutral, explained that he would join whichever side reached his farm first.

If there must be such people as professional soldiers, they would do well to model themselves on Colonel Reitz, who has spent most of his life killing Englishmen or Askari or Boers or Germans, and is very little the worse for it. In the middle of an exhausting campaign, when food was running short and thousands of horses were dying of tsetse bites, he was worried about a "murder" which he had committed on a man hidden in some undergrowth, who might have been an unarmed native or an enemy spy. And he has kept free of that offensive and primitive prejudice, not by any means peculiar to the Boers, of regarding "natives" as essentially inferior to white men.

His style is that of a man of action, and his description of the great March offensive of 1918 is one of the most restrained and objective descriptions I have seen of it. From the plethora of overwritten war books this stands out as a great chapter: but to a generation accustomed to overwriting it may seem insipid or monotonous.

"How to break in and how to break out again. How to slip in at one point and out at another. How to move easily among the many worlds that our universe contains, all interpenetrating each other. That," Mrs. Luhan announces, "is life's central problem." It is really only the problem of the artist's life. It was not a problem at all for Colonel Reitz nor is it for the majority of people. The greed for experience which Mrs. Luhan displayed even as a child was the artist's greed. In America apparently she "already enjoys an established reputation as a writer." Her approach to people and even her sympathy have been raids made upon them for "material." "People have always been grateful to me," she says, "for my ability, since I was a child, to put myself in their places, to sense without knowing causes, the multitudinous fluctuations of the human psyche. . . . I was just naturally fluctuating and flowing all the time, wherever I found myself, in and out of the people I was with. I have always been myself and at the same time someone else." It is difficult to think of Colonel Reitz "just naturally fluctuating and flowing all the time." Yet it is clear that he is more generous than Mrs. Luhan. Her identification with others is not altruistic. His fighting is.

The difference between them is not merely that of sex. Mrs. Luhan knew even at school that she was not like other girls "enjoying their ease, their simplicity, their uncomplicated existences—so different, I knew, from my own, full of ups and downs, strange caprices and odd impulses." She tells a story of her school days which is illustrative of the poet's personal relation to the society in which he lives. One of the mistresses, Miss Blair, had "loped through the room in a hurry." Mrs. Luhan whispered to the other girls: "Look at the giraffe." The image "was so well found, it so perfectly described her long stride and her long peering necky look that I felt a delicious pleasure in my own words," she says. "The girls burst into a shrill chorus of laughter." This is the whole poetic process—the experience, the finding of the image, the feeling of satisfaction, the pleasure of the audience. And the poet is always in the situation in which Mrs. Luhan found herself when she wrote: "Dear Miss Blair,—I am sorry to have to tell you I called you a giraffe to the other girls." It is doubtful, even if they read each other's books, whether Colonel Reitz and Mrs. Luhan will ever understand each other very well.

LENIN

Lenin : A Biography.
By Ralph Fox. 5s. (Gollancz.)

It was not merely because of the leading rôle which Lenin played in a successful Revolution that his body was embalmed and given a shrine in the Red Square which subsequently became the Mecca of millions of Russian workers. Few leaders have been loved by the masses in such a personal way as Lenin was loved. I recall how surprised I was in 1929, five years after Lenin's death, when I saw the eyes of a strong man fill with tears when he talked of the passing of Ilyitch. It was just as though he had lost his wife a week before. Lenin was "one of the people," body and mind. He was a simple man, with a deep understanding of the sufferings of the workers and a burning sincerity which even his political opponents never questioned. "In his whole nature there was not a trace of false egoism." His revolutionary ardour was grafted into his blood and bones, for his brother Sasha was hanged in Petersburg following an unsuccessful attempt to assassinate Alexander III. Lenin was only seventeen, and the incident left an ineradicable mark on his life and on his revolutionary strategy. All his years were devoted to building up a revolutionary organisation which would be ready to seize power when the occasion arose, not beat out its strength on immovable rocks in its infancy.

Inevitably, Lenin was exiled to Siberia, where he lived with his wife Krupskaya, writing and planning. He developed an intricate underground organisation. Subsequently he lived in Switzerland and in London, working at the British Museum as Marx had done before him. The exciting episodes of the "sealed wagon," when he passed through war-time Germany on his way to Petrograd, and of his escape to Helsingfors disguised as a fireman on the foot-plate of a train were no more than "high spots" in a life-time of being hunted.

Like all good biographies, Mr. Fox's work is as interesting for its "sidelights" as for its painstaking thoroughness. Was Lenin an inhuman man of iron? When he was undergoing solitary confinement for the first time "Krupskaya relates how he discovered that from a window in the corridor on the way to exercise a tiny scrap of the pavement outside was visible. Would she not stand there at a given time each day?" Sometimes he was incredibly naïve. When the news of the February Revolution came through to Geneva and it was thought desirable to obtain Swedish passports, he "wrote to Ganetsky in Stockholm enclosing photographs of himself and Zinoviev with the request that he should find two Swedes like them only they must be deaf and dumb," since neither he nor Zinoviev knew the Swedish language. In a revealing passage Mr. Fox writes :

"He spoke a great deal, not with the passionate fury and fine Revolutionary phrases of the lawyer Kerensky, but patiently, explaining, arguing. And he listened as much as he spoke, listened to coalminers, to soldiers, to obscure Bolshevik agitators fresh from contact with the factories or the ships of the Baltic Fleet. Kerensky and Miliukov listened only to Sir George Buchanan and M. Maurice Paléologue."

When Lenin was at Smolny, a wild-eyed youth sought an interview and was sympathetically received. He wanted food, money, and a scholarship. As he left, a pistol he was holding at full cock under his greatcoat went off. He had intended to kill Lenin, but had been upset by the simple friendliness of the man. "They let him go" !—these bloodthirsty terrorists. I wonder how often a revolutionary guard has "let go" the potential assassin of its idol at the height of a revolutionary struggle.

To say that no Life of Lenin could possibly be dull is not to agree that all biographers would have made such a success of their task as Mr. Fox has done. His book is certainly not flashy; indeed not even brilliant. But it is absorbing and convincing. His book is so full of understanding that it makes it possible for the reader to know Lenin intimately. Can there be any greater praise of a biography?

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THE NEW WELLS IN A NEW WORLD

By Stephen Spender

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(Hutchinson.)

MR. WELLS has creative energy of a large and admirable kind. His great projects—"The Outline of History," "The Science of Life," "The Wealth, Work and Happiness of Mankind" and his new book, "The Shape of Things To Come"—are well within his stride; he is never swamped by his material;



H. G. Wells.

his idea is always glowing and vivid. By now the general reader must be familiar with this quality of fulfilment in his work, and also with his limitations. His limitations are what he chooses to call his Anglo-Saxon outlook, although all Anglo-Saxons might not acknowledge them; they are a certain self-complacency, a tendency to show off, a patronising attitude towards the arts, an imaginative gift which betrays one by being narrow (a quality one had not attributed to the imagination), and an unreasoning philistinism disguised under a cloak of reasoning and what Mr. Wells calls "scientific candour." These faults are disappointing even to his warmest admirers. Unfortunately, in the present volume, two new faults have appeared: they are a wordy ugliness of form, and sham psychology: sham psychology I call the device of introducing lifeless characters into one's book at any point where one's argument seems to be flagging, because one's reputation as a novelist justifies one in doing so.

I would not mention these defects were not Mr. Wells notoriously a writer of size large enough to tolerate general criticism, and his liveliness and even grandeur tower above his faults. The first part of this book (if we dismiss the preposterous and conscientiously carried-out fiction of Dr. Raven, whose memoirs these pretend to be) is often excellent. Mr. Wells's standpoint is

justifiably the prophetic one, because he has fully realised an essential of our age that is directed towards the future; an essential so obvious that few people have observed it, although it has become far more apparent in the last few months. We are living in an age of murder (often mass murder), extreme tyranny, injustice and third degree methods, feverish amusement, self-contemplation, espionage and general insecurity, rather like that described by Webster in "The White Devil" and "The Duchess of Malfi."

In addition to these surface symptoms, which may often be dismissed as accidental, the economic machine which is mainly responsible for feeding and housing us, is rapidly falling to pieces, and no one seems to understand it, even were it not beyond repair. The few obvious things that might be done are not done, because they might cause minor inconveniences which would affect powerful and interested people. The full vision of this disaster, with the prospect of immediate catastrophe which lies before us, has been revealed to Mr. Wells, and for that reason alone this book should be widely read.

Mr. Wells foresees that before things improve they have got to get very much worse. His central chapters outline the period of deterioration. There are wars, plagues, wholesale destruction and suffering; this is a gulf which man must bridge before he reaches the new world.

The seeds of the future are always implicit in the present. The seeds of to-morrow are the movements towards world unity, such as the League of Nations and the recent World Economic Conference. Mr. Wells finds traces of movements towards a new world order even in the fascist and communist dictatorships. But these seeds must lie long underground before they grow. Meanwhile, when they are still submerged, there follows the period of wars, plagues and general disaster. At the end of this period a Transport Union establishes a system which is the beginning of a world dictatorship. There are many conferences, and there is a period of tyrannical puritanism before the new World State is finally established.

This new World State is a mechanised world. In passing we may protest that, supposing the technique of a great deal of machinery had been lost (Mr. Wells mentions photography as being lost, for instance), it is quite probable that it would never be rediscovered. No one has ever been able to rediscover the tradition of the Elizabethan Theatre for instance, and for this reason Shakespearean performances are never satisfactory. Would not the tradition of making machinery be lost in the same way?

So the new World State will be a renaissance of machinery and scientific invention. The impulse of the Italian Renaissance was the revival of classical learning; another great impulse was the discovery of the New World; another, the translation of the Bible. The impulse of the nineteenth century was invention,

industrialism and science. Mr. Wells seems to think that, given a better political and economic system, we can repeat this impulse. We can imagine an earlier Wells having anticipated a Renaissance which was inspired by the discovery of the whole universe. A different and profounder mind might have found the inspiration in modern psychological research (see Thomas Mann's essay on "Freud's Position in Modern Thought," in the *Criterion*, July, 1933). But no; all we are given here is an hygienic, cleaned-up, emasculated, utilitarian world, of the sort which was the dream of mid-Victorian liberalism. This in spite of the fact that the inhabitants of this world will know that the inventions they employ have wiped out their immediate forbears.

Mr. Wells is surely right about the World State. His failure is to find any fundamental and moral reason why people should want to live in it. He has been content simply to fit the world, like a flat, with every convenience.

The most attractive of these "features" is that there will be no laundries; materials will be made so rapidly that every week everyone will have new clothes. Similarly, houses will be put up and taken down again in a month. Here we have a faint and attractive vision of a new world in which the human will put forth blossoms, and as soon as the blossoms fade they are removed so that new ones may appear.

Apart from this, Mr. Wells's world offers a prospect which is about as "desirable" as a plot of land in a garden city. The desires are anyhow going to be very faint, Mr. Wells assures us. Everyone—black, yellow, red and white, will be educated to like the same things, and not to complain. Should they complain, they will be bombed with gas bombs. But the gas, like everything else in this world, will not hurt. After thirty hours of unconsciousness they will recover to find that the gas has done them no end of good, in spite of themselves. Mr. Wells, with great zest, describes this happening to the Pope.

There will be no gluttony and there will be no sex, because everyone will be "properly interested." People will be full of "science and candour." Mr. Wells seems to have forgotten that an exclusively scientific education usually produces people of a narrow, priggish and, in particular, an extremely inexperienced outlook. Instead of a tiger, sex is going to be "a harmless, quiet, unobtrusive and not unpleasing pussy-cat, which declined to be in any way notable." So there we are: we feel rather like mice at present, but with any luck, in one hundred and fifty years, science will turn us all into cats.

This is a disappointing book, because the writer is obsessed with the idea of uniformity. Instead of demanding the best of everyone, of exploring the richest and most fertile pattern in which the different peoples would contribute to each other's cultivation, without destroying each other, as they do now, Mr. Wells seeks to discover a lowest common multiple in human nature, and then to present it to one as favourably as possible. This is the defeatist doctrine of liberal educationalists; the mistake these well-meaning people made was, before they taught, never to learn from the people they were teaching.

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A STUDY OF THE WEBBS

By Hamilton Fyfe

Sidney and Beatrice Webb.

By Mary Agnes Hamilton. 10s. 6d. (Sampson Low.)

"The Webbs" have been for many a year among the social portents of our time. They have been pioneers in the advance of those forces which seemed not long ago to be shaping the future, and which again may be seen shaping it when the fogs of Fascism and the storms of anti-democratic violence have blown over. They have never been prominent in the political landscape, as the mass of people see it. In the background, as every intelligent observer is aware, they have influenced events and policies more than any other two individuals of this Age of Frustration (as Mr. Wells calls it in his new book).

Many who read this book will say it is a pity they did not influence events more. Although it is not a good book, it does show how their detached, always reasonable, usually persuasive opinions have pierced to the heart of social problems. What Mrs. Hamilton does not make sufficiently plain is that these two middle-class agitators (she from the upper, he from the lower middle-class) have interpreted the mind of the "working class" more accurately, and even more sympathetically than the leaders who came from that section of society themselves. From the snobbery of MacDonald, the sentimentalism of Lansbury, the stiff, humourless respectability of Henderson, qualities that are heartily disliked by the workers, the Webbs are entirely free.

Nothing could be more characteristic of both than the refusal of Mrs. Webb to be called Lady Passfield, when her husband for convenience took a title; and the angry annoyance of MacDonald—he was "very wrath," the book says—at her calm determination. Webb was against the wearing of court dress by Labour Ministers. Mrs. Webb did everything she could to counteract the bad effect of MacDonald's preference for society that he found "less disagreeable" than that of his colleagues in the Cabinet and the House of Commons. And, though it would probably surprise Mrs. Hamilton, Webb gets on far better with live-minded "working men" than any of the leaders I have named. MacDonald is too aloof for them, Henderson too rigid, Lansbury too hearty. They like Webb's way of talking as if they knew as much about everything as he does himself. He could not be condescending if he tried.

I have said this might surprise Mrs. Hamilton. Although she notes his popularity—far greater than that of his successor, MacDonald—in Seaham, I do not think she understands Webb. She lends support to the legend of his repellent intellectuality, of his lack of human impulses and sympathy. She thinks, for example, that they both missed some "vital element" in Soviet Russia because they approved the planning, but did not see enough of the men and women "through whom any plan has to be worked." That is doing the Webbs far less than justice. So is her assertion that Webb has never been "good at people." From her own pages this can be refuted. On the surface he is nothing like so attractive or compelling as MacDonald, say, or Lloyd George. But almost all who have ever worked with those politicians speak of them with bitterness, whereas the people who speak most warmly about Webb are those who have had most to do with him.

How can a man be called "inhuman" who found his work on the London County Council "joyous," who broke out into passionate protest against a suggestion that prolonged schooling was not necessary for a class that would have to do the menial work of the community.

"I may be a dreamer of dreams, but I thought the doctrine that education was only for a part of the nation was buried a hundred years ago. I want no 'class' of hewers of wood and drawers of water, no class destined to remain there and prevented from rising because we do not provide for it. I cannot believe that we are only to provide the means of instruction for a certain limited number of people, while the rest are to toil for our convenience. *Our convenience! Our comfort!* Are these to stand in the way of enabling our

fellow-citizens to attain anything better than being mere hewers of wood and drawers of water?"

Of Webb's humour many stories can be told. Shaw tells one (the book quotes it) of his taking a large parcel of official papers into a French post office with a halfpenny stamp on it. The clerk said this was not enough. "Oh, yes," Webb said. "Look up your post office regulations, on such a page in such a paragraph you will see I am right." He was. Another incident of a foreign trip which they made together Shaw relates charmingly. Into a Dutch tram where they sat a prisoner chained to his jailer was brought. He looked miserable, ashamed, furtive. Suddenly he lifted his head, his dejected look vanished. The explanation was that Webb had put into his hand a lump of marzipan that he happened to have in his pocket—just to cheer him up.

Mrs. Hamilton is not an adept at biography. Too often she obtrudes her own opinions, she introduces such irrelevant touches as the remark that the ceiling of the Webbs' living-room is "on the low side" or that Mrs. Webb's luncheon menus were monotonous. She does not do her subjects justice on the human side. But about the value of their work in writing and in action she is more enthusiastic. Her book will do useful service if it turns attention to some of theirs.

THE PILL-BOXES OF FLANDERS.

By Colonel E. G. L. Thurlow, D.S.O. (Published for the British Legion by Nicholson & Watson.) [Price not stated.]

"Mebu" was the German name, and there is need here to define our terms. According to Colonel Thurlow this was the "for short" of "Mannschafts-Eisenbeton Unterstände." According to other authorities the initial word was "Maschinengewehr," i.e. "Machine Gun." Actually the distinction is not of vital importance. The term connotes the substitution of concrete and reinforced concrete for the protection formerly given by earth.

When trench war began in the autumn of 1914, generally speaking trenches were closely manned, and there was little depth in the defensive system. By the time of the Somme in 1916, the very obvious disadvantage of crowded formations in linear trenches was got over by the construction of immensely deep dug-outs which, on the German side, were often vast subterranean chambers. Here again was disadvantage, for the depth of the chambers prevented rapid egress should the trench be rushed, and the occupants were often destroyed by bombs thrown down the exits. Concrete now came into its own, and the ideal dug-out came to be a concrete structure lined with corrugated iron and buried to no great depth.

Dug-outs were however for shelter. These were followed by solidly constructed blockhouses and machine-gun emplacements for offering resistance by fire, capable of affording mutual support, and utilised in a defensive system characterised by depth. Some of these emplacements, from their appearance, were dubbed "pill-boxes" by our troops, who always had the knack of coining the *mot juste*.

This book is really a complete and comprehensive guide to the one hundred and eighty of the old pill-boxes which, by the efforts of Toc H and the British Legion, have been preserved in the Ypres Salient with the concurrence of the Belgian Government. It is clearly written and the descriptions of the actions round the pill-boxes are excellent. The map deserves a special word of commendation.

F. E. W.

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TWO GREAT MEN

Harun al-Raschid.

By H. St. J. B. Philby, C.I.E. 5s. (Peter Davies.)

William the Conqueror.

By Hilaire Belloc. 5s. (Peter Davies.)

Here is a strange pair, the man of the East and the man of the West—two splendid soldiers, two subtle politicians, two men who were to die, after great deeds, convinced almost of failure. Yet they were not failures. William—undoubtedly the greater of the two—built the real foundations of England, and above all our kings he should be honoured by us. There is something inspiring in the way he fought on, driven by a great ambition, never flinching from the upward path. Beside him, Harun with his monstrous regiment of women seems weak, curiously flabby; yet he “left a vast treasure, a great name and a brilliant tradition which would be a living force for yet a generation.” Perhaps the presence of these women explains much of Harun’s weakness, for—so far as can be judged by Mr. Philby’s book—they were continually fingering state affairs. William’s story is purely masculine, no woman really appears in it or, if she appears, she never turns to matters of state. (We must of course ignore the silly story of Matilda’s amorous manœuvres being rejected by Brihtric, and of her revenge. The story is an obvious fable, although Mr. Belloc quotes it without a blush.) In Harun’s life, women are inextricably muddled; whatever violence is committed in Bagdad, one is uneasily aware that a woman must be behind it, and one is usually right. Harun’s father was accidentally poisoned by one of his harem, Harun’s brother was smothered by a playful bevy of them, and he himself seems to have been ruled greatly by his mother. His best friend he killed because, for some peculiar reason, he married him to his sister on condition that she remained inviolate—a most brutal condition, as the marriage was only arranged so that she could be present at debauches. The inevitable happened, and the husband was chopped into three pieces.

Thus in the East, where women were locked away like old brandy, they had to play with something dangerous. Love was forbidden them, so they spent their energies in politics. In the East, women ruled; in the West, where women had freedom, men ruled. It is a queer paradox.

The story of William has always fascinated me. It was therefore with eagerness that I opened Mr. Belloc’s book, and it was with real disappointment that I read it. Surely Mr. Belloc has forgotten to what public this series is intended? He writes as if for small children, to whom he must explain every little thing. This is particularly surprising in a man who has shown such great narrative powers in other works. I will not make a list, as I at first intended, of the numerous points that Mr. Belloc colours with a Roman Catholic bias; we expect that from him, and we usually accept it because of the excellent style. Here,

where the style is by no means equal to his best, these little points become irritating.

It is indeed a disappointing book. Only when the battle approaches does the style quicken, and the tired, slow sentences begin to take on life, to be warmed by the memory of that great fight at Hastings when two superb soldiers faced each other. I love that story, whether it be true or not, of the minstrel Taillefer juggling with his sword, flinging it into the air and catching it by the hilt as it falls, while he rides ahead of the Norman host, singing of Roland and of those who fought and died at Runcesvalle.

I am surprised that Mr. Belloc did not put more magic into the tale, the magic that his pen has proved it holds. Beside the care and weight of Mr. Philby’s excellent volume, Mr. Belloc’s book seems indeed an airy nothing, tenuous, lifeless. William deserved stronger handling than this; he deserved the vitality that Mr. Belloc infused into his Cranmer and his Wolsey.

THE SCHOOL HOUSE.

By Mary Morison Webster.

7s. 6d.

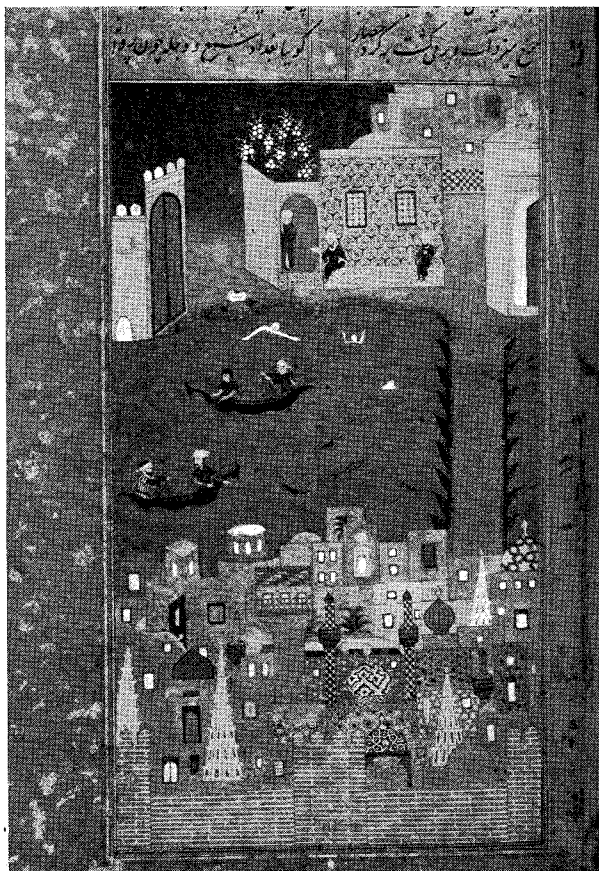
(Constable.)

In reading this novel, the mind continually forgets that such a theme has never been written before. The most immediate rewriting of it occurred in Cronin’s “Hatter’s Castle”; but there was deftly hidden—or almost hidden—beneath a miasma of local colour or atmosphere. In “The School House,” a novel of no great length, the exhausted story stands—or falls—quite uncovered by the shroud of “atmospherically pregnant” words.

LOUIS XIV.

By David Gogg. 2s. 6d. (Thornton Butterworth.)

Mr. Gogg’s little handbook—“little,” one should add, in dimensions only—can be cited as a work of commendable usefulness, as can be said of most of its companion volumes in the Home University Library. In particular his exposition of the Life, Character and Psychology of Colbert surpasses the common treatment of him by historians. The figure of Louis himself receives at the author’s hand a delineation at once adequate for the student and interesting for the non-student. His book is a diligent and clear compilation of historical facts so correctly seen in their perspective, that as a work the book partakes of the nature of a much more detailed and comprehensive study.



The City of Bagdad in Flood.

(From a fifteenth century Persian MS., by permission of the Trustees of the British Museum.)

From “Harun Al-Raschid,” by H. St. John Philby (Peter Davies).

VOLCANIC ERUPTIONS

Fare You Well, My Shining City.

By Thomas Washington-Metcalf. 7s. 6d. (Faber & Faber.)

The reviewer thought :

"Here is yet another of those tales of Spanish America of which inordinate wealth, sordid poverty, rebellion and catastrophe are the themes. Can I endure again that sultry air? It is true that the author's name commends his book. For did he not relate the adventurous history of Aloysius O'Callaghan in the approved manner and style of such stories? Also a tale of the Republican capital, Santa Anna? And this, I see, is a continuation of those chronicles. O'Callaghan was so vital a spirit that even his death has not defeated his creator. Through his strong desire that his young wife, Josephine, and his henchman, Strongbow, should marry after his own death, he has bequeathed another situation to his author, who straight-way has used it to complete a trilogy. But at this time of summer heat and drought I have need of a winter's tale. As if he knew my mood and wished utterly to frustrate me, the author plunges me into this kind of scene: 'This was darkness more than nocturnal. It was of an opacity that was so solid as to appear to have veritable weight, to enclose the yacht within monstrous walls, sheer ramparts reared against Infinity. And this atmosphere, filled with a boding gloom, as one felt, was the more abhorrent because of its contrast with the generality of nights in these latitudes, when the dark is like a goblet filled with sparkling wine.' He brings before me a tantalising picture of the generality of nights only to pile on the agony of this present darkness; and if there is anything more oppressive than a night in earthquake weather, it is a description which for effect relies upon veritables, sheers and likes. In the author's mind, nothing is sufficiently itself to be unlike anything else. A woman's hand is like a gull's wing, mountains are like white sugar-loaves, the moon is like a shimmering gong of mellow brass, a motor-engine is like a monster buzzing-bee. The darkness of this earthquake night is so indescribable that in his first two pages the author calls to his aid a cloak ('dropped suddenly from the heavens'), a power-station and a galvanic bath."

The reviewer continued reading: first of the marriage of Josephine to Strongbow, then of Caliente's plotting, the developing revolution and an unsparing account of the rites of the *Crucificadores*; then of the earthquake, of Strongbow's surrender and Josephine's death.

And he thought:

"I have lived through these events and with these people. Yes, in spite of the author's overloaded style, in spite of his clichés of situation and phrase. For their very persistence has revealed to me an almost pathetic desire to make real a particular corner of the living world. It is a corner of which I myself have had no experience. I welcome therefore this returned traveller; and although I suspect that he has not been wholly uninfluenced by the inexorable demands of the film studio, that he has lengthened the arm of coincidence excessively, I have followed his characters with interest, and one of them has excited my imagination. 'Josephine, clad from head to foot in sheer white—for even her hat of Panama straw showed so against the grimy wall—descended and entered one of the dark doorways. She moved regally; some of the women put out timid hands to touch her; one little dark, curly-headed boy ran in front of her, looking up in wonder with fearless eyes. To him, poor, half-starved, ragged child, it no doubt seemed as though one of those bright angels of whom the nuns told in Sunday school had really come to see him.' 'She moved regally.' I see in that a gesture of desperation; and another in the contrasting of her sheer whiteness (it was, of course, sheer) with the filthy environment. It is as if the author, fearing lest in any other make-up his heroine would shine less white, has decided that there is no way but to give her a film-star's mask. But I refuse to follow him here. In reading his story, a Josephine of my own has come to life."

BASIL MAINE.

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By Arthur Waugh

A Last Elizabethan Journal: 1599-1603.

By G. B. Harrison. 21s. net. (Constable.)

With the publication of this "Last Elizabethan Journal" Dr. Harrison completes a work of erudition and entertainment which has occupied him for seven years; and, if the author's sentiment may fairly be deduced from the reader's, he must have parted from his task with much more regret than relief. For if ever a book bore evidence of being a labour of love, the present undertaking is an eloquent case in point. For the benefit of such readers as may have missed the first two volumes of the Journal, a few words regarding the scheme may not be out of place. In brief, Dr. Harrison's aim has been to create an Elizabethan Pepys from the extant material which might provide "a journal of those things which most occupied the minds of Englishmen during the years 1591-1603." To that end he

has dredged in a variety of sources such as Chamberlain's Letters, the Salisbury Papers, Stow's Annals, the State Papers, the Harleian Miscellany, the Gawdy Letters, the Egerton MSS., and so forth; and has so arranged the information gathered as to present a diary, with almost daily entries, covering the whole of the Elizabethan period. The third and final instalment is occupied with the last five years of the reign, beginning with the departure of Essex for Ireland, and closing with the Queen's death. It abounds in vivid and exciting incidents, in quaint and intimate gossip, and in rich, illustrative anecdote. There is no other record in existence which brings the daily life of the Elizabethans, and the popular attitude to the stirring events of the period, so clearly home to the modern understanding.

To estimate the variety and scope of Dr. Harrison's record, it is only necessary to imagine what sort of an Elizabethan would have been needed, had he ever actually existed, to leave behind him so full and informative a panorama of his age. He must have been behind the scenes at Court; must have kept in touch with every rumour and scandal; have concerned himself with the politics, religion, literature, travel, agriculture, and commerce of the day; and have added to his information the gift of a fresh, vigorous literary style, touched alike by humour and pathos, by wit, wisdom and quick human sympathy. So natural and personal is the narrative that the reader may well find it hard to remember that these presiding qualities are all Dr. Harrison's own, and not the contribution of an actual Elizabethan diarist. The skill and attractiveness of the *pastiche* are astonishing; the Journal is a polished work of art; and the simple directness with which its artistry is concealed constitutes perhaps the most delightful of its many charms.

It is impossible within the limits of a brief review to give any adequate idea of the record's variety, for the daily entries are gleaned from every field of national life. On the one hand there are the activities of the great figures of the age, their triumphs and vicissitudes; and on the other the common fortunes of the common people, their discontents, superstitions and fatalities. Not Essex himself, whose career and character stand out in lurid colour, is more real than the luckless witch who pays the death penalty for her reputation, or the peasants who suffer the same fate for consorting with gipsies. The first im-

pressions of Shakespeare's plays are brought home to the imagination with such naïve judgments as that "Hamlet hath in it much to please the wiser sort"; while the introduction of tobacco is greeted with a medical diagnosis that "it withereth and drieth up the natural



The Bankside during a Frost Fair, showing the Globe and Rose Theatres.

From "Shakespeare at Work," by G. B. Harrison (Routledge).

moisture of our bodies, thereby causing sterility, in which respect it seemeth an enemy to the continuance and propagation of the human race." From town and countryside, from Scotland, Ireland and France the flying rumour speeds across the page; and always in the background glitters and glooms the majestic form of Gloriana herself, now harsh, now tender, sweet and bitter in a breath, but in all her moods a great Queen, in a court of great men—the dauntless embodiment of an age that set the seal upon the charter of England's power and independence.

THE BEST OF HIS FAMILY. By Carola Oman. 8s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

SHAKESPEARE AT WORK: 1592-1603. By G. B. Harrison. 10s. 6d. (Routledge.)

Shakespeare continues to be novelised—an operation complicated nowadays by the doubts cast on the poet's identity. But the Baconian or Oxfordian Shakespeare has not yet figured in fiction (the old guard may retort that he will never figure anywhere else), and Miss Oman remains orthodox. Her equipment includes sound knowledge of the accepted tradition, and a pleasant narrative style. She knows actors too; her portraits of Shakespeare's colleagues, from Burbage downwards, are both humorous and convincing. And she has also a keen eye for dramatic moments—the death of Hamnet or, in a different vein, the *coup* of Xmas '98, when the old Theatre was removed piecemeal from its ground-landlord's clutches.

To bracket Dr. Harrison with Miss Oman is less odd than may appear at first sight. "Shakespeare at Work," although essentially critical, is cast in romantic-narrative form. Its opening pages promise an historical novel; and though in course of its development it subordinates story to criticism, there is something in Dr. Harrison's make-up

—a sort of fictional bent, to which his previous “Elizabethan Journals” gave full rein—which lends his scholarship a pleasantly picaresque flavour. He has Miss Oman’s knack of incorporating quotations—and not even so happily; for whereas hers supply the direct speech of her characters, his are worked into narrative, and result sometimes in a bastard prose neither ancient nor modern. This minor blemish disappears however as soon as criticism begins to predominate—or is it merely that we pass under Dr. Harrison’s spell? For his is certainly a fascinating book, and on original lines.

Briefly, his scheme is to entwine the story of London playhouses with the political history of their day; so alternating them that they impinge upon each other with dramatic cause and effect. This has been done before in disjointed instances; but never, I think, with the sustained and vivid narrative effect which Dr. Harrison delights in. Let me cite half a dozen of the many parallels and sources he has established. The feud of Montagues and Capulets derives from that of the Longs and Danvers; Shylock from Dr. Lopez; Malvolio from certain exploits of the Puritans Darrell and Hobby. Ned Alleyn is glanced at constantly—in Bottom, in Pistol or in Falstaff’s burlesques. “King John” betrays the fear of a Spanish invasion; “Midsummer Night’s Dream” celebrates the marriage of Derby and Elizabeth Vere. And across all the story—fascinating, sinister—falls the shadow of Essex, whose tragedy, as Dr. Harrison holds, “roused more excitement and emotion than any event since the defeat of the Great Armada.” He is young Hotspur, menacing the peace of the realm; he is Benedick, fresh from a foreign war (the Cadiz Expedition), which had involved more glory than loss of life; he is Laertes, forcing a rude way into the sovereign’s presence. And indeed Essex’s fortunes and those of the Chamberlain’s Company were interlaced in real life (Miss Oman makes this point too). Southampton, Shakespeare’s friend and patron, was Essex’s fellow-conspirator; the final tragedy was heralded by a revival of “Richard II”—“commanded” by Essex’s followers on February 6th, 1601; and the Globe Company was playing at Court on the night of the 24th, when Essex was warned to prepare for death in the morning.

I can recall no critic who attempts this union of good scholarship and good story-telling—much less, who so triumphantly has achieved it. GRAHAM SUTTON.

PHILIP OF SPAIN

Master of the Armada.
By Jean H. Mariéjol. 18s. (Hamilton.)

Democratic forms of government being out of fashion, the administrative methods of the absolute ruler have a peculiar contemporary interest. Philip II of Spain—the Master of the Armada—undertook to supervise the whole of the Spanish Empire of his day, and whilst in some directions he achieved success, it must be allowed that in the main his policy exhausted the resources of the country. As a dictator he was too scrupulous over detail, and too out of touch with the current of feeling of his own time. In a period when European thought was in a fluid state, he sought to make permanent a situation which could not hope in the long run to survive.

Philip lacked the capacity to devise a practical political policy for Spain. He had a fanatical hatred of Protestants and a fear of foreign influences, whether from Catholic or from other countries. He forbade Spanish scholars to go abroad, and sought to unify in Spain the whole nation in one faith. Had he restricted his sphere of religious intolerance to his own country, he might have left Spain less feeble at the end of his reign, but his attempts to coerce the Low Countries and other peoples drained Spain of her strength. His inordinate pride and faith in the essential righteousness of his cause made Philip undertake many schemes which a more practically-minded man of action would have realised could never be carried out.

Philip governed as a recluse—almost a religious recluse.

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From 1559 to the end of his reign in 1598 he never left Spain; and although in 1556, angry with the Low Countries, he threatened to pay them a punitive personal visit and was apparently on the point of leaving, his visit never materialised. Instead he sent the Duke of Alba with a strong force and orders ruthlessly to stamp out political and religious insurrection. These orders the Duke faithfully performed, for he maintained that it was essential to drown in blood a revolt which "involved the defence of religion, of Divine worship, of churches, of sacraments, of images and of ministers of God." So ruthlessly did the Duke proceed with his task that his tribunal was known as the Tribunal of Blood. But Philip was not there himself, and it is typical of his manner of government that he could allow such ferocious treatment to be meted out in his absence. It was his custom to issue orders which others executed. Small wonder if expenses were enormous and his plans often failed. Throughout his reign he remained near Madrid, so much so that his queer son, the Infante Don Carlos, made up a spiteful volume entitled "The Great Journeys of King Philip II," each journey being from one to the other of the royal residences around Madrid. Philip's seclusion may in fact be compared to the seclusion of Stalin in our own day, who it is said remains always in the Kremlin, seen only by his most intimate advisers.

A predominating characteristic of Philip was his tendency to distrust those around him. When he appointed a man to a position of importance, frequently he chose him on account of his birth rather than his capacity for the task to be done. He read dispatches and documents with scrupulous care, but he was unwilling to act on the advice of others. Consequently the great amount of time which he spent in consulting committees and advisers was mainly

wasted, as in the end he invariably acted as he thought fit or as his religious conscience demanded. Owing to his inability to reconcile his grandiose politico-religious schemes with the actual facts of the situation before him, Philip became curiously ruthless in action, as though the only hope of securing his aims was to annihilate all opposition, compromise being impossible. He had none of the genius of a Mussolini, capable of uniting a country and giving the nation a sense of direction and purpose, whilst at the same time attending to trivial matters. Perhaps Philip's intolerance may be compared to that of Hitler. The present intense nationalism of the Germans is paralleled in the intense and boastful nationalism of the Spaniards, whilst both nations have made fierce and cruel attempts to exterminate the Jews.

Professor Mariéjol clearly shows the limitations in Philip's character. The book is however more than a biography, being a full account of the reign both in Spain and abroad. The very fact that the king was not present during the campaign in the Low Countries, and that when asked for a decision was so slow to make up his mind that action was taken before he sent advice, keeps the king in the background. For many pages at a time there is frequently little reference to the king, and the book is consequently both more and less than biography. As a work of semi-popular history, however, the "Master of the Armada" is most ably written and excellently translated by Mr. Warre B. Wells. Accurate in detail, well documented, lively in style, the work is typical of a genre of historical writing of which Latin writers alone seem to have the secret.

GEOFFREY ROSSETTI.

SALT WATER

Rolling Round the Horn.

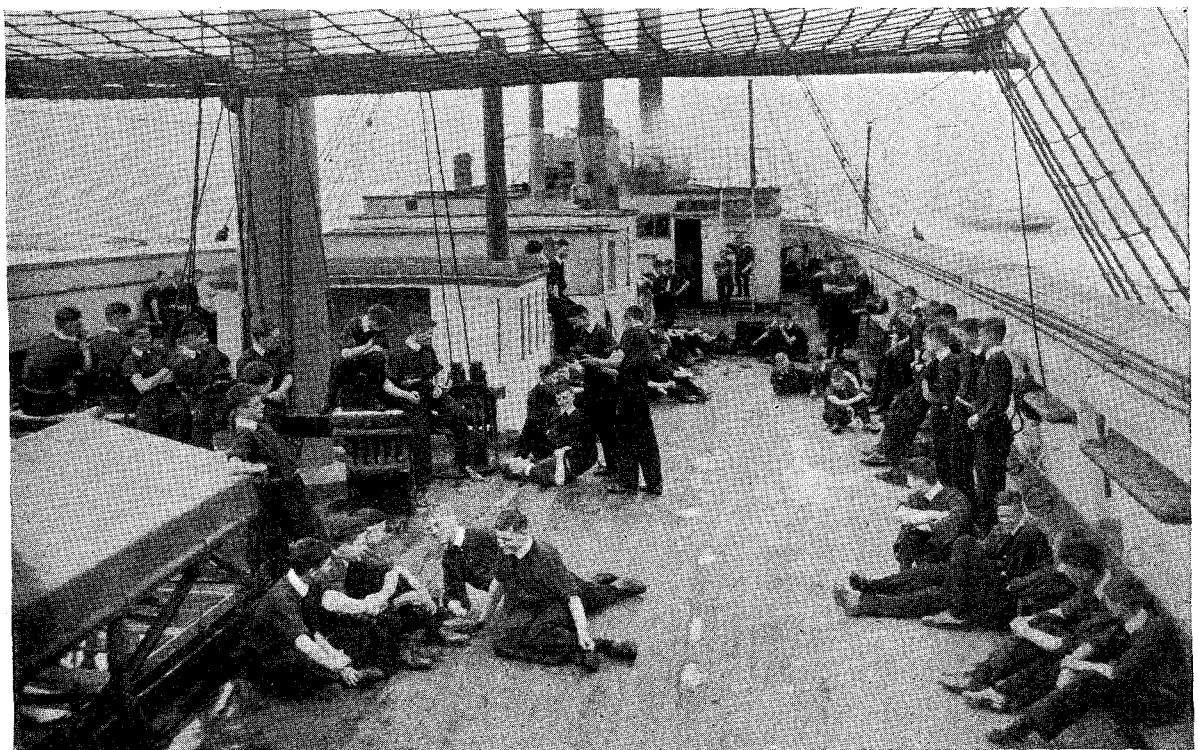
By Claude Muncaster. 15s. (Rich & Cowan.)

The "Conway."

By John Masefield. 10s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

"In all change there is an element of loss" might well form the epitaph of the large sailing vessel. Is there anyone—sailor or landsmen—who does not feel regret at the gradual passing of what is perhaps the most beautiful of any machine made by man? It is scarcely a coincidence

that two books dealing with life on board Cape Horners should have been published within a short period. In the same year that Mr. A. G. Villiers became part-owner of the *Parma*, Mr. Claude Muncaster shipped as deckhand in the four-masted barque *Olivebank*. Their motives were much the same, although Mr. Muncaster's object was primarily that of an artist. His duties in an undermanned craft gave him few opportunities for artistic work and he actually opened his paint-box once in the first two months,



Spells from Physical Jerks.

From "The Conway," by John Masefield (Heinemann).

but his description of the voyage from Melbourne to Cardiff is even better than the "Voyage of the *Parma*," which is high recommendation indeed.

Mr. Muncaster has the advantage of approaching his subject with all the new-comer's freshness of impression and perception; while he already possessed enough knowledge of sea usage and terms to clarify his story from the moment he entered the fo'c'sle. In his pages appear all the usual phenomena common to narratives of long voyages—the quick emergence of character, the magnifying of small annoyances, the rasping of personalities in a confined space, the separate entity of the ship and the sense of detachment from the world—but each is rendered with a gradation and due proportion such as one seldom happens upon. In fact, "Rolling Round the Horn" might be used as a primer for the proper understanding of deep-sea narratives of any epoch.

It is true that the author is over-conscious at times of his audience, while his mention of 60 ft. seas is as doubtful as his estimate of the number of surviving Cape Horners. But the small blemishes are amply compensated for by his truly magnificent photographs. Some of these, taken from aloft in heavy weather, must have needed a good deal of courage and judgment.

The *Olivebank* was built as late as 1892, yet occasionally in scraping paint-work her rusted bulkheads would be chipped right through. The iron vessel has little of the permanence of the old wooden ships. Less than a decade ago the Hamoaze at Devonport was made picturesque by the old wooden hulks, dating from last century, which formed part of the various naval establishments. They have all gone now. The Admiralty have decided that the hygienic advantages of buildings on shore outweigh the sentimental attractions of floating training schools for youth. With the notable exception of the old *Implacable*—and of course the *Victory* in her dry dock—few of the "wooden walls" have been saved from the shipbreakers. The *Conway*, at Liverpool, is a surviving example of the theory that the best school for young seamen is an old ship afloat, with her traditions and atmosphere of sea service.

The present *Conway*—the third ship of the series since the Mercantile Marine Service Association of Liverpool started their scheme of sea training—was originally launched as H.M.S. *Nile* nearly a century ago.

In the story of the ship, and from among the exploits of the noted men she has bred, there should be ample material for a book with the wide appeal that the publishers claim for Mr. Masfield's "The *Conway*." Mr. Masfield confines himself to the story of the training-ship and, for the outsider, he makes a wearisome business of it. Himself an old *Conway* boy, he has undoubtedly worked hard and with enthusiasm. From the minutes of the M.M.S.A. and by collating numerous personal accounts and recollections of life on board, he has compiled a chronological history that present, past and future *Conways* should find a mine of interest. To the ordinary reader, the result, with its mass of petty detail, has the flavour of a bound volume of a school magazine. The most interesting part is the account which Mr. Masfield, by an extraordinary feat of memory, gives of his own experiences; and the comparison he draws between conditions on board in 1902 and 1932.

As for the *Conway* training to-day, Mr. Masfield writes:

"The object, to my mind, is to make *Conway* boys decent-mannered and decent-minded youngsters who can and will work like slaves in the heavy-weather cutter, go straight for the line at Rugger, and take an almighty hammering in the ring and come up for more. That is what we aim at—that and a sound academic and technical education. I believe we have accomplished it."

It is a pity Mr. Masfield has not used more of himself in this strain, and less of the scissors and paste. Somehow the divine spark is missing from between these covers. One expects better from the Poet Laureate.



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Fiction

MISS BEITH AND MISS MORRISON

By Joanna Cannan

Wonder Hero.

By J. B. Priestley. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

Dryad.

By Ethel Mannin. 7s. 6d. (Jarrolds.)

The Gowk Storm.

By N. Brysson Morrison. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)

No Second Spring.

By Janet Beith. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The Mad Monk.

By R. M. T. Scott. 7s. 6d. (Rich & Cowan.)



Miss N. Brysson Morrison

Portrait by Molloy.

"Wonder Hero" opens superbly. At Number 12, Duck Street, Utterton, Charlie Habble, "a sound specimen of Britain's industrial population," is sitting down to his dinner of fried liver and potatoes, strong tea, tinned apricots and lumpy custard; and British literature, occupied for the most part with the tantrums of minorities, has given us no truer description of an average Briton's day. We cannot but regret the chance which brings to

Utterton that classic hypocrite, Hal Kinney, and transports us with Charlie to the insanities of Fleet Street and the West End of London in our fantastic time. Mr. Priestley holds a firm brief for the provinces; at the end of it all he has no good word to say for his "most kindly Nurse"; in London he loses his strong humanity; no Scots divine could denounce more trenchantly the sins of society or frown more severely on the wine when it is red. Mr. Priestley is right; it is a hollow world which dances at the Café de Pompadour, messes up the bedrooms at the New Cecil, and drinks cocktails with Lady Catterbird, and we are glad to catch the 10.45 from King's Cross back to Slakeby and kindness.

Miss Mannin's sixteen short stories leave one with a fatigued feeling that the world is full of men and women fleeing from "cat and dog" lives to the diviner air of the *Rive gauche*. Sex and sentimentality are popular; mixed to taste, they form the staple ingredients of the popular novel; but the short story is an austere form and should taste sharper. There is a certain disregard for technique; the stories sprawl, while considered as psychological studies they fail because the types of which Miss Mannin chooses to write are scarcely worth studying; it is difficult to feel moved by the emotions of these perennially discontented women, even though their peevishness is represented as "the piteous, resentful suffering of women. . . ."

Now and then Miss Mannin leaves her weeping wives, but she cannot shake off her sentimentality. "Gentians" is the story of a little peasant child who loses his life gathering gentians for the callous upper classes, as represented by an officer's widow who says "Rahly?" and a major who says "Wah?" "A Lovely Day" tells how a servant girl played Pippa to a number of suburban couples by persuading them out into the sweet springtide of Belsize Park. "The Social System," to which the publishers refer as "an indictment of the social system responsible for the down-and-outer and the crook," swims in sentiment, despite such profound pronouncements as "when

you break away from the conventional code, defying the system, there are no class barriers, no ladies and gentlemen, only men and women." One feels that the social system will survive.

From a Chelsea point of view Miss Mannin knows her Paris; she gives us Switzerland in bloom and the Riviera at its loveliest. But we are visitors everywhere.

Miss Brysson Morrison is an artist both in observation and expression, and there is a plaintive charm about her unusual little book. The story of three daughters of a Scottish manse is told by the youngest sister. Lisbet is thoughtful and imaginative; she makes no haste to tell her tale; the lochside landscape throughout the seasons is minutely drawn; we accompany the sisters on their walks and visits to the shielings; we linger with Lisbet in the eerie churchyard at Barfingal. As a result we get an impression of a peace unknown to this generation, and all the more moving are the pitiful inevitable tragedies of these two charming girls. Here is a book to buy and keep. The harmony of it and its essential uncommonness indicate that Miss Morrison will go far.

Life in a Scots manse has also been chosen by Janet Beith as a subject for her novel, "No Second Spring," which won the Hodder & Stoughton-Frederick A. Stokes prize. With its direct and forceful drawing of the strong character of Hamish McGregor, here is a more powerful book; its tragedy is simple yet colossal; the story is conceived on broad, universal lines. With the background Miss Beith is, I feel, less successful than Miss Morrison; her descriptions are fine and solid; she gives us contours and colours, but we miss the light that lies for ever on the Western isles. There is melancholy but nothing sinister in the haunted hills that look across the sea to Skye. Nevertheless the tragedy of Allison's motherhood, and her love for the brilliantly drawn man of the world, Andrew Simon, is intensely moving. The judges in this competition are to be congratulated; strength and simplicity place this book far above the average novel.

Mr. Scott's novel comes supported by the "Book News" of its publishers, wherein the author breezily relates how, during an experiment in table turning, the spirit of Rasputin commanded him to write the unknown story of his boyhood and youth, which Mr. Scott was then able to do, straight off on a typewriter "without thinking." The novel itself shows little sign of an inspired origin. It is a straightforward story of a man who, in the author's words, can "bring the ways of the other world abnormally over here." Taken like that, it is an exciting tale, suited to the macabre taste of the moment, and I think it was a pity not to let it stand as fiction; it lacks weight when considered as an attempt to elucidate the most mysterious and sinister figure of our times. It is, in fact, quite a good thriller.

HUMOUR WITHOUT TEARS

Hide and I'll Find You.

By Marcus Magill. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

Angel's Adventure.

By George A. Birmingham. 7s. 6d. (Methuen.)

Rosabelle.

By Lynn Doyle. 7s. 6d. (Duckworth.)

A sense of humour is the only quality which absolutely every reader claims to possess, and to make him laugh might well seem a royal road to prosperity for every publisher. The trouble is that one man's laugh is another man's yawn and, unless a humorist finds himself among friends, his pleasantries may meet with a very chilly

reception. That is one reason, amongst others, why a book's wrapper is much more important than most publishers seem to imagine.

Of the three books under review only "Hide and I'll Find You" received from its wrapper a fitting introduction to strangers eager to pay seven-and-six for a good laugh. So first meet Marcus Magill, a new-comer to "the Wodehouse Country." He brings to the construction of his plot and the development of his situations all the cunning and ingenuity he acquired in the hard Borstal school of crime fiction. Rollo Briggs must hide from the Press for a month in order to win a fortune and a fair lady—separate lots. The dilemmas he invents for his hero are genuinely funny and his surprises really do surprise—particularly the final one which rounds off the diverting hunt. But in the dialogue one is so often conscious of a grim determination to be merry and bright that one feels embarrassed at putting the author to so much trouble. The same feeling prevails as he explains each tiny detail to show that he has thought of everything. In detective stories no piece of the jig-saw puzzle must be missing, but Wodehouse Country-folk only believe what they want to and prefer general effects to details of explanation. The story itself has pace and excitement in spite of these hold-ups and our British film magnates should certainly screen it.

George A. Birmingham needs no introduction and perhaps that is why his publishers dared to give him such a solemn wrapper, for "Angel's Adventure" would triumph over deep mourning. It is one long quiet chuckle from start to finish. Luckily Angel's mother, Sarah, didn't fully appreciate the Dean of Carminster or she would have married him as a humble vicar and there would have been no Angel Finesterre and no adventure. He would probably have died, as his successful rival Lord Quantoxhill did, a martyr to one of Sarah's religious enthusiasms. Sarah is a religious flirt who embraces one creed after another, before finally coming home to roost as Mother-Superior in an Anglican Order of her own invention.

In the course of time Angel shows signs of becoming as devastating a creature as her mother and the Dean can think of no better way than Tennyson's "Lusty brace of twins" to "weed her of her folly." There are luckily two prospective weed-killers anxious for the job, a bright young vicar and a heavy young statesman. Quite unwittingly the Dean finds himself in the running too. Susan, impatient at men's slow methods, has been negotiating by correspondence with an Adriatic Abbess for a Union of the Churches, but when the Dean presents himself at her convent, at Sarah's behest, he finds the stage set for a very different kind of union. However, the genial Archimandrite chosen to perform the ceremony comes in useful in helping the Vicar and Dean to rescue Angel from a fate which we can only describe as being worse than marriage. Throughout it is the Dean's adventure rather than Angel's which absorbs our attention. Through his twinkling eyes we see our fellow men and our institutions in a new and amusing perspective.

Lynn Doyle caters for yet a third group of humorous readers who enjoy his leisurely old-fashioned Irish yarns told by his puppet, Murphy. When his theme is entirely light-hearted the method is wholly admirable. It is perhaps most successfully employed in "Rosabelle," the first and by far the most ingenious and best constructed story in the book, but a tender story like "Young Love" reads like a poor translation into Murpheyism. In "Death and a Ploughman," the final story, the author shows how superbly he can develop a serious theme without Murphy's interference. Can it be by design, I wonder, that he has placed the best stories at the beginning and end of his collection? Anyhow, as Mr. Baedeker once pointed out about Cambridge, if pressed for time the intervening stories may be omitted. But I very much doubt whether any of Lynn Doyle's readers ever are pressed for time.

GILES DUGDALE.

HEROES, SAINTS AND MORTALS

Tristan and Isolde.

By John Erskine. 7s. 6d. (John Lane.)

Saint on Holiday.

By Geoffrey Dearmer. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

The range of contemporary fiction is certainly wide, for it takes us from the distant past to the present, and then goes gaily on to the future. Mr. Erskine is the specialist in the doings of bygone heroes, and all who have read his versions of the lives of Galahad and Helen of Troy will know what to expect from "Tristan and Isolde." To others who are not familiar with his previous work, it should be explained that Mr. Erskine recounts heroic legends in a modern psychological manner, and although he has plenty of wit he never descends to sheer extravagance. His version of the Tristan legend is intelligent and amusing, and anyone who studies his interpretation of the roving character of Tristan will find that the legend has been subtly changed without destroying the recognised facts.

Mr. Geoffrey Dearmer, on the other hand, advances a few years into the future, though he too has the air of recounting a legend rather than inventing an original story. His central figure is Santa, a remarkable social worker who founds a humanitarian club known as the Ministry of Grace. His work arouses the opposition of financial interests, and the book deals with his disappearance and eventual return after his opponents had managed to attach an unsavoury scandal to his name. Mr. Dearmer writes lightly and well, but "Saints on Holiday" leaves the reader with a faint sense of bewilderment. The trend of the book suggests that the author is trying to point a moral, but it is hard to discover the precise target at which Mr. Dearmer is aiming.

E. H.

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By Helen Simpson. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

The Proselyte.

By Susan Ertz. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

North Wall.

By Joanna Cannan. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Lost Horizon.

By James Hilton. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

They Brought Their Women.

By Edna Ferber. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

The Child of Queen Victoria.

By William Plomer. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

The First Wife.

By Pearl S. Buck. 7s. 6d. (Methuen.)

**Susan Ertz.**

Portrait by Howard and Joan Coster.

"As methods of production changed and transport facilities grew, men would no longer argue whether the High field or the Low bore the better crop, but whether to sow in Russia or in Canada or in Rumania. Instead of each farm having its own plough, whole nations of ploughmen would spring up. . . . That would not be in England . . . England would be given over to charming *villegiature*—an English country-side

purged of recent building excesses, with about one studiously picturesque house to the half-acre . . . neatly planted roads, plenty of market gardens and poultry farms, and no doubt a national park with rural industries working for show. . . ."

So thinks a Sussex squire, Jim Parish, at one place in this book, and his thoughts make him feel a little sick, for Parish is one of the few landowners who holds on to his land even though he has to pay very expensively for the privilege. Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith has written a fine and memorable novel illustrating the decay of agricultural England, specifically of one corner of Sussex during the years 1924 to 1933. Illustrating is perhaps not altogether the right word, for Miss Kaye-Smith remains that comparatively rare being—especially among women writers—a genuine novelist and not a pseudo-poet or propagandist. Her theme is bound and knit with an individual life, the life of Fred Sinden, ploughman.

Those who care about the England which is passing, the England of villages, ploughed land and true tradition, will find this finely wrought story a profoundly moving and significant comment.

Significance, on the other hand, I find almost completely lacking from Miss Helen's Simpson new book. She herself provides an explanatory prologue in which she tells us that it is an interpretation of a contradiction, "that the most hateful actions are, as often as not, performed for the best of reasons." This not very profound truth is illustrated by three long stories: the first, set in the Indies of 1579, makes good reading and is the record of the misadventures of a zealous priestly official of the Portuguese Inquisition who starts off by being inconveniently insistent about the testing of "miracles"—miracles which bring in comfortable sums to the Archbishop's coffers. The Inquisidor comes to

a violent end, having fallen into the hands of a strange tribe who worship the Antichrist as represented by the "He-She" or "Woman on the Beast." The second story, which is placed in the Paris of the French Revolution, is much more odd. The "He-She" again appears; there is an account of Freemasonry rites; and another violent and murderous ending. But unlike the first story it appears only a confusing episode lacking in both possibility and sequence. The same criticism applies to the final scene in which we are removed to Australia in 1999 and given a world which is under the dominion of the New Gospellers led by Mrs. Emma Jordan Sopworth. Nothing less than the end of the world closes this section; and then in an epilogue we are shown Hell triumphing over Heaven. One can greatly admire Miss Simpson's erudition and powers of invention without being in this instance much impressed by the total result.

The wrapper on Miss Susan Ertz's new novel also carries a text: "Let them come on foot, with handcars or wheelbarrows; let them gird up their loins, and walk through, and nothing shall hinder them." But the prophet is Brigham Young and instead of the mystifications of the Apocalypse we have only to deal with a straightforward but truly imaginative and sympathetic reconstruction of the early days of the Mormons or Latter Day Saints. We see them as a humourless, self-centred sect who yet marched forward to their Zion in Utah with an immense courage which triumphed over all difficulties and hardships.

This is indeed one of the best books I have read by Miss Ertz, for here is a story of heroism and endurance which is touched by the poetry of supreme faith. Says one of the women enthusiasts of Utah talking of the expected coming of Christ: "With a great shining and a radiance he'll come, and in the early morning, about the time I'm driving my cow out to grass"; and Miss Ertz has succeeded in imparting that touch of true romance to her record of pain, persecution and sturdy pioneering which makes the difference between a pedestrian novel and a novel of quality.

Miss Cannan's story, on the other hand, is weakened to some extent by the conventionality of the episodes which cause her characters to discover that the world is not such a simple and straightforward place as it appeared when they all lived in comfort at Ladiesgrove, rode to hounds and thought of a day in London as a day in purgatory. The Waylands are compelled to move to a private hotel in the Cromwell Road; and there they learn about life. One of the girls falls in love with a married man; another submits to being kissed by her employer because, after all, it is nice to go to the Dorchester and dine and dance comfortably on occasion; as for the son, Guy, who has held a commission in the Guards, he finds himself at the mercy of circumstances which turn him from gigolo on the Riviera to kept man. We do not forget that there is a shaping hand about the events; but it is all extraordinarily easy reading, and the characters are human and likeable. A book that should be very successful.

"Lost Horizon" is an extremely intelligent variation on the theme of the lost monastery among the snowy peaks of Tibet. The hero of the book, an unusually philosophic member of the consular service, finds himself, together with three incongruous companions, kidnapped, and taken to a monastery hundreds of miles from civilisation whose inhabitants are engaged in learning and practising secrets of longevity. Their idea is that when the rest of the world crashes to ruin they, in their stronghold among uncharted mountains and snows, may treasure the continuity of civilisation and wisdom. Mr. Hilton merits sincere congratulation for the way in which he has steered clear of pretentiousness while providing a story whose romantic suspense has roots in the imagination as well as in the facts.

The last three books on my list are collections of stories. In an interesting preface to "They Brought Their Women," Miss Ferber suggests that though it is customary for



Somerset Maugham.

novelists to be apologetic about writing short stories yet "the short story crowded into a handful of words, may be the form which has most truly caught the kaleidoscopic picture of our generation." Her point is that "the terrific tempo of the past fifteen years may prove to have been too much for the wind and limb of the novelist." But elsewhere she says truly that the fundamental human emotions are changeless, and the short story which is merely shaped to the tempo or whirl of a period is of ephemeral stuff.

Miss Ferber herself has here fashioned to a temporary mode. The long suffering American husband, his feverish brittle wife; a young man who falls in love with an aeroplane instead of a young woman; the star actress who has to work so very very hard—these are the material of good journalism. And it is only very good journalism which we have here, with the exceptions of the pleasant irony of the title story and "Keep It Holy," a brilliantly shaped comment on the loneliness of a young country girl in New York.

Mr. Plomer's work suggests comparison with Mr. Somerset Maugham's tales, though it is perhaps needless to say that here is not the same unerring sense of drama and craftsmanship. Mr. Plomer is at home in South Africa, in modern Greece and in France, and every story has its own personal and convincing atmosphere. And sometimes, too, a nice ironic sense, as in the description of Mrs. Didgett who likes talking about celebrities: "Although she had never known any of them well, she liked people to think that she had, and tried to achieve this result by saying something to the discredit of the celebrities in question, and looking very knowing as if she had inside information."

With Mrs. Buck we are, of course, in that China which she has done so much to make popular territory for the novel reader. There are some very good stories here, mostly tending to illustrate the new and painful cleavage between the ways of old China and modern China.

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HODDER AND
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MR. WALPOLE AND MR. TOMLINSON

By John Linnell

Vanessa.

By Hugh Walpole. 10s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

The Snows of Helicon.

By H. M. Tomlinson. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

Readers will share Mr. Walpole's regret at saying good-bye to the Herries. Not perhaps lovable as a family—they were too much a British institution for that—as individuals however they charm, for none is without a redeeming feature; and as with the Herries separately, so with the family, only in this case the redeeming features are a Rogue Herries, a Judith and now Vanessa.

It is only her creator's fault if Vanessa does not rank in popularity above any of her Herries predecessors—his fault for having breathed such life into the figures who so often were Vanessa's inspiration. Beyond that point the choice is ours. For admirably as Mr. Walpole has written in the three former books of the Herries tetralogy, in this, the last volume of the series, he has far surpassed his previous best.

Here as before he tells the story not only of individuals, not only of a large and, one would think, increasingly unwieldy family, but of England as the changing background of the family, its changes influencing them as their character, their fortunes, and those of their class have influenced our national life. He might indeed have set before him as he wrote those paradoxical lines of Blake:

"To see a World in a grain of sand
And a Heaven in a wild flower,
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand"—

and had he striven to live up to this impossible standard, he could hardly have done better than he has. It is no light task for a writer to ask of himself, to portray the individual, to narrate the fortunes of a family whose ramifications are so bewildering, relating them simultaneously not so much to mere trends in social and political history as to specific and significant events; to hold the balance between all these mutually interfering elements, blend them, resolve them into a harmonious progression, and with all this to infuse into the vast mass of information to be given, life, warmth, colour, and last, but by no means least, emotion. Yet all this is triumphantly done, and here in "Vanessa," as never before, with an apparent ease and mastery which make this story glide along as though it were all the plainest of sailing. Elsewhere in the series it was not so at all times. Now and then in the previous volumes one detected, shall we say, the creaking of blocks; now and again, particularly in "The Fortress," one tended to wish for a stiffening of the breeze, and here and there we underwent some longish tacks close-hauled into the wind, with slightly lumpy weather the while. But here in "Vanessa" such things are forgotten. Through all the eight hundred and fifty odd pages we are carried forward eagerly, not so much because we want it as from the compulsion laid upon us

by a splendid tale in a vivid setting. In "Vanessa" the wheel is brought full circle; the individual rivalries between the two branches of the family meet in her and are laid to rest; lastly, the Herries family completes the cycle of its growth against the background of history.

A memorable book indeed. Vast in proportions as in scope, it is no less remarkable for the perfection of its detail. All is presented as heretofore—the shift of scene from place to place, with the Lake country in the background calling the reader as it called the Herries, and the varying fortunes of Herries and the nation; and with all this the chief actors—Vanessa, as entrancing a "heroine" as one would find, Benjie, the lovable, faithful rascal, and Ellis, pathetic and pitiful—and the tragic and beautiful love-story in which these three play the leading part. Mr. Walpole has achieved a great ambition in bringing this cycle of tales to a close, and he has done it in a manner that makes it impossible to ask more than is given.

It would be unfair to a fine writer, one of the best among us to-day, to compare him as a novelist with Mr. Walpole. Doubtless in his heart of hearts Mr. Tomlinson would be the last to claim the title of novelist at all, and "The Snows of Helicon" betrays itself undoubtedly as the work of one who will live as an essayist. For "The Snows of Helicon" is a protest, under the disguise of fiction, against the wanton destruction of beauty inherited from ages now past, and Mr. Tomlinson has written unforgettably on this subject in "Out of Soundings" and elsewhere. Now he portrays for us the rebellion of an artist who, as an architect, has helped to banish beauty from the world—such beauty as year by year we hardly note has been swept away to make room for the "false gods" of to-day. Perhaps the fact that his underlying thesis is not beyond question even by those who regret lost beauties, makes one critical of his book. It is not a novel in the accepted or indeed in any sense, and its structural faults as a piece of fiction are more obvious in the present instance than in "Gallion's Reach" or "All Our Yesterdays."

And yet this book should not be missed. Faulty though it may be as fiction, the movement of the story grips. And then Tomlinson is Tomlinson, always a magician with words, never facile, never brilliant, but passing before the mental eye a woven tapestry of English, encrusted—the term is designedly used—with words of golden beauty, weight and significance. This in itself is sufficient, or should be, to commend "The Snows of Helicon" to all who love literature for itself; and when one adds to this patent appeal Mr. Tomlinson's known capacity for saying things that are memorable as much for their content as for his manner of writing, and the rare and subtle penetration which invariably characterises his thought, no doubt remains. Call his book a novel, with a shrug, but avoid the mistake of passing it by.

MR. DEEPING AND MR. FARNOL

By Almey St. John Adcock

Two Black Sheep.

By Warwick Deeping. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)

Yonder Lies Jericho.

By Samuel B. Harrison. 7s. 6d. (Appleton.)

The Players at Maestrino.

By Charles Forrest. 7s. 6d. (Peter Davies.)

Bencomo: A Tale of Teneriffe.

By Cunliffe Owen. 7s. 6d. (Rich & Cowan.)

The Way Beyond.

By Jeffery Farnol. 7s. 6d. (Sampson Low.)

Only Men on Board.

By Cameron Blake. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

How can one define that subtle quality in fiction which gives it the hall-mark of realism? It is something more

than sincerity; if it were not, Mr. Warwick Deeping's new novel, "Two Black Sheep," would bear it as unmistakably as Mr. Samuel B. Harrison's powerful story of American life, "Yonder Lies Jericho," and Mr. Charles Forrest's vivid portrait of a retired actress in her declining years, "The Players at Maestrino." But Mr. Deeping's book—though Henry Vane, released from prison after serving a life sentence; the highly sensitive, serious-minded Elsie, and the unbearable, precocious child to whom she acts as governess, are all intensely alive—belongs to the realms of romance, and is none the less entertaining because of it. You feel very sure that despite difficulties, misfortunes, imperative partings and the agonising misunderstandings of two sensitive temperaments, all will come right in the end. Yet Mr. Deeping writes with such unflinching interest,

such genuine feeling for his characters, that even with this comfortable conviction at the back of your mind you are compelled to go on reading till the two black sheep, who are not so black as they are painted, have escaped from a hard world into each other's arms.

No such conviction carries you through "Yonder Lies Jericho," for Mr. Harrison is as uncompromising as life, and though his little Jew, Aaron Burrell, is as sensitive as Mr. Deeping's ex-convict, he is also an astute business man, and the story of how he toils to build up a store in a Texas cow-town is the story of many an enterprising merchant who began with a humble shack and finished up with a magnificent emporium. Covering a period from the Civil War to the present day, it makes us intimately acquainted with Aaron, his wife and son, his friends and neighbours, and later his grandchildren whose outlook is so different from his own. It is a story not only of America's progress but of the world's progress, written with imagination, restraint, sympathy and a close knowledge of life and people.

"The Players at Maestrino," by Mr. Charles Forrest, describes how a divorced husband seeks after many years the wife he deserted and his son, now grown to manhood. Living in a squalid Italian hostelry, Alys Duffield has been "acting to the same audience for ten years"—the audience of the poor Italians among whom she has made her home. Donald, her artist son, has shared and imitated her theatrical bohemian manner of existence, eventually marrying an Italian girl, to the furious jealousy of his mother. The ex-husband's arrival is opportune, and ultimately brings down the curtain very effectively on her hole-in-the-corner drama. The characters are drawn with exquisite insight and humour, and the whole narrative glows with life.

In "Bencomo," Mr. Cunliffe Owen depicts in three poignant pictures the deterioration of the native race of Teneriffe, dominated always by the volcanic mountain, Chinero. We see, with intervals of centuries, three different Bencomos influenced by the invasion of white civilisation and the spread of materialism, which by degrees destroys their religion, and produces in the last Bencomo a mutinous wage-slave, plotting rebellion. The book is strikingly unusual, and there is poetry in the theme and in the way it is worked out.

Mr. Jeffery Farnol's "The Way Beyond" is of course pure romance and does not pretend to be anything else. It is a sequel to "The Broad Highway," and we meet Charmian and Peter again, advancing in years and now the parents of an attractive son, who causes a good deal of havoc because of his love for a maid. Mr. Farnol's many admirers will find here all the glamour, sentiment and excitement they look for in his work.

"Only Men on Board," by Mr. Cameron Blake, contains a sequence of enthralling adventure tales related by the passengers in the steam freighter *Condor*, all of whom are men—men of various nationalities, who have travelled over the globe and have stored a wealth of experience to draw upon in spinning yarns. There is something mysterious about them too. "They're up to something," says the mate, when the voyage is over, though both he and the skipper admit that they never spent a pleasanter voyage; and readers of the book will share their curiosity and wonderment with equal enjoyment.

DEATH COMES AT NIGHT. By Kenneth Ingram. 7s. 6d. net. (Philip Allan.)

More and more our novels of detection tend to have an interest—for example, by virtue of the numerous asides necessarily associated with the study of any life—over and above the thrilling theme. Mr. Ingram kills his professor, who has spent most of his life in Asia. Two friends investigate the "killing." One relies on intuition, the other on ratiocination. The police come into the argument. Above all the reader is never left in the dark, and can draw his own conclusions—rightly or wrongly.

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THE MURDER MARKET

By Marcus Magill

In Muffled Night.

By D. Erskine Muir. 3s. 6d. (Methuen.)

The Emerald Clasp.

By Francis Beeding. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The Second Case of Mr. Paul Savoy.

By Jackson Gregory. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The Mystery of Villa Aurelia.

By Burton E. Stevenson. 7s. 6d. (Rich & Cowan.)

The boom in thrillers continues. There is no sign of the predicted slump. And yet surely by now the detective story reading public must be educated up to every move in the game of "startle-my-reader." Surely by now all the existing plots have been used.

At any rate it is becoming a matter of great difficulty for the author of this type of novel to find an original and convincing method of murder or deduction. The corpse-in-the-library *motif* is out of date. In its place we have had bodies in a bewildering variety of odd situations. There have been corpses on yachts, in bonfires, in the House of Commons, in hospital wards, on the sea shore (with no trace of Man Friday footsteps), among theatre audiences and even in other people's coffins. Victims are chosen in every walk of life from prime ministers to tramps; the most unlikely character in the book is the most probable murderer. While detectives are recruited from Scotland Yard, from the peerage, from modern youth or Victorian age—even from the ranks of the halt, maimed and blind.

What is the thriller writer to do? One would think that his only hope of success would lie in even greater extravagances of plot, that he must go all out for thrills, trusting in speed and excitement to screen his attacks on the credulity of the reader.

And yet, of the books I am reviewing this month, the two that thrilled and interested me most were those that dealt with ordinary crimes against a conventional background.

Mr. Erskine Muir has staged his murder among an upper-middle class family in Highgate. Nothing out of the way here, but the book thrilled me all the more because I knew that such things might happen. And indeed something of the sort *has* happened, for the author has drawn on that famous Scottish murder, the M'Lachlan case, for his plot. But please don't imagine that I am decrying the book because of that. The story of the trial of Mrs. M'Lachlan is so macabre in its contrast between murder and everyday surroundings that it lingers in the memory like a nightmare. Equally gruesome is Mr. Muir's free treatment of the case. Though I knew how the book must end, I found myself sitting up till a late hour to finish it. "In Muffled Night" should certainly find a home on the shelves of thriller devotees. Its price is only three-and-sixpence.

Mr. Beeding, giving his secret service heroes a holiday, has also chosen a conventional background for his new book. It was perfectly natural for Rosamund Shipley to want to enjoy herself when, at the age of thirty-six, she inherited £1,200 a year. Her visit to Lac d'Annecy, her meeting and hasty marriage to Guy Harden, a fellow visitor to that pleasant region, is equally natural, or Mr. Beeding makes it seem so. Nor do we question the grimmer twist to the tale when Rosamund begins her married life in her husband's house in East Anglia. The author works up an atmosphere of disillusion and suspicion, deepening into shrinking horror as the unfortunate woman realises the truth about her husband, with the most convincing skill. This is a really good "Beeding," and that means a lot.

One tiny complaint—if Harden's home was in Norfolk, how could it be four miles from Dunwich? This topographical mystery holds the reader up at a moment when his attention should not be distracted.

Mr. Paul Savoy is not everybody's detective, though I imagine many people will approve of him whole-heartedly. I must confess that he is not mine, and yet Mr. Jackson Gregory's ingenious plot and skill at gaining and holding the reader's attention made me almost reconciled to his sleuth's mannerisms. Mr. Savoy's second case concerns the discovery of a naked body in a taxicab in the streets

of San Francisco, and there are two puzzles—the establishing of the victim's identity and the discovery of his murderer. The author manages his clues admirably and Savoy's deductions are brilliantly reasonable. Mr. Gregory has invention and can write. But he must make his characters talk more simply and naturally. I cannot believe that the inhabitants of San Francisco speak in the affected, pseudo-literary way that is recorded in this book.

The *mise-en-scène* of "The Mystery of Villa Aurelia" is laid on the Côte d'Azur among masked balls, baccarat rooms and enough restaurant meals to show that Mr. Burton E. Stevenson would make an admirable host. Those who complain of the lack of love interest in mystery novels should like this book, for love is its dominant theme. Indeed, among all the embraces and declarations of passion the mystery is almost side-tracked. It concerns an American millionaire and his charming daughter, an Italian crook, and the attempt to get possession of documentary evidence of a vast swindle. The story is told in an easy, pleasant style, and a really unexpected murder brings it to a conclusion.

MR. PETE & CO.

By Alice Hegan Rice. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

None of us have forgotten the classic "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," and we welcome Mr. Pete, who "made good" after a youthful excursion into drug-taking and a fifteen years' banishment.

Finding his inheritance to be a broken-down tenement, Mr. Pete, who had a noble heart, although he looked as if "Nature had spoiled him in the making," set to work to make his tenement into a thing of comfort and co-operation.

Admirers of Alice Hegan Rice will not need to be told how many quaint and charming people and happenings are found during the process of turning Mr. Pete's tenants into a happy family. Mr. Pete, who prefers to be known as "Mr. Pete and Co.," is the type of creation which we expect from Alice Hegan Rice, whose particular gift in writing is to bridge the gulf which too often separates man from man. Here once again she shows one half of the world how the other half lives—and both halves should be grateful to her for it.



Alice Hegan Rice.

THE THIRTY-FIFTH OF MAY: OR CONRAD'S RIDE TO THE SOUTH SEAS. By Erich Kästner. (English version by Cyrus Brooks.) Illustrated by Walter Trier. 6s. (Jonathan Cape.)

Mr. Cyrus Brooks has done an excellent English version of this extravaganza by Erich Kästner, who is enjoying a great success in Germany as a writer of fairy-tales for children. One would like however to know if children really enjoy Erich Kästner's work, or if they merely accept it from their elders with their usual resignation to matters beyond their understanding. Children enjoy "Gulliver's Travels," because the symbols by which Swift expressed his attitude to life occurred to him spontaneously, and without any thought of appealing to the youthful mind; and they enjoy Hans Andersen and Lewis Carroll because both these writers saw the world as children see it. But Erich Kästner consciously sets himself to write down to the childish mind. His fancifulness does not seem to express himself, but only what he thinks will amuse the immature.

The story is briefly as follows. Conrad and his uncle Ringel meet a circus horse who is out of employment, and are taken by him to the South Seas, passing on the way through the Land of Cockayne, the Topsy-Turvy Country, and Electropolis—a land where all the work is done by machines. They also visit a mediæval castle, called the Fortress of the Mighty Past.

Children do not understand a comic treatment of heroic figures. Erich Kästner represents Cæsar, Napoleon, Hannibal and Gustavus Adolphus as figures of fun, and while admiring his courage, should he be residing at the moment in his native and Hitler's adopted country, one feels that the instincts of his childish readers will be offended by his humour, which is too sophisticated for them and not subtle enough for grown readers.

Again, one wonders if machinery is in place in a fairy-tale. The Victorians made several attempts to show the glamour of machinery, and how its marvels far outstripped the old stories about travelling carpets, invisible cloaks and inexhaustible purses. But as whatever science achieves ceases to be miraculous, these attempts carried no conviction to the youthful imagination. Will any child be thrilled when he reads that in Electropolis a gentleman travelling along a moving pavement took a telephone receiver from his pocket, rang up his wife and told her he would be late for lunch? I doubt it.

The best section in the book is The Land of Cockayne. This land is organised to spare its inhabitants all forms of exertion. Eating and sleeping are the only activities of the ordinary citizen, and the twenty-four hours of the day provide the normal inhabitant with just enough time for these occupations. The national weight is twenty stone, and those who fall below this weight are deported. In order to guard against too great a decrease in the population through the mentally active wearing themselves away in boredom, a research department has invented a means by which a person's thoughts are transformed into reality. The mentally active therefore lie in bed thinking of lions, two-headed calves and so forth, and when their materialised thoughts become troublesome, they can be dismissed with "Away—avaunt!" This is an idea which a great satirist could have used to wonderful effect and which, developed by Rabelais, would have been as amusing as Panurge's search for advice on marriage. Hans Andersen would have made it poetic, but Erich Kästner gets not much humour and no poetry out of it. Only in the forest, which Conrad and his uncle pass through when they set out on their journey, is there any touch that recalls the old fairy-tales of Germany. "All the flowers in the forest were as tall as very old trees, and their gigantic blossoms shone brightly in the sunshine. And the bluebells gave out their magical chimes, for there was a light breeze blowing."

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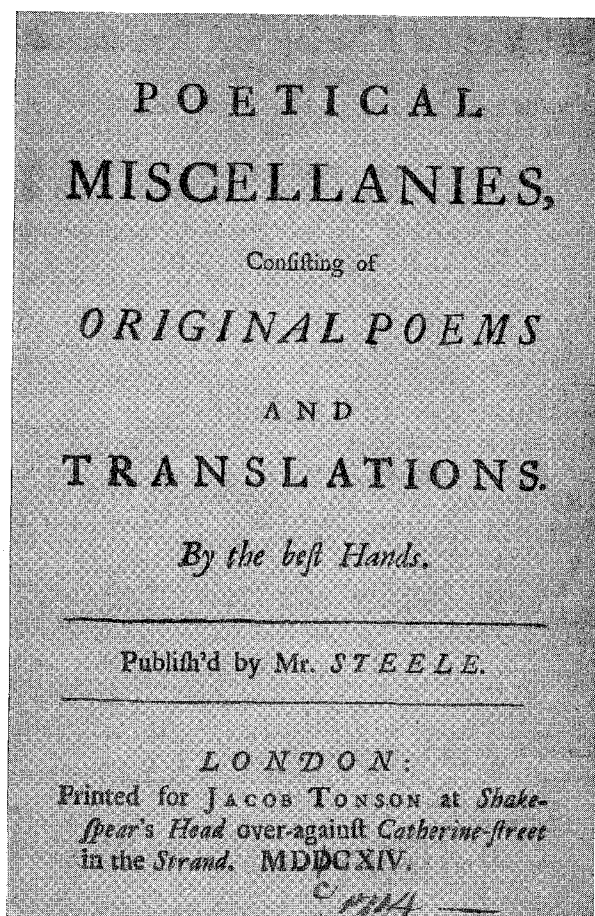
The Collector

POETICAL MISCELLANIES OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

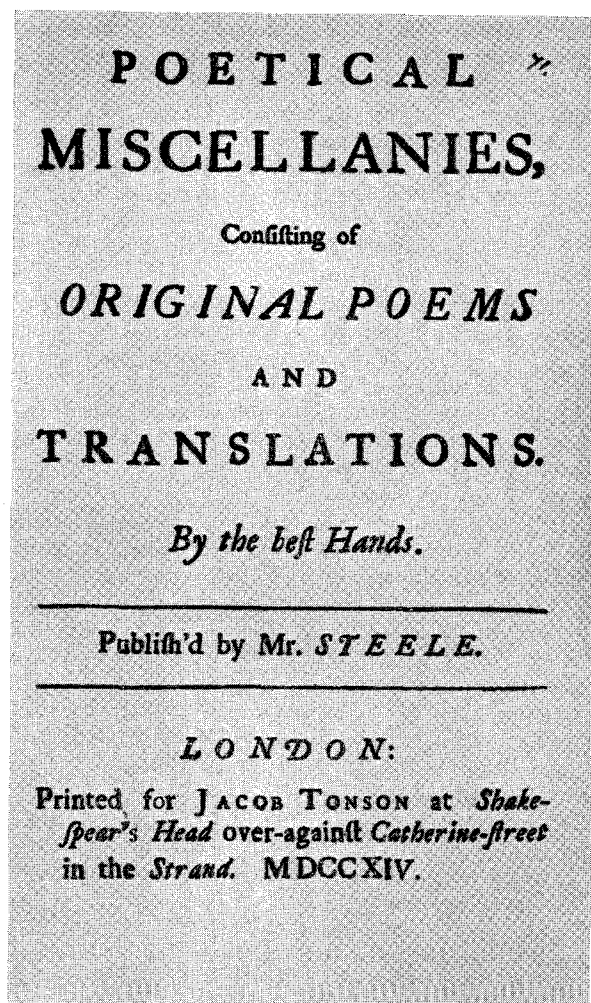
By Iolo A. Williams

There are few more satisfactory kinds of book to collect than the poetical miscellanies of the eighteenth century, and this for several reasons. In the first place there are not too many of them—it would take one several years to collect a hundred—so that the subject of their history and bibliography is not unwieldy. At the same time there are a good many scarce and obscure miscellanies, so that one never gets to the point of possessing every possible book of the kind, and of having nothing more to learn.

Western University, who is at work on an eagerly awaited bibliography of English Poetical Miscellanies up to the year 1750, is "any book of verse by three or more writers"—excluding contributors of "commendatory verses," such as were present in most books of poems during a great part of the seventeenth century. More vaguely we may say "an anthology of poems," and for our present purpose we may add, "by writers more or less contemporary with the book itself." For in the eighteenth century there



Steele's Miscellany. Title page of First Edition.



Steele's Miscellany. Title page of Second Edition.

There are always known rarities that elude one, and new unknown miscellanies cropping up. Only the other day, for example, Mr. Percy Dobell showed me a little duodecimo collection of poems from the *Grub Street Journal*, published in 1732, which he told me he had never seen before, and which was certainly quite unknown to me. Again, these books, though for the most part they are no longer cheap, are not on the whole books of an expensive type as prices are reckoned nowadays. At least one need not be a rich man to form (with a little patience and contrivance) quite a good collection of them. Even if one were in a position to buy without considering the cost, I do not suppose one's highest individual price would be more than £20—and the great majority of prices would be very much less. So this garden is one which no man, who can afford to collect old books of any kind, need hesitate to enter. Even though he may have to deny himself the half-dozen finest fruits that grow in it, there will be other things for him to feast upon.

Perhaps however, before this article proceeds any further, a definition may be helpful. What is a Poetical Miscellany? I believe that the answer given to that question by my friend, Professor A. E. Case, of North

were many collections of verses by earlier writers, particularly of the later seventeenth century, retrospective collections with which I am not now concerned.

This brings us to what is perhaps the best reason for collecting these books—the great interest of their contents as poetry. Many of the chief poets of the time published their poems, or some of them, in miscellanies. The history of Pope, for example, is bound up with them. He made his first bow in the sixth and last volume, published in 1709, of the series of "Poetical Miscellanies" known alternatively as Dryden's or Tonson's. Then in Bernard Lintott's "Miscellaneous Poems and Translations" (1712), Pope printed the first version of "The Rape of the Lock"; and in 1714 he contributed further poems to the "Poetical Miscellanies," edited by Steele, and others in 1720 to Anthony Hammond's "New Miscellany." Similar lists might be made out for Prior, Gay, Parnell and other notable poets of the early eighteenth century. Incidentally Steele's collection, just referred to, is a book that lays a trap for the unwary collector. The first edition is misdated MDCCXIV

on the title page. Often one comes across copies correctly dated MDCCXIV, which are described as of the "second issue" of the first edition. Actually these copies belong to a reprint (probably almost immediately following the original publication), and are not first editions at all, the entire book having been reset.

Further important miscellanies appeared in the twenties of the century, even if we rule out of our survey, as being things of a rather different kind, the series started by Pope and Swift in 1727. There were the "Miscellaneous Poems and Translations" edited by Richard Savage, and David Lewis's "Miscellaneous Poems," both published in 1726, and both containing versions of John Dyer's famous landscape poem, "Grongar Hill." Possibly, however, the earliest appearance of any form of this poem was in a very rare undated collection, "A New Miscellany: Being a Collection of Pieces of Poetry, from Bath, Tunbridge Wells, Oxford, Epsom, and other Places, in the Year 1725," though the text in this book is in some ways intermediate between the other two versions of "Grongar Hill." All these anthologies are things which any lover of the poetry of the period must enjoy possessing, for they are full of pleasant things. Lewis's collection (as also his second volume in 1730) is especially distinguished, and is moreover interesting for its connection with a group of three Westminster School poets—Samuel Wesley, Thomas Fitzgerald and Vincent Bourne, the last of whom (need I add) wrote in Latin. Two other books, both published in 1727, are also attractive, one, "Sepulchrorum Inscriptiones," devoted to epitaphs in verse, and the other, "A Collection of Epigrams." To the latter a second volume was added ten years later.

Then came something of a lull in the production of important miscellanies (save for the six parts of the satirical "Foundling Hospital for Wit" in the forties), until in 1748 Robert Dodsley issued the first three volumes of his celebrated "A Collection of Poems . . . by Several Hands"—perhaps the most famous thing of its kind ever published, though it contains a good deal of verse that is to-day chiefly of antiquarian interest. A fourth volume was added in 1755, and fifth and sixth volumes in 1758. There were several reprints of the whole series. Unfortunately the first edition of Dodsley's first three volumes is very rare indeed, so that most collectors must be content with owning one of the later editions. Some edition of Dodsley every student of the verse of the period must have. The book is indispensable and—to quote from memory some lines of which I do not know the author:

"For poetical curios whoso would search,
Let him look in the pages of Dodsley and Pearch.
'Tis wondrous how many queer ends and quaint odds lie
Concealed in the pages of Pearch and of Dodsley."

Pearch, it should be added, was the publisher of the chief of several continuations of Dodsley's collection. His first two volumes appeared in 1768, and his second two in 1770. In connection with Dodsley also, the collector will be well advised to acquire, if he can, W. P. Courtney's analysis of the contents of the six volumes, of which seventy-five copies were privately printed in 1910 by Mr. A. L. Humphreys.

In the last thirty years of the century the miscellanies tended to be rather dull, and to represent small cliques of poetasters. One may mention the four volumes of "Poetical Amusements at a Villa near Bath," of which the first was published in 1775, and which contain the verses dropped by various persons—mostly shocking bad poets—into the famous vase of Lady Miller at Batheaston. There were also the various collections of the Della Cruscan school, some of them issued at Florence. Perhaps however the best of these last, rather feeble notes of the eighteenth century tradition was the "Poems, chiefly by Gentlemen of Devonshire and Cornwall," published in two volumes at Bath in 1792. One cannot call this an important collection, but it is a pretty one, about which a faint charm yet lingers.

With that I must conclude a very bare and incomplete outline of a fascinating subject. I can only hope that the sketch may be sufficient to introduce a new collector or two to the charms of these books.

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THE LYNX AND THE BOOK

By William J. Ferrier

I was persuaded recently to purchase a small quarto which has since proved to be an intriguing possession.

The book had a forbidding title page, adorned with a fearsome device representing a European Lynx; and moreover was printed in Latin. The first joy of ownership began to evaporate when I failed to obtain immediate information as to its history. In fact I began to repent of my haste in enriching the bookseller at my expense. Constant handling however of such a typographically attractive book induced such curiosity that I have now learnt much about its association with an important period of scientific research.



The Title Page.

The book is entitled "Phytobasanos sive plantarum aliquot historia cui accessit vita Fabi et Lynceorum adnotationesque in Phytobasanon Iano Planco auctore" and was printed in Florence in the year 1744. It has one hundred and eighty-eight pages of text with thirty-eight copper plates of natural history objects, chiefly botanical. The title suggests the "torture of plants"; but the author—Fabio Colonna—meant of course to convey the idea of his increased knowledge of plant history by the examination of plant structure. The title has engraven on it the device (as mentioned above) of the Lynx.

Now the Lynx once had the character of a fabulous animal; was supposed to be sacred to Bacchus, and is sometimes represented as drawing the car of this deity, although the species is often disputed. Many marvellous properties were attributed to the Lynx by the ancients, the best known being its unique power of vision so piercing as to penetrate opaque bodies.

This quality seemed an appropriate emblem of a certain group which, for the purpose of investigating the secrets of nature, a young nobleman, Federigo Cesi, the Marchese di Monticelli, desired to gather around him in the year 1603.

A brilliant man (deserving to be better known than he is) when in his eighteenth year conceived the plan of a philosophical society which consisted in the first instance of himself and three of his most intimate friends. The distinctive title of the society was borrowed from the Lynx and thus there became established the "Accademia dei Lyncei."

The Lynxian Society met with some opposition before it was eventually founded on a permanent basis. It did not however form the comprehensive scheme that Cesi hoped for. It had been his desire to establish a scientific order that should have corresponding lodges in all the principal towns of Europe, each consisting of not more than five nor less than three members. The founder promised to render assistance to any member in case of persecution (so necessary a precaution in those times) and also to provide funds for the publication of such works deemed worthy of this by common assent of the members.

Federigo Cesi was soon by his benevolence to attract to him names well known in the history of science, the chief of whom were Galileo, Termentio, Cesarini, Porta and Fabio Colonna.

Only philosophers eager for knowledge were accepted by the Society; they were to give their minds first to observation and reflection, afterwards to writing for publication. It is noteworthy they did not plan to meet and hold endless discussions after the modern style. Any meeting was simply for the purpose of transacting business. As a constant stimulus to their ideal, all members added to their names the title Lyncean. They were also commanded never to enter into controversy of a personal nature, nor by any vulgarity to belittle their associates.

The principal monument left by this enterprising Academy, which anticipated our Royal Society by half a century, is the first work on the natural history of Mexico. This was entitled "Nova Plantarum, Animalium et Mineralium Mexicorum Historia," published in Rome in 1651. It was originally compiled by Francesco Hernandez, who was commissioned to do so by Philip the Second of Spain. The MSS., consisting of sixteen volumes, remained in obscurity for over fifty years until Federigo Cesi discovered it and decided to publish it at his own expense. He had the help as commentators of three members of his society, Termentio, Fabro and Colonna. Fabro, better known as Johann Faber, was the author of "Plantæ Mexicanæ" (circa 1600), an octavo of sixty-eight plates with two pages of text, which is now considered as an extremely rare botanical item.

Many historically important discoveries were made in physical science by some of the members of the Lyncei. Gianbattista Porta (1540–1615), famous for his "Natural Magic," which he commenced to write at the early age of fifteen, may be regarded as the first inventor of the earliest form of compound microscope, by his discovery of the uses of a combination of lens.

But for the premature death of Cesi in 1630, the Lyncei would have published the book that has caused so much controversy in the past, Galileo's "Dialogue of the Ptolemaic and Copernican System," which consequently was printed two years later in Florence.

As a sidelight on his character, Cesi did not use the Society to perpetuate his own researches, delaying publication on many occasions of his writings for his associates' discoveries. Amongst the several treatises which he did publish, one the "Apiarum" is an important work because of its containing perhaps the earliest illustrations of the bee, drawn with the aid of the microscope. One of the few copies extant is now in the Vatican Library.

To return to the author of the "Phytobasanos," Colonna was convinced that little was known of the life-histories of plants and he decided therefore to remedy this lack of knowledge. It is on record that he changed his profession of the Law, because of his cure of an illness from which he was suffering, by the use of the herb valerian.

Fabio Colonna (1567–1650) was a member of the noble family of that name and was one of the first associates of the Lyncei. Plant classification was advanced by him through his discovery of the union of species under a common name; genera, from similarity of flower and fruit structure. Several terms now in use were invented by him to aid correct botanical description. The word

petal is his, being first used by him in 1649. He used wild in preference to cultivated plants for his studies, and in consequence obtained an accuracy of form in his drawings greatly in advance of his time. The plates of the "Phytobasanos" are noteworthy as the first etchings on copper used to illustrate a botanical publication in Europe. It was first issued in 1592, but the copy mentioned above is the second, virtually a reprint and dated 1744. In England, with the exception of a few plates in Plot's "Oxfordshire" (1677), the first work with similarly etched plates is Morrison's "Historia Oxonium."

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS PÈRE. By F. W. Reed. (London: Neuhuys.)

The author of this monumental work is a New Zealander who, during the last twenty years, has devoted himself to this formidable task. The result is the first bibliography of Dumas père which has any claim to completeness. In his introduction Mr. Reed acknowledges his debt to the late Mr. R. S. Garnett who, by his co-operation in supplying references difficult to obtain at such a distance, and by his many gifts to Mr. Reed of original manuscripts and rare editions, made this work possible.

The difficulties of the bibliographer's task are apparent. Dumas was probably the most prolific author the world has known, and his writings include almost every phase of literary endeavour. He himself estimated in 1848 that he had written "400 books and 35 plays, composed in 73,000 hours of work (20 years of 10 hours a day)." Allowing for a picturesque embroidering of the facts and for the output of a further thirty-four years, the total as given by Mr. Reed in his four hundred and fifty pages is sufficiently overpowering and indicates an almost super-human industry.

Certain curiosities emerge from even a desultory reading of the Bibliography. For instance, who would guess that Dumas, one of the greatest romancers of all times, worked for close on five years without recognition; and that before his triumphant progress started, four plays wholly or partly from his pen (he had already started his famous and puzzling system of "collaboration") had been refused—one entitled "Ivanhoe" and described as "a great spectacular melodrama" being rejected in familiar modern phraseology: "At the present time we [the management of the Ambigu Theatre] are showing here some pieces by Pixéricourt, and are overstocked with plays"? And who remembers the preferred Pixéricourt to-day?

Andrew Lang, in his introduction to the English translation of the "Mémoires" (London, 1907), called attention to the absence of a biography of France's "most popular if not her greatest novelist." Such a task, though envisaged by R. S. Garnett in the year before he died, would be one almost impossible to carry through. The "Mémoires" deal exhaustively with the early years, but their incompleteness is emphasised by their lack of any mention of the novels on which Dumas's popular reputation rests to-day. "Les Trois Mousquetaires" (Paris, 1844) (first published serially like most of the romances), which has been translated more often into English than any other of its author's works, and "Le Comte de Monte-Cristo" (Paris, 1844-45), described by Maurice Baring as "the most popular book in the world," endure wherever English or French is spoken. NORAH NICHOLLS.

A CORRECTION

The article by Mr. Edmund Nicholls entitled "The Wilberforce Centenary" in the August BOOKMAN contained an illustration of the title page of Gall & Inglis's edition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The caption, for which the author of the article was not responsible, erroneously described it as the first English edition. Actually the publisher of the first edition is unknown, although it is presumed to be Clarke & Co. This edition was reviewed in the *Athenæum* of May 22nd, 1852. Gall & Inglis's edition was not published till four months later.

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Criticism

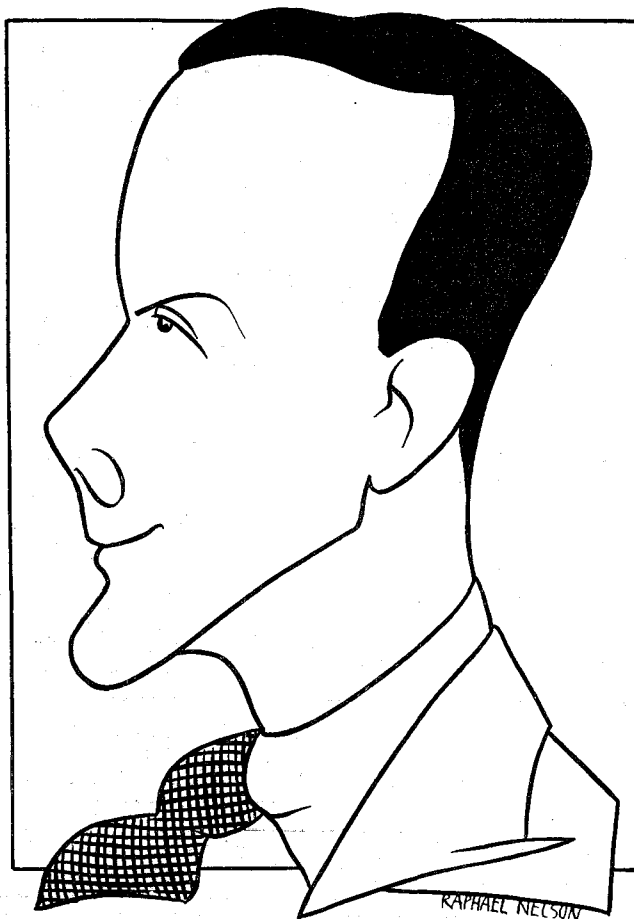
- Shakespeare at Work. G. B. Harrison. 10s. 6d. (Routledge.)
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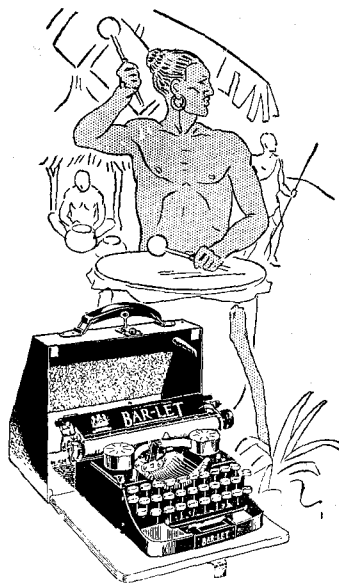
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PRIZE COMPETITIONS FOR OCTOBER

Answers to these Competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing name and address of sender) must be received by the Editor not later than November 13th. A competitor may enter for all the Competitions, but must cut out the coupon and send this with each answer or group of answers, and address envelope :

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Competitors must please keep copies of their MSS., as the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

THE PRIZES OFFERED THIS MONTH ARE :

- I.—ONE GUINEA will be given for a sonnet of protest by Guy Fawkes at the annual burning of his effigy.
- II.—ONE GUINEA will be given for a sixteen-line rhymed poem entitled "Chivalry," of which eight of the lines must end with the following words (in any order) : halidom, cuisse, destrier, teeth, joust, coup-de-grace, surcoat, damosel.
- III.—How far can an author tell a truth without seeing it? Speaking of Mrs. Mackenzie in "The Newcomes," a lady remarked to G. K. Chesterton: "Thackeray didn't know it, but she drank." HALF A GUINEA will be given for the best list of six other unconscious literary truths.
- IV.—HALF A GUINEA will be given for the best version, in not more than two hundred and fifty words, of the Very Humble Petition of World Armament Makers earnestly protesting against the threatened resignation of Mars.
- V.—THREE NEW BOOKS will be given for the best quotation from English poetry in the seventeenth century applicable to any book *advertised* in this number.
- VI.—THE BOOKMAN will be sent post free for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for a competition.

Results of August Competitions

- I.—TWO GUINEAS (as stated last month) for the best Resignation of Mars, in not more than fifteen heroic couplets, are awarded to John E. Woods, 63, Mayfield Road, Earlsdon, Coventry, for the following :

Now that Disarmament is in the air,
With Economics as the world's chief care,
My rôle as God of War, I must decide,
Seems out of date and scarcely justified.
A lengthy innings have I played with you
(With payment of War debts still overdue) ;
From small tribal affairs, to your last fling
In lethal frightfulness the latest thing.
But wars were wars when Troy was sacked and burned ;
The Greeks and Romans thought that they had learned
The art ; but weapons changed at such a pace
That even I feared for the human race.

Gunpowder made you all take honest fright ;
The rifle, now, makes "black" equal to "white" ;
Muskets and pikes museums now adorn ;
Explosive shells laugh cannon-balls to scorn.
Napoleon and Nelson (rest their shades !)
Expected men to fight, not dig with spades
Like moles, nor dive like whales in submarines,
Nor shoot with mathematical machines.
But bombing from the air appears to me
A modern version of barbarity.
Also you talk of using poison gas,
Thus wiping out communities *en masse*.
Let Mussolini and Herr Hitler rave,
My self-respect and prestige I must save ;
If demigods are all that you require,
(And feeling old) thankfully I retire
To be a myth, a symbol, what you will,
Leaving you what remains of Time to kill.

We also specially recommend the replies by Joan Stiebel (London, W.), Herbert Hodder (London, S.W.), Dorothy Ball (Paris), L. V. Upward (Chiswick), L. F. Goldsmid (London, S.W.), and give honourable mention to those by G. S. Purnell (St. Ives, Hunts), E. Davis (Dublin), Kathleen Blyth (West Hartlepool), J. C. Pulford (Liverpool), Enid M. Norman (Weston-super-Mare), Laurence C. Wheatley (South Chingford), B. M. Beard (Bexleyheath), E. Ashley (London, N.W.), N. Monckton (London, N.W.), H. Dorothea Way (Taunton).

- II.—HALF A GUINEA for the best appreciation of the work of "Anthony Hope" is awarded to G. Pitt, 8, Wyndham Crescent, N.19, for the following :

Anthony Hope possessed rich gifts of humour and imagination ; he wrote polished, scholarly English ; and he was extremely versatile. Novels—romantic, political and historical ; light comedies and costume-plays, he could do them all and do them well. Yet, after the tremendous success of "The Prisoner of Zenda," he was apparently expected by the majority of his readers to write books of that type and no other ; though a frivolous interlude with "Dolly" might be tolerated occasionally.

The original ingredients of Ruritanian romance can be found in "Prince Otto." Royal hero and villain, sage old counsellor, forest flight, romantic peasantry—they are all there. But Hope seasoned them with a piquant dash which was entirely his own, winning for his novel a popularity denied the earlier work. Incident was everything in "Zenda." There was no scope for the author's philosophic insight, his powers of observation, his rapier-wit. These are shown to great advantage in "Quisanté" and "The King's Mirror." The first is a character-study of great power and originality, with a carefully wrought and most convincing political background. "The King's Mirror" deals ironically with kingship, in contrast to "Zenda's" romantic treatment of the same subject. The young ruler, vainly struggling against destiny, is a memorable figure. "The Intrusions of Peggy" is a good realistic novel, "Pilkerton's Peerage" an ingenious comedy.

Yet presumably all this excellent work is forgotten, and Anthony Hope's name will be linked with "The Prisoner of Zenda," even though it is no longer read—the penalty of achieving a "best-seller."

We also highly commend the replies by P. Prestwich (Old Southgate, N.W.), M. T. Coghlan (Dublin), Joan Stiebel (London, W.), B. M. Beard (Bexleyheath), J. H. G. Gibbs (Upminster), Laurence C. Wheatley (South Chingford), J. C. Pulford (Liverpool), Joyce Woodhouse (Brundall), John E. Woods (Coventry).

III.—THREE NEW BOOKS for the best quotation are awarded to W. A. Rathkey, 14, Oxford Road, London, N.W.6, for the following :

THE QUEEN AND MR. GLADSTONE.

By PHILIP GUEDALLA. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

- (1) "Quick volumes of wild notes, to let him know
By that shrill taste she could do something too,"
RICHARD CRASHAW, *Music's Duel*.

We also select for printing :

- (2) "... a wild civility."
ROBERT HERRICK, *Delight in Disorder*.

(Joyce Woodhouse, The Lodge, Brundall, Norfolk.)

- (3) "Will, when speaking well won't win her,
Saying nothing do't?"
SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

(Audrey Jennings, 15, Queensberry Place, S.W.7.)

IV.—THE BOOKMAN will be sent post free for twelve months to J. H. G. Gibbs, "Fosters," Hall Lane, Upminster, Essex.

CROSSWORD No. 34.

We regret that no one sent in a correct solution.

Books Received

(continued from page 73)

Reprints and Cheap Editions

- The Life of Richard Rolle. Frances M. M. Comper. 7s. 6d. (Dent.)
The Poems of John Donne. Edited by H. J. C. Grierson. 3s. 6d. (Oxford University Press.)
Isabella of Spain. William Walsh. 6s. (Sheed & Ward.)
Ashe of Rings. Mary Butts. 7s. 6d. (Wishart.)
The Story of My Heart. Richard Jefferies. 3s. 6d. (Longmans.)

Sociology

- Contemporary Literature and Social Revolution. R. D. Charques. 6s. (Martin Secker.)
Women in Subjection. I. B. O'Malley. 15s. (Duckworth.)

Science

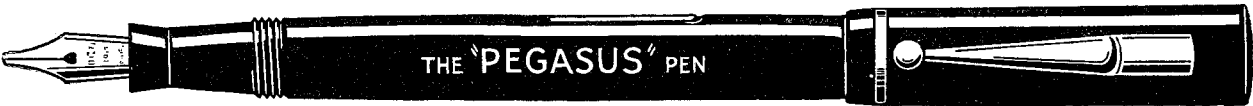
- Limitations of Science. J. W. N. Sullivan. 7s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)

Sport

- Beagling for Beginners. D. Jobson-Scott. 15s. (Hutchinson.)

Travel

- Buddhists and Glaciers of Western Tibet. Giotto Dainelli. 18s. (Kegan Paul.)
Explorers All. Clifford Collinson. 8s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)
The Land of the Lingam. Arthur Miles. 12s. 6d. (Hurst & Blackett.)
Blazing Trails in Bantuland. Dugald Campbell. 3s. 6d. (Pickering & Inglis.)



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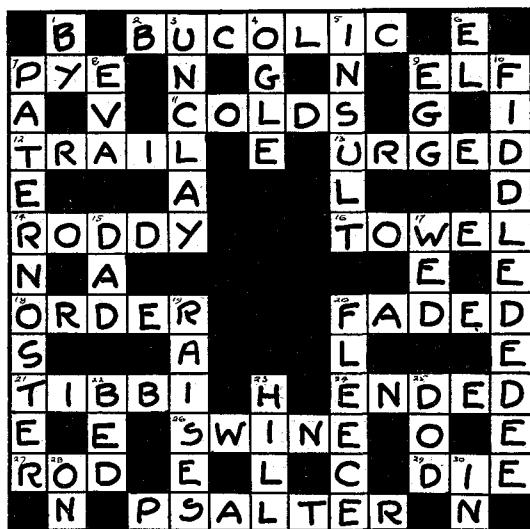
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"THE BOOKMAN" CROSSWORD No. 36

Solution to Crossword XXXIV



RELIGIOUS VERSE

By "PROCRUSTES"

A guinea will be sent to the sender of a correct solution who supplies the best clue to No. 21 down.

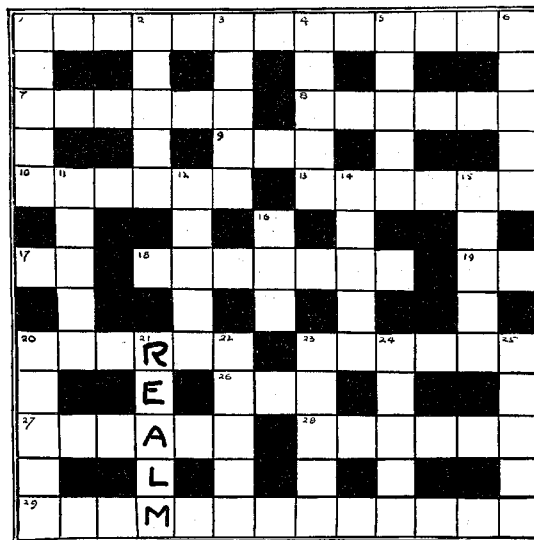
CLUES DOWN:

1. "He is . . . , of all things
Yet to come the mystic Close,
Evermore and Evermore."
—(PRUDENTIUS, tr. R. F. DAVIS.)
2. "Children before their fleshly birth
Are lights . . . in the blue sky."—(SWINBURNE.)
3. "As this pale . . . 's earthly spark,
To yonder argent round;
So shows my soul before the Lamb,
My spirit before Thee."—(TENNYSON.)
4. "And moonéd Ashtaroth,
Heav'n's . . . and mother both,
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine."
—(MILTON.)
5. One of those for which Blake called for his mental fight.
6. "Happy those early days when I
Shined in my . . . infancy!"—(HENRY VAUGHAN.)
11. "Aurora has the cloudis . . .
The Sone is risen with glaidsum licht,
Et nobis Puer natus est."—(WILLIAM DUNBAR.)
12. "Et l'ange devint noir, et dit:—Je suis l' . . .
Mais son front sombre était plus charmant que le jour."
—(VICTOR HUGO, *Apparition.*)
14. "The tuneful voice was heard from high:
'Arise, ye more than dead!'
Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
In . . . to their stations leap."—(DRYDEN.)
15. "The light thrill'd past her, fill'd
With Angels, in strong level . . .
Her eyes prayed, and she smiled."—(D. G. ROSSETTI.)
16. "There burst he forth: 'All ye, whose hopes rely
On God, with me among these deserts mourn;
Repent, repent, and from . . . errors turn!'"
—(DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN.)
20. Author of—
"Glorious the Northern lights astream;
Glorious the song, when God's the theme;
Glorious the thunder's roar:
Glorious Hosanna from the den;
Glorious the catholic Amen;
Glorious the martyr's gore."
22. "I fled him down the arches of the . . ."
—(The Hound of Heaven.)
23. "He comes to . . . oppression,
To let the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity."—(J. MONTGOMERY.)
24. English Franciscan of the fourteenth century. "Prince of Nominalists."
25. "Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive . . . to Heav'n's new-born Heir."
—(MILTON.)

CLUES ACROSS:

1. First three words of Abélard's hymn translated by J. M. Neale as—
"O what the joy and the glory must be."
7. "When I survey the bright
Celestial sphere;
So rich with jewels hung, that Night
Doth like an . . . bride appear."
—(WILLIAM HABINGTON.)
8. "Stern Daughter of the Voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love,
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the . . . and reprove."—(WORDSWORTH.)
9. "Till gently, like soft golden clouds at . . .
Around the western twilight, all subside
Into a placid faith."—(JOHN KEBLE.)
10. "A pretty babe all burning bright
Did in the air . . ."
—(ROBERT SOUTHWELL.)
13. Corruption found in carols.
17. See 19.
18. Author of "Rock of Ages."
19. (With 17)—
". . . and Baalim
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice-battered God of Palestine."
—(MILTON.)
20. "Poor world, said I, what wilt thou do
To entertain this . . . stranger?"—(CRASHAW.)
23. "Mighty Victim from on high,
Powers of hell beneath thee lie;
Death is . . . in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light."—(R. CAMPBELL.)
26. "News from a foreign country came
As if my treasure and my wealth lay there;
So much it did my heart inflame,
'Twas wont to call my soul into mine . . ."
—(TRAHERNE.)
27. "Him followed Rimmon, whose delightful seat
Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks
Of . . . and Pharpar, lucid streams."
—(Paradise Lost.)
28. Virgil was Dante's.
29. Fifteenth century author of the hymn translated by J. M. Neale as—
"Light's abode, celestial Salem."

Crossword No. 36



COUPON for OCTOBER, 1933

AUTUMN SUPPLEMENT



*From Modern Photography
(Studio).*

NATURE SINGS.
By A. Aubrey Bodine,
Baltimore, M.D.

THE BOOKMAN AUTUMN 1933

THE ECONOMICS OF HUMAN HAPPINESS. By Collin Brooks. 10s. 6d. (Routledge.)

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that at least ninety per cent. of the population of Europe and America are convinced that the first and essential step towards a restoration of world prosperity is a complete reorganisation of the present economic system. "Plan or perish" has become a universal slogan in the mouths of statesmen and politicians of all countries and all parties, though a great diversity of opinion naturally exists as to what form the "plan" should take.

But what of the ten per cent.? Minorities have an uncanny effect of succeeding where majorities fail. Mr. Collin Brooks is definitely voicing the opinion of the minority when he postulates that the world is suffering from over-organisation, and that the material efficiency supposed to accrue from a planned economy is not worth the price—the abandonment of habits and ideals which for two thousand years have been the basis of Western civilisation.

Stated in so few words, Mr. Brooks's theory seems somewhat unoriginal, if not actually absurd. Most people are aware of the misguided idealists who would prohibit any further development of our over-mechanised age, but it would be ridiculous to associate the author of "The Economics of Human Happiness" with such a coterie. Mr. Brooks is one of the leading financial journalists of the present day, and his other books on financial and economic subjects have shown him to be a writer and critic far above the usual standard. When, then, he adopts what might almost be termed the "Baconian theory of economics," it is highly dangerous to discount him as a "crank." Mr. Brooks describes his book as a loose treatise on how to be happy though civilised. It is based on the conviction that what is really wanted is not better leadership, more scientific leadership, democratic leadership or any other qualified leadership—but less leadership. However, Mr. Brooks almost immediately qualifies this statement by stating that his book is not a manifesto for perfect freedom, but a mild suggestion that the starting-point of political thought should be the individual and not the trade unions or employers' association, "nor the whimsies of some dead dreamer."

The economist receives scant courtesy from Mr. Brooks. He compares him to a witch-doctor, a man who must diagnose from a situation which has changed before that diagnosis can be translated into a prescription. Cruel, and in many cases true, but I would point out again that the application of the prescription is *not* the economist's business, but the politician's. Why, then, blame the doctor if the chemist refuses to do his part of the job? In my

opinion Mr. Brooks has not proved his thesis, but he has succeeded in producing a frank and fearless book, wittily written and containing much that is of the greatest interest to everybody. The book also presents the general reader with an economic history mercifully free from the usual jargon, generalities and false deductions so often based on an ignorance of facts.

FRANCIS L. TOWERS.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

By Arthur Weigall. 18s. (Thornton Butterworth.)

Lovers of classic civilisation are doing what they can about it to-day. Doing what has not been done before—at least not for a long time—rewriting its history as though it were about contemporary human beings, with much of our blood, many of our tastes and most of our difficulties. To do this was a discovery. While something had to be done, now that a knowledge of Greek and Latin is being criticised as anything from "less essential" to a "shocking waste of time."

One thing they left behind them, these two peoples, from the time that the last of them left the earth, a race of men to be their lovers, preserving and illuminating their least act, their lightest word. Lovers are not fabricated. Each age in its turn has produced them, the immortal band of classical scholars. From Milton to Browning's

Grammarians, from the mediæval poets, working at the arms of Paris and the heraldry round Troy, to Professor Gilbert Murray. The architects, the poets and the painters all sustaining them; and society insisting that every gently-bred boy would not be so gently bred without years of some sort of—often ill-chosen—contact with them. For what other period, let alone race, can the same thing be said? For it is *not* an accident. Or a snobbery. Or one of our ancestors' quaint mistakes. The mistakes they made are corrigible. The arguments against such training are as mistaken as they are easy.

What has to be done—what, after all, the generations have each done, according to their taste—is to retell the story of classical antiquity in terms familiar to us. For better or worse to-day we insist less on its heroic stature, less on the superhuman light its men and women—rather awkwardly for us—still carry with them; underline instead their humanity, describe them—and this means laying special stress on their weaknesses—in the idiom of our time.

Among this generation's lovers is Mr. Weigall, doing his service in his own way. It is a very good way, and the reviewer for one, owes him too much to be ungrateful. His method is uncompromising, his style that of a foreign



From *The Rudiments of Figure Drawing*
By Rowland W. Alston
(Pitman).

DÜRER (1471-1528).
(Braun & Cie.)

correspondent, sending back news from the front of contemporary events. His learning he holds so lightly that you hardly believe it. It reads like gossip. Until—after a glance at his references—one realises that he has assembled everything that is known: the high words of statesmen, the final words of inscriptions, the chosen words of literature, down to the chat of the market place, a rude story, a popular song. All this he has gathered up, woven into its relations; until the whole appears like some huge embroidery, a tapestry, to display, with every intricacy each scene, each turn of character or fate.

This is wholly admirable, and with his imagination he deduces character—hardily. His descriptions of the Macedonian court are exciting as a novel. Where common sense and not historic pieties is needed nothing could be better. Yet the trap was laid for him here. Mr. Weigall sets himself at all costs to be human, to be readable, to be stimulating. To take events out of historians' prose into common terms of description. If he had been a consummate writer, a Lytton Strachey; if he had a special point of view, a moral he wanted to drive home, all might have been well. As it is, one suspects him of a wish to entertain, to be vivid, to be contemporary, whatever the price. This leads him into errors of taste. The death of the men who fell at Chæroneia, lying, lover by lover, the Theban Band, is not a sporting event. A flash of inspiration made him see that Alexander thought of himself as an Anointed, a Christos; not the awe-filling implications of that faith. Again, missing something of the *quality* of his upbringing, he speaks of him in his childhood as probably a prig. A dæmonic boy—and no one insists more on the *fact* of his dæmonism—cannot be priggish.

The danger of Mr. Weigall's approach is to be so on the spot as to be nowhere; to fail to make it clear that his events happened in a particular time and place—to a most particular set of human beings, whose actions have notably affected the centuries after them. In his dislike of the grand manner, he has omitted grandeur. Yet there was grandeur. And more than grandeur, the dæmonism, a turn of the incalculable it is possible to be too light-hearted about.

MARY BUTTS.

GOD AND THE ASTRONOMERS.

By William Ralph Inge, K.C.V.O., D.D., F.B.A., etc.
12s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

This book contains the Warburton Lectures, 1931-33, in which Dean Inge dealt with "the prophecy of modern science about the ultimate fate of the world we live in," and in which he subjected to close scrutiny the several and often mutually irreconcilable theories put forward by the leaders of different schools of scientific thought. Such divergences of prophecy are easily to be accounted for by different angles of approach to cosmic problems. A mind the lifetime of which has been devoted to mechanics inevitably sees things from a mechanical point of view; which may differ essentially from that of the mathematician.

Dean Inge has devoted an immense amount of research and thought to the whole matter of this book and, so far as is humanly possible, without any prejudice. In an evident desire for so much of ultimate truth as may be discernible by finite minds as one result, his reason rejects entropic theories, and is in agreement with Jeans's theistic observation: "The objectivity of objects arises from their subsisting in the mind of some eternal Spirit." To his quotation of which passage Dean Inge adds: "That is what I believe myself. . . ."

Space does not permit of adequate appreciation of a book which must be read closely. Its easy and fluent style, which has little of the "popular" about it, greatly lightens the labour of following the close reasoning of its author.



JOHN HAMPDEN

BY
HUGH ROSS
WILLIAMSON

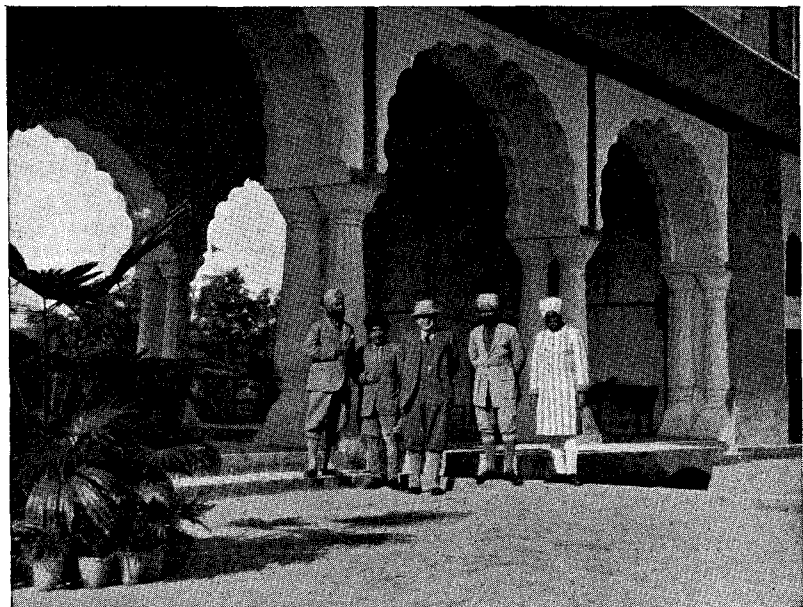
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From the First Review THE TIMES

"History and historical biography are nowadays very often either too heavy for the reading of any but students or too light to be worth any student's reading. Mr. Hugh Ross Williamson's *Life of Hampden* follows a sounder tradition. The writing is attractive and forcible . . . Mr. Williamson has also used with care and skill the available sources, printed and manuscript, and has, among a number of Hampden letters, printed half-a-dozen for the first time . . . In the manner in which he deals with the controversial questions of a highly controversial period, Mr. Williamson is moderate and dignified . . . We must be grateful to Mr. Williamson that he has given so much vitality to his portrait of Hampden."

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From *Sailors, Statesmen and Others*
By Lt.-Commander the Hon. J. M. Kenworthy
(Rich & Cowan).

PINJORE, HIMALAYAS.

EVERYBODY'S DOG BOOK. By Major A. J. Dawson. With thirty-one new photographic studies by Thomas Fall illustrating every popular breed. 5s. (Philip Allan.)

Major Dawson, as everybody knows, loves dogs, but he loathes sentimentality about dogs, for he thinks that it leads to the worst forms of cruelty. This reprint of a popular book is written for those who want to get the pleasure for themselves which wise and understanding treatment brings. Everything about feeding, breeding, varieties, care of in illness, showing, is put into readable form. There are also stories of some remarkable dogs, and some exceedingly valuable lists and figures for constant reference.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF HAIKU ANCIENT AND MODERN.

Translated and annotated by Asatarō Miyamori. 20s. net. (Tokio: Maruzen.)

The *haiku* is the shortest form of Japanese poem, consisting of seventeen syllables and counting at most ten words. It is written in a kind of verse, but because of the brevity of its form and the necessity for great concentration, it is too stiff to sing. Like all other types of Japanese poetry, it has no metre and no rhyme. Speaking generally, the *haiku* consists of an objective description of something in Nature—the passing of the

seasons, the full moon, cherry-blossom, the nightingale's song—and the poet's subjective sentiment is left to the reader's imagination. When the criterion of a good *haiku* is the completeness with which the particular features of a theme are described, it is obvious that there cannot be very much space left for the poet's own reactions in a poem where only seventeen syllables are allowed.

The *haiku* as a poetical form has been popular from the fifteenth century until today, and everywhere throughout the Japanese Empire new ones are constantly being composed on the ancient traditional themes, for as Lafcadio Hearn remarked: "Poetry in Japan is universal as the air. It is felt by everybody. It is read by everybody. It is composed by almost everybody—irrespective of class and condition." In this book Mr. Asatarō Miyamori has collected about a thousand of these poems, translated them, annotated them and added explanatory notes.

When it comes to Englishing Japanese poetry, most of us unfortunately are not in a position to sit in judgment on the accuracy of the translation, but we can judge however

whether the result is beautiful or not. Surely these are:

"Ah! summer grasses wave!
The warrior's brave deeds were a dream."

and

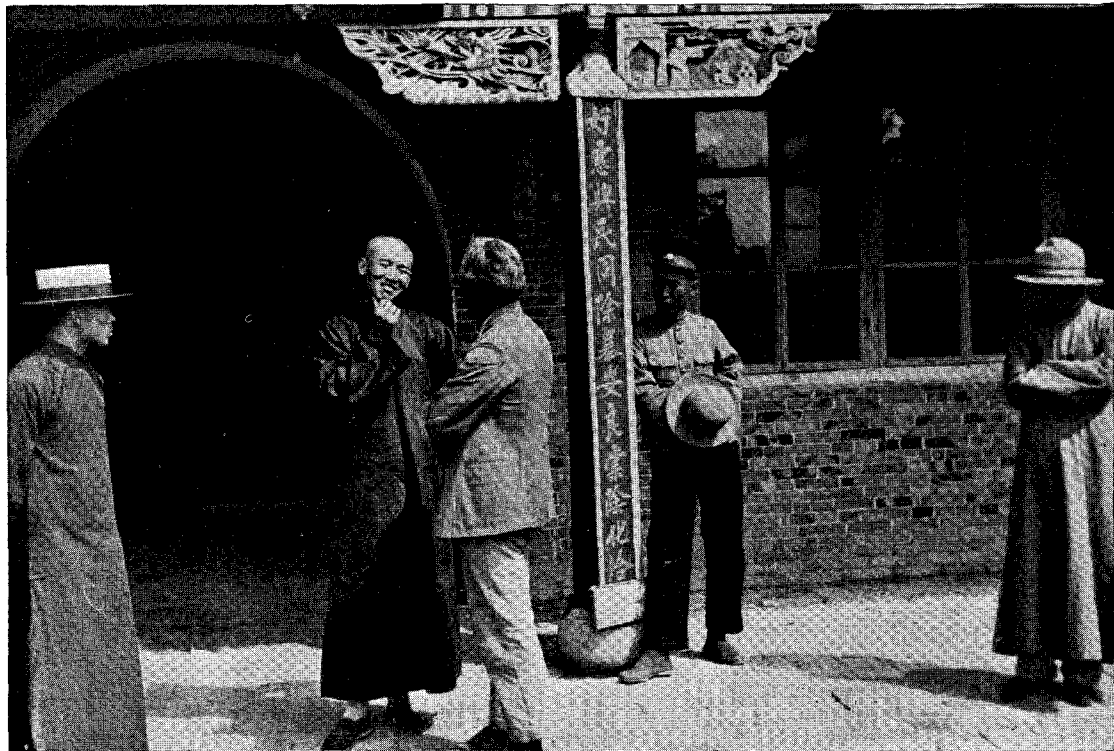
"What an expanse of rape flowers
With the moon east and the sun west."

and

"A crow is perched on a bare branch;
It is an autumn eve."

and

"Oh, grave-mound, move!
My wailing is the autumn wind."



From *Special Correspondent*
By A. R. Lindt
(Cobden-Sanderson).

NEGOTIATIONS BEFORE THE MANDARIN'S YAMEN.

IBN SA'UD, THE PURITAN
KING OF ARABIA.

By Kenneth Williams.

8s. 6d. net.

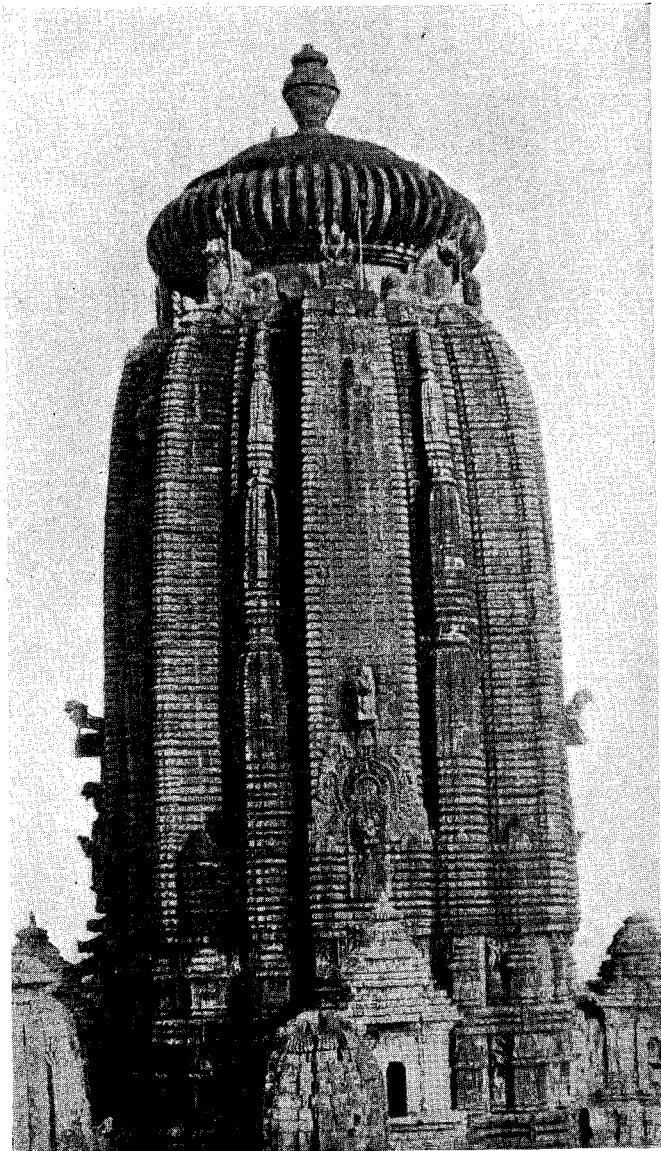
(Jonathan Cape.)

Mr. Williams thinks that it is not too early to assess Ibn Sa'ud's achievement; and this study is welcome, for there are few great figures of contemporary history who are less known to the British public.

The achievement itself is a striking one. It is that of a man, a member of a race of kings, emerging from exile to rise by force of personality and military genius to the control of a vast territory stretching from the Red Sea to the Persian Gulf. The process has been marked by bloodshed, as it must be in Arabia: but its completion has brought to the Sa'udi king the admiration and respect not only of the major part of the Islamic world, but also of every Christian government with which he has come in contact.

For the king's control is real, his authority incontestable. Seldom, nowadays, do his subjects indulge in the "national pastime" of raiding their neighbours. His success here is due partly to the advent of wireless and the motor-car, which afford him swift communication with all parts of his domain; partly to the development of his earlier economic and religious reforms, notably the institution of the *Ikhwan* movement. Yet the essential problem of Arabia remains an economic one; and Mr. Williams, while praising Ibn Sa'ud's attempts to solve it, cannot be optimistic of his success. By far the greater part of the country is utterly unsusceptible to cultivation. The trade in camels is almost dead; the pearl trade is dwindling. The possibility of finding oil and mineral wealth is still only a possibility. Meanwhile, there is the asset of the Pilgrimage, but many believe that even this will in course of time greatly diminish.

Ibn Sa'ud's government is primarily founded on religion. God sent him victorious: and he is responsible to God for the welfare of his people. In this, of course, he is in direct conflict with the spirit of the age, which tends increasingly to separate Church from State, to leave religious matters to the individual conscience. But, as Mr. Williams well expresses it, "there is no particular reason to believe that the future of the world is with the godless." It may be that the Arabian king has found a firmer basis from which to fight his economic battles than that of many more progressive states.



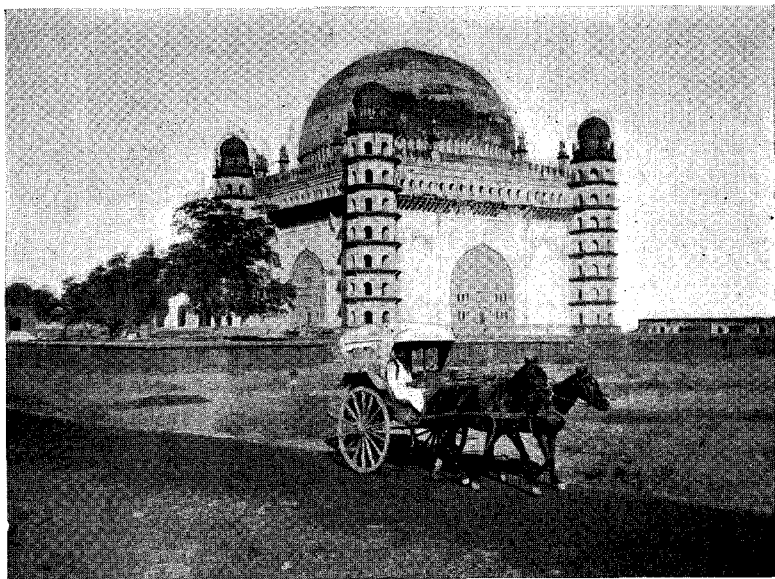
From *The Land of the Lingam*

By Arthur Miles
(Hurst & Blackett).

A LINGAM TEMPLE.

The narrative is clear, and the subject is important enough to atone for an occasional lack of grace in the writing.

J. F. SULLIVAN.



From *Sabre and Saddle*

By Lieut.-Colonel E. H. W. Stothard
(Seeley, Service).

BIJAPUR.

The photo shows what is said to be the largest dome in the world. In the foreground is that well-known Indian vehicle, the tongah.

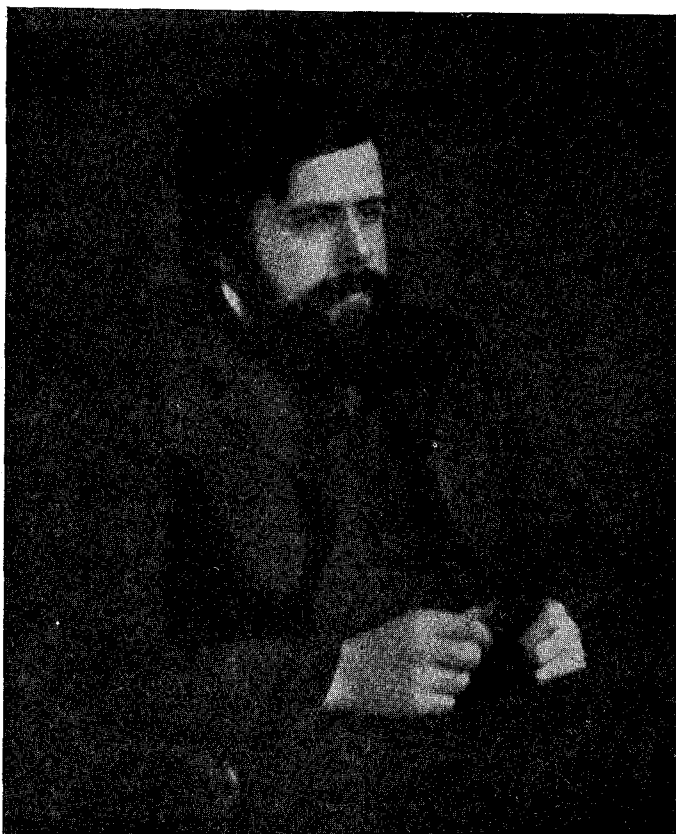
THE EMPTY QUARTER:

Being a Description of the Great South Desert of Arabia known as Rub' al Khali.

By H. St. J. B. Philby, C.I.E., I.C.S.

2rs. net. (Constable.)

There is always a temptation to compare any book about the Arabian Desert with Doughty's still incomparable work. It must be admitted that a certain faint echoing of the style of "Arabia Deserta" does persist through some of these later books; but if one remembers that ever since its first publication in 1888 Doughty's book has been the constant companion and un-failing guide in desert lore to all travellers in Arabia, it is not surprising that their literary style should be influenced by it in some measure. Moreover it is not surprising that most of these books resemble one another, written as they are in the form of journals night after night between the marches across what is probably the hardest



Richard Middleton.

From *The Pantomime Man*
By Richard Middleton
(Rich & Cowan).

Reviewed last month.

territory under the sun, and inhabited by the most highly-strung and most temperamental people to be encountered anywhere.

To say this is not another "Arabia Deserta" does not impute that Mr. Philby's book is not a first-class book that should be read by anybody who is a connoisseur of style, or a lover of adventure, or an admirer of a brave man.

Briefly Mr. Philby did this. In ninety days he travelled eighteen hundred miles on camel-back, mostly through regions never scientifically explored, surveying and generally collecting specimens of all kinds (the full tables of these specimens and the maps are contained at the end of the volume). The last three hundred and fifty miles of his journey were through districts unknown to any man, and in nine days he and his Arab companions crossed the most lifeless and most waterless region of the Empty Quarter. This is the first time in history that it has been crossed from east to west. It is to be hoped that the proverbially fair-minded British public know by now the circumstances attending Mr. Philby's great journey. How for fifteen years he had planned and hoped and been disappointed over and over again in his life's ambition to cross the largest blank on the map outside the Polar regions—the Rub' al Khali, the Empty Quarter. And how, permission at last obtained from his master and patron, 'Abdul Aziz ibn Sa'ud, King of Arabia, he was defeated by only a few months in his ambition to be the first man to cross the Great Desert, by Mr. Bertram Thomas. So great was the applause over Mr. Thomas's feat, so many the honours, such fuss over his book, that there was not too much attention left for Mr. Philby on his return. The public, to maintain its reputation for fair-mindedness, is begged to read this book and judge for itself.

ONE MAN'S INDIA.

By T. Earle Welby.

6s. (Lovat Dickson.)

This semi-autobiographical book by the late Mr. Welby is partly an account of the Indian environment as it affected a sensitive, lonely child living with his parents at a "hill station" in Northern India, and partly the subsequent reactions of Mr. Welby, the man, to India. As a child he absorbed much of Indian lore. This was an advantage, helping him to analyse India intimately and be critical of many things English. "I know now what I possibly could not know as a schoolboy—that India had done me one inestimable good in guarding me from the vulgarity which startled and pained me in my own country. The blatant hoardings, to speak of nothing worse . . . myriad exhibitions of the ugly commonness lying at the base and aspiring to the apex of our civilisation . . . seeing about me no one whom these things seemed to trouble. . . ."

There is another point about which I wish he could have been as critical. He speaks of "nature collaborating with man" here in Europe, while in India one has to keep a constant watch over it, and propitiate it regularly. Of the kindness of nature in England I am myself aware, but how much of this "nature" will be left before long? Here man is ever making propitiations to his mechanical contrivances. If in India one has to look out for snakes, here one has to "rubberneck" in half a dozen directions not to be run over in crossing the street. In laboratory and hospital the high priests of science are ever making propitiations to these monsters of man's own making. How to combat noise, how to *aid* deafness, how to offset a thousand and one ills that the Orient does not have to contend with yet. And the solemnity and the seriousness (minus the joyous exultation we derive from our worship) of this science worship is as much deserving of sympathy as our own pagan worship.

In the later chapters, which are really the more important sections of the book, Mr. Welby makes some very pertinent observations about the political and social problems of India. An interesting book—interesting in an unusual way.

J. V.-T.



From *Safari Sam*
By Gordon Makepeace
(Hodder & Stoughton).

"IT'S ONLY WHEN A MAN PUTS HIS GUN DOWN AND STARTS TO TALK THAT HE'S AT A DISADVANTAGE."

THE TIME OF HER LIFE.

By Maude Robinson. 5s. (Allen & Unwin.)

The dainty coloured drawing on the cover of this little volume is a perfect indication of the quality of the contents. These stories of Quaker life, now reprinted in a cheaper edition, are as fragrant as the lavender hedge in an old garden, and the style is as quiet and fresh as the lives of these unique people.

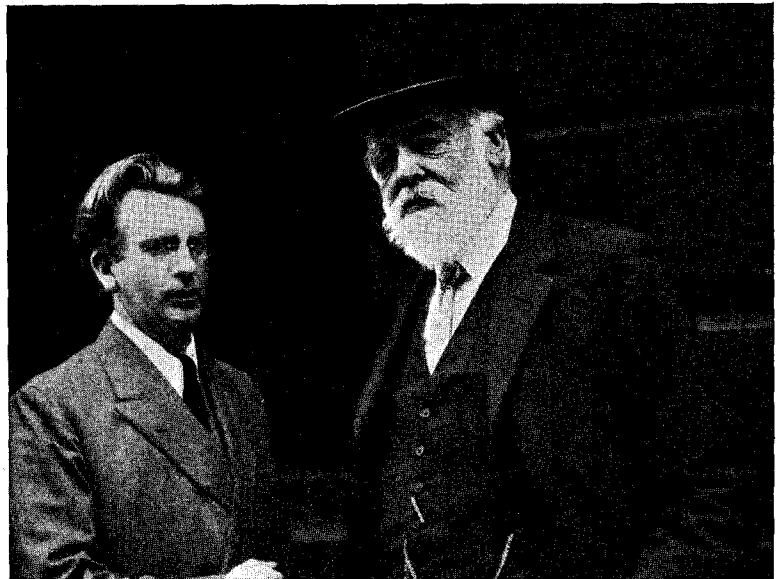
If in these days of bustle we are tempted to judge of the value of a thing by the noise and fuss it makes, these stories of labour accomplished with no heat and clamour, of deeds done without loss of poise and sweetness of spirit, will remind us of the immense strength of the quiet mind, the influence wielded by the tranquil soul.

A CAGED BIRD : A ROMANTIC BIOGRAPHY OF ELIZABETH, EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

By Maureen Fleming (Mrs. Larry Rue). 10s. 6d. (Selwyn & Blount.)

What's in a name ?

Porridge may be a nauseous mess of lumpy, badly-cooked oatmeal served half cold with skim milk, or it may be a delicious confection served with brown sugar and cream. Biography is biography whether it is a



From **Baird of Television**
By Ronald F. Tiltman
(Seeley, Service).

BAIRD WITH SIR OLIVER LODGE
(at the British Association Meeting at
Leeds in 1927).

yet found herself by accident mated to the most formal Emperor in Europe, and had to live in the stuffiest of courts, until she broke away to roam the world at her will.

Elizabeth's childhood with her gay father, her life as Empress, mother, lover and diplomat, her escapades, her popularity are woven skilfully into a sketch of contemporary history. If the sugar and cream are perhaps too thickly laid on sometimes, there is no doubt that this biography will be read from the first word to the last ; the people, places and events alike glow and become alive under Mrs. Rue's facile pen.

The excellent illustrations show several portraits of the heroine and some of her lovers.



From **More Memories**
By Margot Oxford
(Cassell).

**LADY OXFORD WHEN SHE
WAS MARGOT TENNANT.**

jumbled mass of dates and names, or whether it is served up as a novel, with every refinement of choice description and glowing background.

It is quite certain that this biography will be literally gobbled even by those who think that they hate both biography and history. It is indeed a "romantic" biography of an incredibly romantic life.

Elizabeth's beauty was flawless, her spirit so advanced that she makes the most modern woman of our own age seem tame and old-fashioned.

A born rebel, loving liberty for herself and others, she

THE CASE OF THE VELVET CLAWS.

By Erle Stanley Gardner. 7s. 6d. (Harrap.)

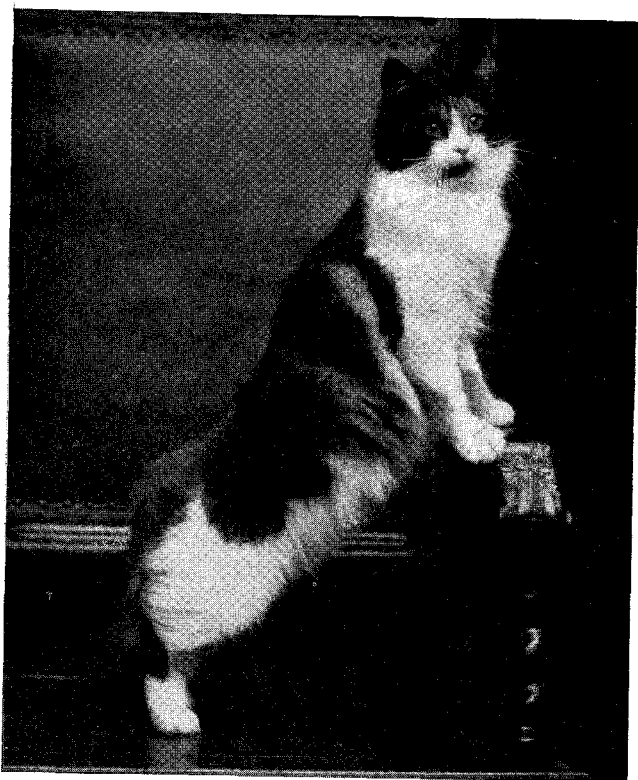
The claws, wrapped in the velvet of her youth, beauty and seeming innocence, belonged to Eva Belter. When she first came to Perry Mason, the famous criminal lawyer, and engaged him to guard her interests in a case of blackmail, only the velvet showed. The claws appeared later, when Perry, investigating the murder of her husband, found himself, owing to her machinations, accused of complicity in the crime.

How he not only cleared himself of the accusation, but pared his client's claws and tracked down the murderer at the same time, makes as thrilling and ingenious a murder yarn as any that has come from America for some time.



From **One Man's India**
By T. Earle Welby
(Lovat Dickson).

**AN EMINENT BENGALI
AGITATOR WHO URGED
INDIANS TO VIOLENT
ACTION.**



From *Cats : Long-haired and Short*
By Evelyn Buckworth-Herne-Loame
(Methuen).

KALEIDOSCOPE.

PHARI : THE ADVENTURES OF A TIBETAN PONY.

By M. E. Buckingham. Illustrated by K. Y. Barker.
7s. 6d. (*Country Life*.)

This unusual animal story will please boys and girls who love horses and also love tales of "foreign parts." Phari was born on the wild, bleak Tibetan tableland, and he was to face a life of change and adventure nearly as wild. As pack-horse, riding pony and polo pony, Phari saw many strange places together with his bosom friend the mule. His capture by thieves led him into active service, and finally to an honourable old age. There are many charming drawings, and young readers will unconsciously learn a little of unfamiliar countries and customs while following the pony's fortunes. A very suitable gift-book for the schoolboy or girl.

CATS—LONG-HAIRED AND SHORT : THEIR BREEDING, REARING AND SHOWING.

By Evelyn Buckworth-Herne-Loame. Illustrated. 5s.
(Methuen.)

There are many people who feel that while dogs need a great deal of care, cats can look after themselves. If the common or fireside cat is self-sufficient and independent, the lordly beauties of the show class most certainly require attention which is skilled and knowledgeable.

"Cats" is a convenient little volume, which seems to contain everything which a cat-lover could possibly require. Instructions on housing, feeding, mating, treatment of sickness, judging are given, while there are lists of varieties and a chapter on cat clubs. There are many fascinating photographs of some very delectable and doubtless expensive pussies.

Even people who do not breed cats for show might well take note of such a book as this, for while a well-cared-for pet is a source of pleasure, a neglected animal is an annoyance and a danger to everyone concerned.

ANCIENT GREEK LITERATURE.

By C. M. Bowra. Home University Library. (Thornton Butterworth.)

Heaven be with the man who in these days has to write yet another account of Greek literature. It must be a discouraging job from the start. Every honest scholar must ask himself: "How far am I introducing intelligent men and women to one of the best things in life; and how far am I saving trouble and giving common idlers and snobs a chance to show off?"

One remembers the American advertisements: "Are you a social success? Did your wife laugh at you on the way home? Read —'s Self-Educator, and you will know the Grecian Urn when you see it."

There is certainly no excuse to-day for a person who has never heard of Sophocles, or for the woman on the Acropolis who was heard by a friend of the reviewer's asking: "Where are your perrickles?"

Mr. Bowra, taking, as he must have, his courage in both hands, has made a wonderfully good job of it. (It is one of the excellences of the Home University series that each one of its books is a highly individual piece of writing. Never a cram book.) Faced with the particular difficulty of his subject, where there is nothing new to say, where the critical judgment is mostly praise, and the highest praise at that, he has managed—and without superlatives—to communicate something. Something that is essentially Greek, the quality we call hellenic. "Brought it home," as our age demands, yet without concession to the over-familiar; conveying on every page something of its grace and energy, its union of clarity and the profound.

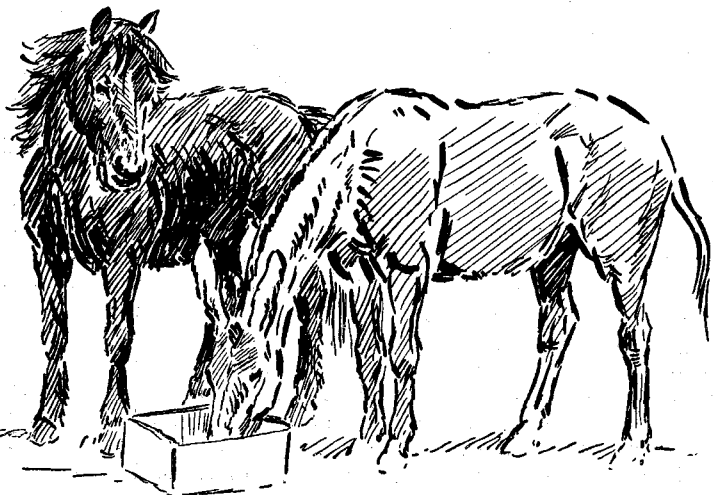
MARY BUTTS.

GOD AND LADY MARGARET.

By John Oxenham. 5s. net. (Longmans.)

The story of a great friendship, born of a very literally accidental meeting between the author and a lady, who from a serious fall had become condemned to lifelong physical inactivity. A platonic idyll sustained by strong mutual sympathies, chiefly expressed by inquiring discussions regarding the how and why of the Deity and His universe. How far does He control and influence human destinies? The age-old questions—propounded here by two people who seem to have been unaware of the equally old dilemma of an All-Good and All-Powerful God, and the existence of Evil.

The end of the story is tragedy, according to the general view of such happenings. But fully appropriate satisfaction according to a mystic mentality. The reader can decide in accordance with his own.



From *Phari*
By M. E. Buckingham
(*Country Life*).

PHARI AND THE NEW MULE THUNDER FEEDING OUT OF THE SAME TIN, TURN AND TURN ABOUT

FRANCISCAN RISE AND FALL.

By Rev. Patrick Cowley.

5s. net. (Dent.)

This is a very fully documented account not only of the life and work of St. Francis of Assisi, but also of the political and ecclesiastical conditions prior to the astounding reformation brought about in the Church through his, at first unaided, influence and example.

It is a history of the continual clash between Church and State which underlies European history from the tenth to—so far as this account goes—the early thirteenth century.

The author writes from a sense of sincerely enthusiastic admiration for the Little Poor man, and his at first small but devoted group of disciples; and in no way seeks to obscure or excuse the terrible conditions of every kind of immorality, in which both priest and layman were sunk, when Francis, regardless of intense and bitter opposition, succeeded in enforcing his measures of reformation. Measures in no way destructive of the Church (he always remained a loyal Catholic), but were constructive of barriers against evil and its recurrence.

Francis's faith removed mountains of avarice and unjustly vested interests; and his own life shone as an example to Christianity.



From *The Dog*
By James Dickie
(Hutchinson).

THE SALUKI OR PERSIAN
GAZELLEHOUND.

of women and against the system of caste and the marriage of children.

A veritable reformer, arisen almost miraculously from conditions of age-old static ignorance and superstitious credulity.

A WANDERING MINSTREL.

By Sir Henry Lytton. 10s. 6d. (Jarrolds.)

To the man who needs an inexhaustible supply of after-dinner anecdotes this book will come as a godsend, but to anyone looking for fresh light on the personalities who have made the Savoy Operas our sole musical tradition since the German Händel it is disappointing.

There is little in the first fifteen chapters of the book to differentiate them from the memoirs of a sportsman or a journalist or indeed anyone sufficiently celebrated himself to mix with other celebrities. They are full of anecdotes of the Canadian Mounted Police and of the ways of Hollywood film stars. The anecdotes are amusing and the lists of celebrities given with a naïve humility that has a charm of its own, but a catalogue of dressing-room acquaintances is not the story of a life, it is merely supplying the general with what they think is caviar. We do not so much want to know what Mr. Asquith [*sic*] said to his neighbour at dinner as whether Gilbert really got his "On My List" song from Aristophanes, and whether Sullivan's heart was really in light opera.

The last few chapters, however, do deal with the operas. There is some light thrown on Charles Ricketts's methods, and the quarrel between composer and librettist is briefly touched on.

Above all there is an apologia for the author's occasional defections at *matinées*, coupled with an admirable plea for the understudy. Sir Henry's attitude to applause during the acts is likewise interesting (though it may shock the purists) for it shows there are at least two sides to the footlights. Finally, to take the foreword last, as Mr. Shaw advises, there is a delightful letter from Stanley Baldwin.

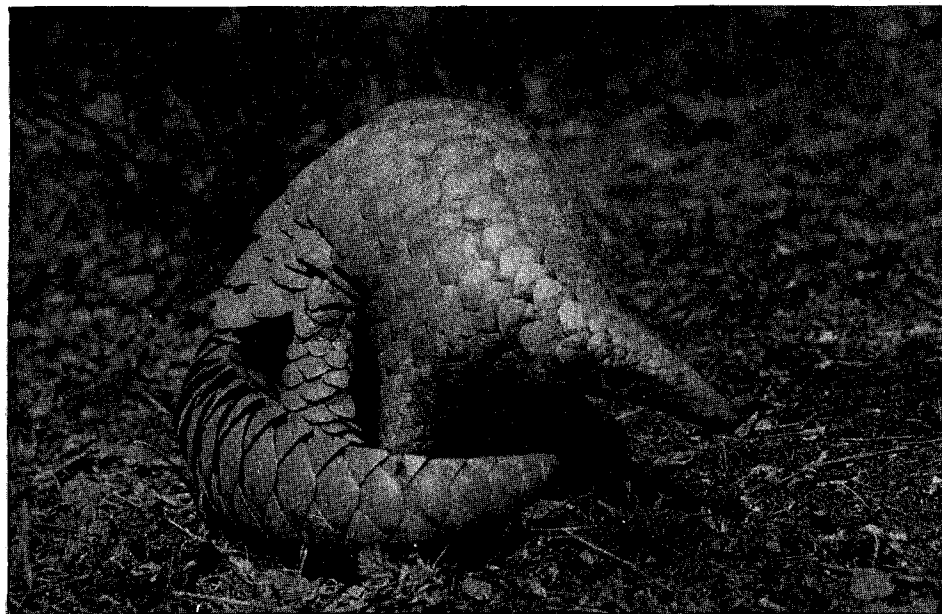
But in the main this book is anecdotal rather than autobiographical—too much a thing of shreds and patches.

INDIAN SPIRITUALITY : The Travels and Teachings of Sivana-
rayan.

By Mohini Mohan Chatterji. 5s. net. (Dent.)

Most especially now, so naïvely written a chronicle of the life and wanderings of an almost illiterate Brahmin ascetic, which affords a clear view of the psychology and conditions of life of the masses of several of the peoples of India, cannot fail to be of interest. Nor can the contrast between the spiritual attainments of the subject of this biographical sketch and the superstitious ignorance of most of those of his own race and caste.

Perusal of this book does not incline the unprejudiced reader toward Indian self-government. At the same time such passages as "He who confesses God by word of mouth, but obeys not his commandments, is an unbeliever," sound surprisingly familiar. Sivanarayan, one of whose declarations of faith that was, was also in favour of the education



From *The Jungle in Sunlight and Shadow*
By F. W. Champion
(Chatto & Windus).

A PANGOLIN, UNCOILING FROM THE
BALL-LIKE ATTITUDE OF DEFENCE.



From *Rolling Round the Horn*
By Claude Muncaster
(Rich & Cowan).

THE "OLIVEBANK."

GOETHE'S FAUST (PART II) : A New Acting Version.

By Graham & Tristan Rawson. 2s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

Nowadays we will not go the whole hog in anything. We take the classics only in snippets. Yet the translators—and we must not forget that Mr. Graham Rawson is a playwright of no mean distinction, if insufficiently recognised, in his own right—are to be congratulated on this condensation and distillation into drama (for Part II was not intended for the theatre). It aims at being an "effective" version; it is less than a quarter as long as the original. It is the innate drama which has been concentrated upon, rather than poetry—impossible to capture in translation. Our authors' edition of Part I (with, to round it off, Act V of Part II) was produced about a decade ago at the Old Vic. It is probable that this work will see its complete fulfilment only by the efforts of some such pioneering, repertory or "festival" theatre. Who will be the impresario who will go the whole hog—and give us Parts I and II—Walpurgis piled on Brocken? It might be an ordeal, but Goethe, for all his prolixity, has as much right to be heard as G. B. S.

TRAGEDY IN A BRICK BOX.

By Jackson Budd. 7s. 6d. (Sampson Low.)

The "Brick Box" of the title of this novel is one of the innumerable slum dwellings which border upon the London docks; and the "Tragedy" is the familiar tragedy of

parents broken by labour, unemployment and poverty, of sons taking to crime or drink and of daughters driven to prostitution. Mr. Budd possesses a knowledge of the docker's life which might have enabled him to write a significant study of blood and muscle sacrificed to the machines and to the rapacity of their masters. It is regrettable therefore that he fails to relate his characters to the social order without which they cannot be properly understood, and that he substitutes sentiment for significance at every point. Keenly sensitive to the existence of suffering, he makes no attempt to discover its cause or to suggest a cure; inviting charity on behalf of the poor, he fails to touch upon the wider implications of the problem of poverty; even his pretended realism is merely a disguised and dangerous form of sentimentality; and in the end he goes far towards justifying existing conditions by creating the impression that, after all, Eden is more likely to be found in the hearts of the poor than in the mansions of the rich—on the grounds that the soul flourishes with the body's decline. In a word, his book is of a type which does more to perpetuate than to abolish the evils which it professes to expose.

HONOR AMONG WOMEN.

By George Gibbs.

7s. 6d. (Appleton.)

Margaret Stribling, daughter of a wealthy American financier and leader of a set of cocktail drinkers, was about to marry a penniless Italian count, when the crashing of her father's companies deprived her of both her money and the count. Foiling a conspiracy by her family to jockey her into a marriage for money, she exchanged her condition of pampered parasite for the doubtless more honourable one of efficient wage-slave. After an unsuccessful attempt to become a film star, she obtained temporary employment in an office and subsequently a permanent post as a teacher of English in Switzerland. One day the count, now a wealthy widower, reappeared and began

troubling her; but fortunately he fell over a precipice, leaving Margaret to find happiness and escape from wage-slavery in the arms of a rich young American novelist. Mr. Gibbs's deft treatment of the characters and plot command admiration; and he writes with a due regard for the sentiments and day-dreams of his readers which should ensure for this novel a popularity not inferior to that enjoyed by its numerous predecessors.

DARK MOON.

By A. D. Divine. 7s. 6d. (Methuen.)

Father Sielax, a nefarious and satanic Finnish priest addicted to devil-worship, captures an old enemy, Mr. Hawkings, and threatens to offer him up as a human sacrifice on the night preceding the appearance of the new moon. In the course of the hue-and-cry for Hawkings thrilling adventures occur, under a waning moon, on land and sea. The story races breathlessly, with gathering speed, from incident to incident, until it reaches a terrific culmination with Sielax crashing satanically from the heavens in a burning aeroplane. Vivid descriptive touches flash out on every page and envelop the incidents in an atmosphere of diabolical beauty and terror; and the real hero (or heroine) is the moon, hanging always in the night sky, but dwindling rapidly and inevitably away like a sinister symbol of Fate.

THE ROMAN WAY.

By Edith Hamilton. 8s. 6d. (Dent.)

Miss Hamilton is a woman for whom the classical authors, and the experience of living gained and recorded in ancient cities, have the liveliest personal significance. In the constant dispute whether history is mainly concerned with past fact or present meaning, she stands unwavering in the second party. Consequently her book on the specifically Roman way of living, of thinking, of selecting artistic material, is not a study in antiquity but a study in humanity; and she is all the time contrasting the Roman way with the Greek (on which she has written in a previous book), and insisting on the close resemblance between the general attitude of the Roman public and the attitude of America or Western Europe in our day. And her comparisons carry conviction. Both Plautus and his characters she reveals as English-minded figures, winnowing-out the dated elements of topic and setting which at first sight obscure the mentality from the modern eye. The many dramatists of post-Renaissance date who borrowed largely from Plautus or Terence are recalled to mind; and it would be hard to deny the continuing significance of men who were satisfactory sources for Shakespeare and Molière.

Naturally she treats Cicero mainly as a letter-writer. His speeches are necessarily biased by whatever cause he was pleading, and his philosophy is pilfered Greek; but his letters are true to himself, his friends and his time. Cicero is the Politician; Cæsar is Cæsar, a figure too individual to fit into Miss Hamilton's scheme. She discusses him well, but he provides no homely comparisons. The author's suggestion that Virgil and Livy are the very founders of romanticism is extremely well argued, and gives the occasion for a very clear and simple discussion of classicism and romanticism in general. Horace, the man of the world, and Catullus, the poet of passion, are certainly with us still.

So the author continues, bringing out the living value of dead writers, up to the death of Marcus Aurelius. Her style is easy, though sometimes careless, and in the

treatment one could complain of nothing except a certain sensationalism about the private life of Claudia.

There are however all too few Latin writers sufficiently well preserved to be discussed. Here is a certain weakness in Miss Hamilton's whole scheme. To use only Roman material was a wise precaution against the creeping-in of alien ideas from the Renaissance or the nineteenth century; but to ignore the findings of archæology condemned her book to be an affair of patches. The classical authors are here and are treated with much sympathy. Rome itself is only their background, and the picture of the Roman way is broken by long gaps.

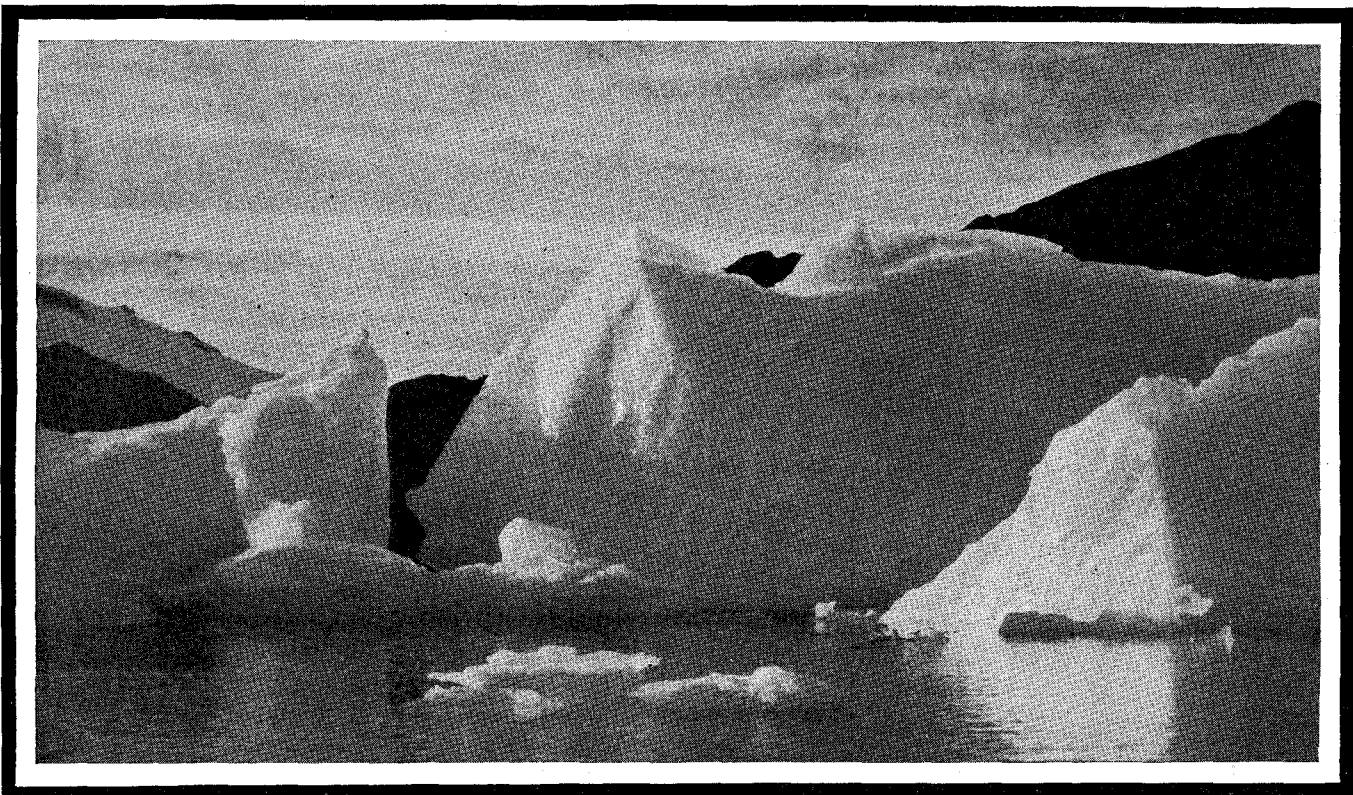
The book is therefore a light introduction, designed for a man wholly unawake to the present relevance of antiquity. Because it is entirely free from antiquarian dust and must (and because too it is kinder to his familiar Rome than to more distant Athens), it will undoubtedly be welcome; and it may easily create more interest than it will satisfy.

P. W. E.

NO ONE WALKED.

By J. Favell Grime. 7s. 6d. (Grayson.)

The three sisters, Adrienne, Mary and Felicity Ann Carew, were all beautiful. Adrienne was gentle and adventurous; Mary was gentle and sympathetic; and Ann was gentle and wise, but weak. When their father died and left them penniless, they decided to go forth separately into the world and to return to the old home in three years' time. None of them returned. Adrienne found employment in a chorus, married a novelist and died of pneumonia. Mary found employment as a governess and married her employer. Ann found employment as a mannequin, married a blind man and became entangled in divorce proceedings. The book would be more impressive did it not convey the impression that the sisters' failure to return was decreed more by accident than by destiny. There are few significant situations, little incident and characterisation, and no constructive power; and the reader must make the most of some delicate and beautiful descriptive passages, and the serene, twilight atmosphere which pervades the whole.



From *Where Tempests Blow*
By Michael Mason
(Hodder & Stoughton).

IN THE RIVER OF ICEBERGS.



From *The Life of Richard Rolle*
By Frances M. M. Comper
(Dent).

**SOUTH VIEW OF BOCARDO
OR NORTH GATE.**
(From a drawing by J. B. Malchair).

**ROLLING STONE: THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES
OF ARTHUR RADCLYFFE
DUGMORE.**

By Lowell Thomas. 16s. net.
(John Long.)

Lowell Thomas is too well known as impresario to adventurers to need introduction. And it is Major Dugmore "whom I now nominate for the distinction of being the dean" of adventurers all. The selection is fitting and just, for Major Dugmore, a Raleigh of our time if ever there was one, has not been over-honoured or sung, and is practically unknown to the man in the street. Perhaps it is his versatility and all-round excellence that has robbed him of acclaimed supremacy in any one field. He has written many books, he is a talented artist. He has been soldier, sailor, naturalist, explorer. He was one of the first men to stalk big game with a cinema camera—he has done more to stop wholesale slaughter of big game than anyone else. Even Lowell Thomas's predilection for magniloquent language cannot get between us and his subject, and his subject's "risky peregrinations" of sixty years. The illustrations are for once truly profuse, superb even, from Major Dugmore's camera and brush. The book is one for adventurers of all ages.

HOW TO WRITE PLAYS.

By Basil Hogarth.

3s. 6d. net. (Pitman.)

This guide to the craft of playwriting should be immensely useful to the inexperienced writer. It is thoroughly practical, encouraging, and full of common sense.

Only in the stress which Mr. Hogarth lays on the need for constant revision does his advice sometimes seem open to doubt. Perhaps his emphasis is mainly rhetorical: but it is dangerous counsel. For if the writer has thoroughly visualised his characters, and if, moreover, he has learnt to "think theatrically,"

then the chances of the first draft being the best are not slight. When revising dialogue it is so very easy to detract from the sharpness of the characterisation; polish it too much, and there is the danger of rubbing off its rough dramatic edge. This must not be understood to mean that revision is unnecessary. Of course it is. There are for instance the "joints" in dialogue—where the playwright has knocked off work and gone to lunch. But what is questionable is Mr. Hogarth's apparent conviction that the play boiled down from one-hundred-and-twenty thousand words is necessarily better than the one resulting from, say, twenty-five thousand.

This is, however, the single reservation to be made in commending a book which should fulfil its purpose admirably.

J. F. S.

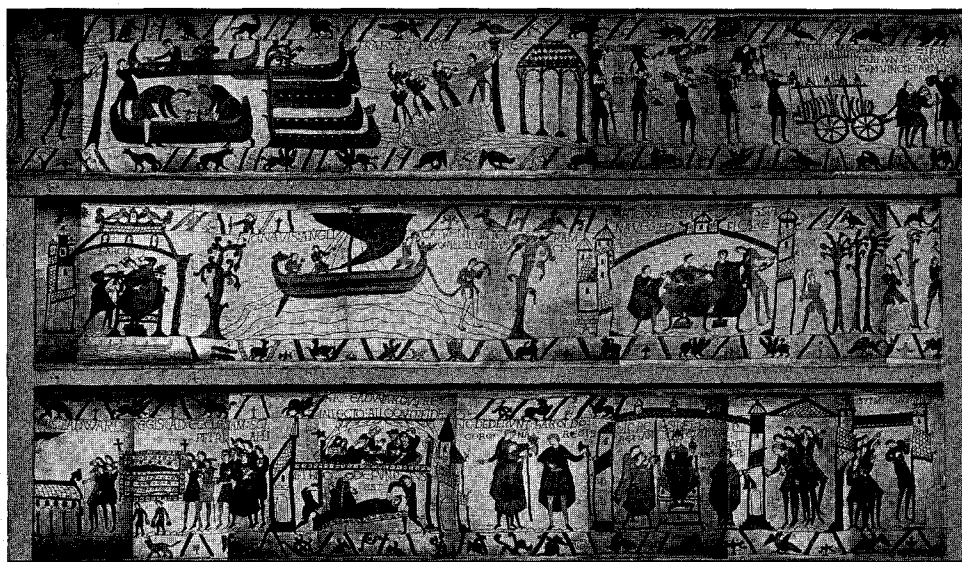
THE LIFE OF ANDREW CARNEGIE.

By Burton F. Hendrick. 25s.
(Heinemann.)

Mr. Burton Hendrick's *Life of Walter Page* was received with enthusiasm; his *Life of Andrew Carnegie* should have no less enthusiastic a reception, if the English public can be persuaded to read about a man of whom they know only one thing—that he founded public libraries and made other generous gifts to the public both in England and America. A man is not necessarily interesting because he has given away three hundred and twenty-four million dollars. But Carnegie was much more than just a successful rich man; he was the man responsible for building up the American steel trade. A power of driving himself—which is more than half the secret of success—combined with an intuitive sense independent of reason for picking the right man and for making the right decision, brought him to the top. Nevertheless he never became the slave of work, but believed with Herbert Spencer that work and learning were for life, not life for them.

Mr. Hendrick tells the story of Carnegie's growth into one of the richest men in America very simply and clearly. All the confusing forces that played upon the adolescent steel industries of the United States, all the details with which a less competent biographer would have bewildered his readers, are fitted into their places so that the most lay reader may understand them. Altogether this is an excellent biography.

C. E. BRACKENBURY.



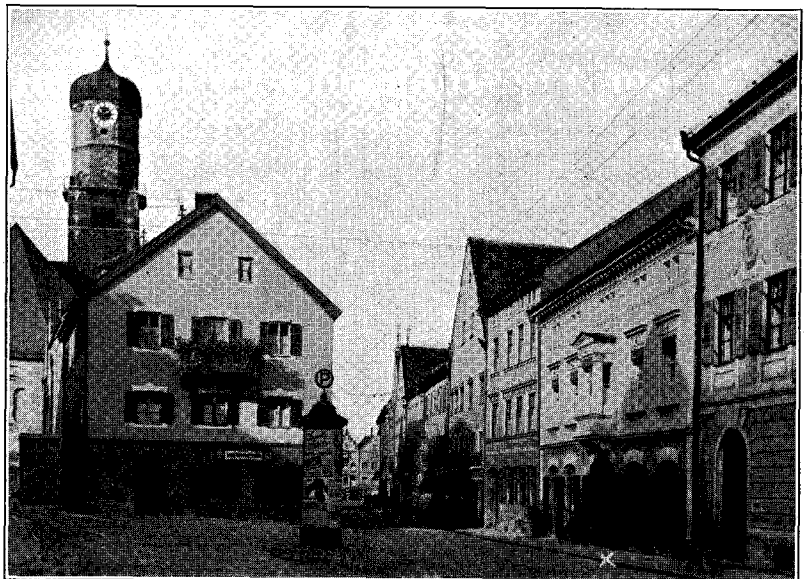
From *William the Conqueror*
By Hilaire Belloc
(Peter Davies).

FROM THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY.
Preparations for the invasion of England; the death of Edward the Confessor; and the coronation of Harold.
(Victoria and Albert Museum.)

METEOR.

By Lieut.-Colonel Graham Seton Hutchison, D.S.O., M.C. Illustrated. 18s. net. (Hutchinson.)

Meteoric indeed the impact of Colonel Hutchison's closely written book. Propaganda it frankly is—towards a rebirth of England. "The world is in pawn. And what of the great heart of Britain? That will never be in pawn." Even if one does not quite see eye to eye with his creed, given out furiously, gives one furiously to think. He traverses Germany, India even, and sums forces that are flowering, for good or ill, to-day. The thousand and one digressions—if the term may be used when there is no leisurelessness in such arduous lines—even on his cigarettes, his health salts (and there is a table of physical exercises)—are all made to contribute to the whole aim. Despite insistence on his own way of thinking, there is always good sense at the bottom of his observations: "Lack of employment, in one form or another, is with us for a long stay. It might well be utilised to provide a Renaissance of the Crafts." While we have men of Graham Seton's calibre, the English spirit will not be in pawn. In these times, "Meteor" is an especially urgent book, and on this count alone Colonel Hutchison is to be congratulated.



From *Von Hipper*
By Captain von Waldeyer Hartz
(Rich & Cowan).

"HIPPER STRASSE" IN WEILHEIM,
WITH THE ADMIRAL'S BIRTHPLACE.

who left a luxurious home in Maryland in 1815 to start life afresh in the uncharted Middle West, the author traces the quickly ramifying family down succeeding generations which are seen through the eyes of young Johnnie, who starts for the Great War as the book ends.

As a gallery of ancestral portraits the book is a rare achievement, and it should be of no small value as a social document, but the ordinary reader may be excused for feeling the lack of any quickening of interest, any central drama to stand out against this rich tapestry background.

THE FARM.

By Louis Bromfield. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)

Even without his introduction one would have detected an autobiographical flavour about Mr. Bromfield's detailed picture, or rather succession of pictures, of the way people lived in Ohio during the nineteenth century. It was a good life, and "The Farm" is both a lament for the past and a criticism of American civilisation.

Beginning with "the Colonel," an idealistic aristocrat

THE UNMEASURED PLACE.

By John Lambourne. 7s. 6d. (John Murray.)

Mr. John Lambourne, turning his attention to "darkest Africa," has produced an enthralling story of witchcraft that will appeal to a large body of readers.

Founded on an authentic account of the wreck of the *Grosvenor* in 1782, when many women passengers were captured by natives, the story supposes that one of these women chose to become the servant of a witch-doctor rather than the wife of a Kaffir. After death her spirit inhabited the body of a leopard alternately with her natural body, feeding on human blood. James Landon, an Englishman fascinated by the study of witchcraft, sees this woman and resolves to probe the mystery. But this is a dangerous business, as he finds to his cost, after the author has given us more excitement than resides in half a dozen ordinary thrillers.



From *Meteor*
By Lieut.-Colonel Graham Seton Hutchison
(Hutchinson).

NATIONAL REGENERATION.

The spiritual protest of the German race against a world corroded with objects and possessions—Vock gegen Kaste und Geld! May Day, 1933, Berlin.

THE BOOKMAN AUTUMN 1933

GREAT DOCTORS : A Biographical History of Medicine.

By Henry E. Sigeritt, M.D., Sometime Professor at the University of Leipzig; Director of the Institute of the History of Medicine, John Hopkins University. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. 15s. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

This work is true to its titles, inasmuch as it contains succinct biographical accounts of the professional lives of men whose names are outstanding as reformers and discoverers in the history of medicine, from the legendary times of Æsculapius and Imhotep to 1919, when William Osler died at Oxford. The book is dedicated—"The Unknown Doctor who in unselfish and inconspicuous activities fulfils the teachings of the Great Doctors"—a dedication which is explained by the following passage at the end of the author's preface to the first edition: "Bach and Mozart would be dead for ever, were it not for the living artists who are perpetually reviving their melodies. Pasteur and Koch would have lived in vain but for the everyday practitioners through whose activities their teachings are made effective. It is not so much the great theoreticians upon whom the health of the community depends, as the huge army of family doctors who succour the ailing from hour to hour."

A further, if superabundant proof that Great Doctors must be possessed of very human sympathies.

The translators must be offered a word of very high praise for their accomplishment. The book has sixty-nine (mostly portrait) illustrations and a selective biography.

THE HISTORY OF THE NOVEL IN ENGLAND.

By R. M. Lovett and H. S. Hughes. 8s. 6d. (Harrap.)

It is a superhuman task to cram into four hundred and fifty pages a history of the English novel, and it is not surprising therefore that Professor Lovett and Professor Hughes have not been entirely successful in their effort to do so. Their book, which Harraps published early in September, traces the historical development of the English novel from Sidney's "Arcadia" to the still uncompleted "Work in Progress" by James Joyce. They have taken



From English Costume in the Age of Elizabeth
By Iris Brooke
(Black).

1540-1550.

the novelists singly or in pairs and discussed their works in brief outline, but unfortunately they have not overcome the difficulties of this method. What they have written becomes merely notes for a larger work in many instances, as in the following sentence: "Like Scott in his celebration of Scotland Blackmore displays notably in his novels: a love of English landscape, of English history and of English character." That colon takes the place of many words and so saves space. There are also more serious short-cuts in thought and reasoning.

Nevertheless the book is never dull reading and, setting out as it manifestly does to be a popular account of the development of the English novel, it deserves recommendation. As was bound to be the case, modern novelists claim more space than their achievement gives them right to. One also misses the American novelists who influenced the development of the English novel form.

C. E. BRACKENBURY.



From English Costume in the Age of Elizabeth
By Iris Brooke
(Black).

1560-1570.

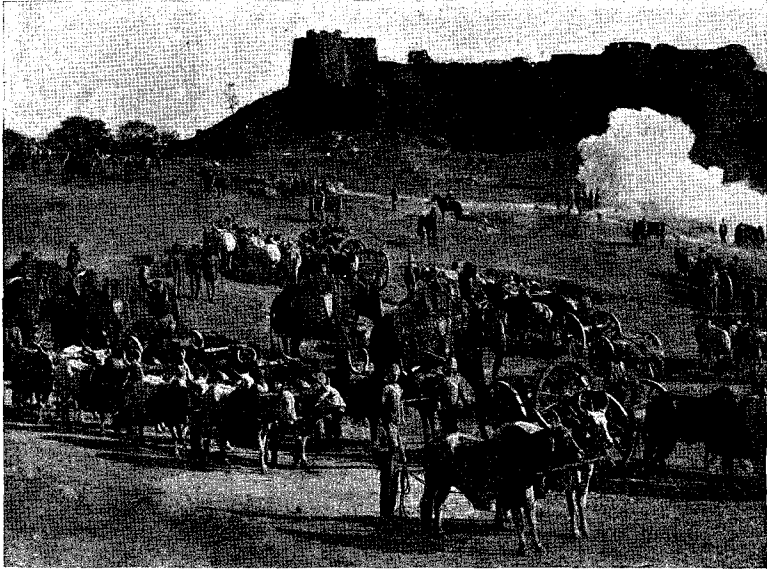
SWEET HOME.

By Barbara Worsley-Gough. 7s. 6d.
(Gollancz.)

Still they come—novels about cocktails and bright young things whose only aims are diversion, and the not so young whose most serious decisions are concerned with food and beauty treatment.

It must be admitted that this is an excellent specimen of its kind, bristling with wit, high spirits and clever characterisation. Miss Worsley-Gough has even gone so far as to include one or two people of subtler tastes and aspirations, which entail hard work in order to pay off the mortgage on a beloved country home.

Anyone who has suffered from a "hand-woven" atmosphere will feel avenged by the satirical account of a visit to Westleigh St. Christopher, and the lady whose every garment, down to her goloshes, is traditional.



From *Sabre and Saddle*
By Lieut.-Colonel E. H. W. Stothard
(Seeley, Service).

AN INDIAN 40-PDR. ELEPHANT BATTERY. THE ELEPHANTS DISLIKE TAKING THE GUNS INTO ACTION UNDER FIRE, SO BULLOCK TEAMS WERE USED FOR THIS.

EROS.

By Barbara Goolden. 7s. 6d. (Chapman & Hall.)

Sandra Critchett was a charming widow. She was also one of those self-dramatising egotists who are apt to make life difficult for those about them. For fifteen years she has looked upon Otho Jennings as her devoted admirer and, oblivious to his growing passion for her daughter, she plans separate marriages for them both. In order to prevent an imaginary danger to her young son Lucien, Otho is to wed Jane, a startling young modern who is really imported into the Sussex bungalow entirely on account of Rufus Marley, Sandra's ward, and Rufus is reserved for her daughter Grizel.

In her straightening-out of the various tangles, Miss Goolden displays considerable wit, but it would be idle to deny that the story is trivial, and unfair to suggest that it is on a level with her best work.

THE WIRELESS CONSTRUCTOR'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

By F. J. Camm. 5s. net. (Newnes.)

The editor of *Practical Wireless* becomes with this work (the only one of its kind) the Mrs. Beeton of the wireless world. Somewhere about fifty per cent. of "listeners" are interested in the construction of home-built receivers. All of us more or less "fall for" experiments. Repairs are necessary in even the best regulated receivers. The equally necessary occasional overhaul need not—if only we abide by Mr. Camm—result in technical and mental derangement. So here, from accumulator to zincite, is everything the amateur need know, in terse and not too abstruse language. The book is supremely well charted and illustrated. This, the second edition, is up to date with this year's Wireless Exhibition. There is a section on television—even with instructions on the making of a simple television receiver.

TRAVELLER'S PACK.

By Elinor Mordaunt. 7s. 6d. (Secker.)

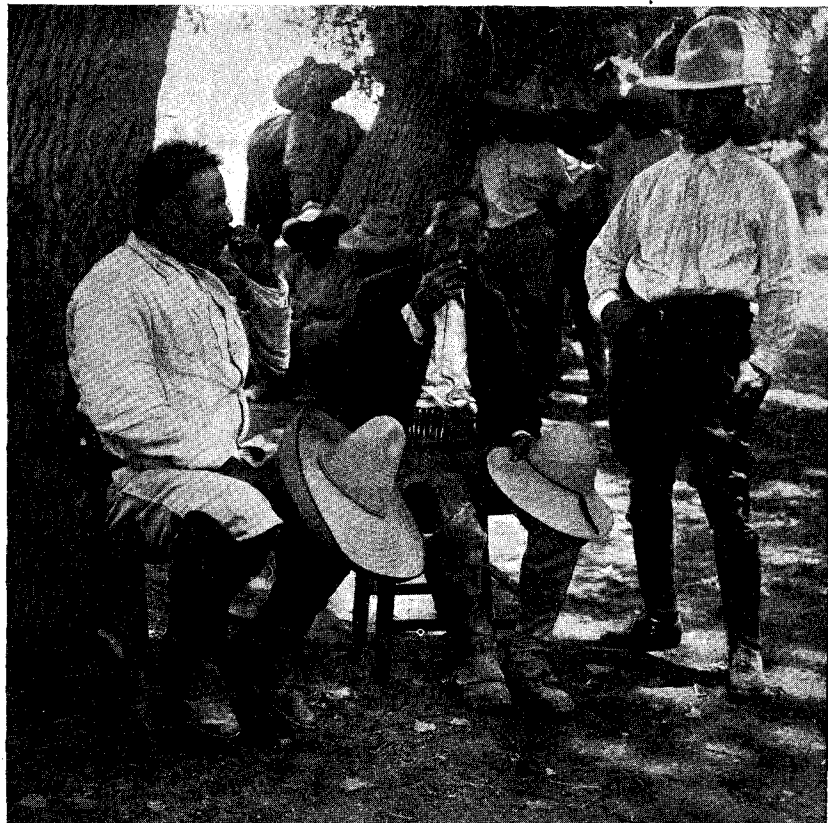
Mrs. Mordaunt's collection of stories is well named, for she is an extensive traveller

who never fails to add some new experience to her equipment, and she walks as freely at Wapping Old Stairs as in Albania, Cambodia or an African desert. "Tempestuous" is a word which can be applied to most of the tales; primitive emotions, love, hate, jealousy, cruelty are the main themes, but there are one or two in a quieter mood, notably "The Dream" and "The Doll." In capturing the atmosphere of the sea Mrs. Mordaunt reaches her highest standard, but the stories as a whole do not rise above the magazine class.

MY GARDEN.

By W. H. Davies. 3s. 6d. net.
(Jonathan Cape.)

"I stare at dewdrops till they close their eyes. . . . I stare at my own Self, and walk the earth With half my spirit in a wonder-trance." Mr. Davies offers another of his meditative *mélanges* of delicate prose and delicious verse. He is comparable in his omnium gatherums to Belloc—but how unbellicose. Where the one chants a path to Rome, the other is content to wonder . . . in what maze the Celestial City lies hid. One is astounded that the "super-tramp" got beyond the first milestone. It would have been more in keeping had he sojourned there, to contemplate buttercups and daisies, cabbages—and kings. For one thing always leads to another with Mr. Davies. Of late, in anything but the winter of his discontent, he has given us musings nearer home. Here he invites us into his garden, and far beyond, in a spirit which has in it something of the first flush of the pre-Elizabethan songsters, something of the ecstatic artifice of the metaphysical seventeenth century. Yet his flowers, his birds are ever quint-essentially his own. This "Garden" needs no reviewer's bush. The decorations by Hilda M. Quick crystallise much of the Davies charm.



From *Viva Villa*
By Edgcomb Pinchon
(Cassell).

PANCHO VILLA AT A COUNCIL OF WAR

THE BOOKMAN AUTUMN 1933

MY GUN AND I.

By Lewis Carey.

Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net.

(Philip Allan.)

This "book of shooting memories" is a worthy addition to Philip Allan's fine books on sport. It is a book for the sportsman's library, whether travelled or stay-at-home, and it is rather more. For often between the lines is implicit much social history—of the country, of London (when young bloods lived "just off St. James's Street," and would sometimes take the cabby's place on the box of the hansom), of the world at large—of South Africa for instance, when eggs were twelve guineas a dozen. From rabbits to grizzlies—from Devon to British Columbia, where you can combine in *excelsis* fishing and shooting—from catapult, "constant ordnance of mine during my many years of travel... even to-day I have one," to consideration of the late Lord Ripon's incomparable prowess with his gun, and the author's best day's shooting, one hundred and twenty-nine head (including the cat), there is always adventure and to spare. There is much that will be of assistance to the sportsman. There are recollections in tranquillity of first fine, careless raptures that will never, with times and manners changing, be recaptured.



From *My Gun and I*
By Lewis Carey
(Philip Allan).

IF A MAN HAS THE TIME.

STRANGER'S RETURN.

By Phil Stong.

7s. 6d.

(Arthur Barker.)

"It is impossible not to enjoy this book," state Mr. Stong's publishers. And indeed it is so. Granted that this, the author's second book, amounts to very little more than a variation on the theme of "State Fair," his first book; granted that Mr. Stong's talent is definitely limited to character creating, still I defy the normal novel reader to begin the story without finishing it with pleasure.

Of the tale or plot itself little need be said. It is not in the dramatic construction of his books that Mr. Stong shines, but in presenting to the reader a gathering of charming but compulsive people who behave almost, so to speak, without the author's consent.

LATER CRITIQUES.

By Augustus Ralli. 7s. 6d. (Longmans.)

This volume consists in a number of essays mainly upon Shakespearean themes (indirectly if not directly), which, while satisfying the rigid student of literature in their unassuming conventionality, may hold the attention of the lay person on account of their sincere thoughtfulness and extreme simplicity of diction. Certain the person desirous of excavating exciting revelations concerning either

Shakespeare or any other subject of Mr. Ralli's critiques, will not find them, at least *as such*, in this book. But the more or less honest inquirer into the minor—and most intriguing—facts of English literature will have procured in this book as nice a guide as could be desired.

SHAKE HANDS WITH THE DEVIL.

By Rearden Conner.
7s. 6d. (Dent.)

The upheavals in Ireland during the Rebellion have received no more lurid and uncompromising limning than in Mr. Conner's novel. It is not, by reason of this, a good novel; realistically, it exceeds Fielding for simple violence; but in itself this is no merit; merit in such a novel depends upon the degree of apotheosis of the fact that the author mechanites; and the degree of apotheosis of the real fact attained by Mr. Conner is not high. As a novel, his work needs the key ingredient of a creative intelligence; something exceeding the bald reiteration of public events is required. Acquiring this Something, Mr. Conner may become a meritorious novelist.

WINTER BLOOM.

By Richard Dawson.

7s. 6d.

(Collins.)

Described as a "serious psychological study," this book displays a regrettable lack of common sense. The author is more interested in theories than in people, and is fond of putting long-winded arguments into the mouths of his characters, none of whom are endowed with the semblance of life.

There may be women whose aversion to marriage rests on such slight grounds as those of Frances Broughton, and is as easily dispelled (all things apparently are possible in the psychoanalytical world), but a problem based on such doubtful data is hardly worth discussing, especially in view of the childishness of the solution.